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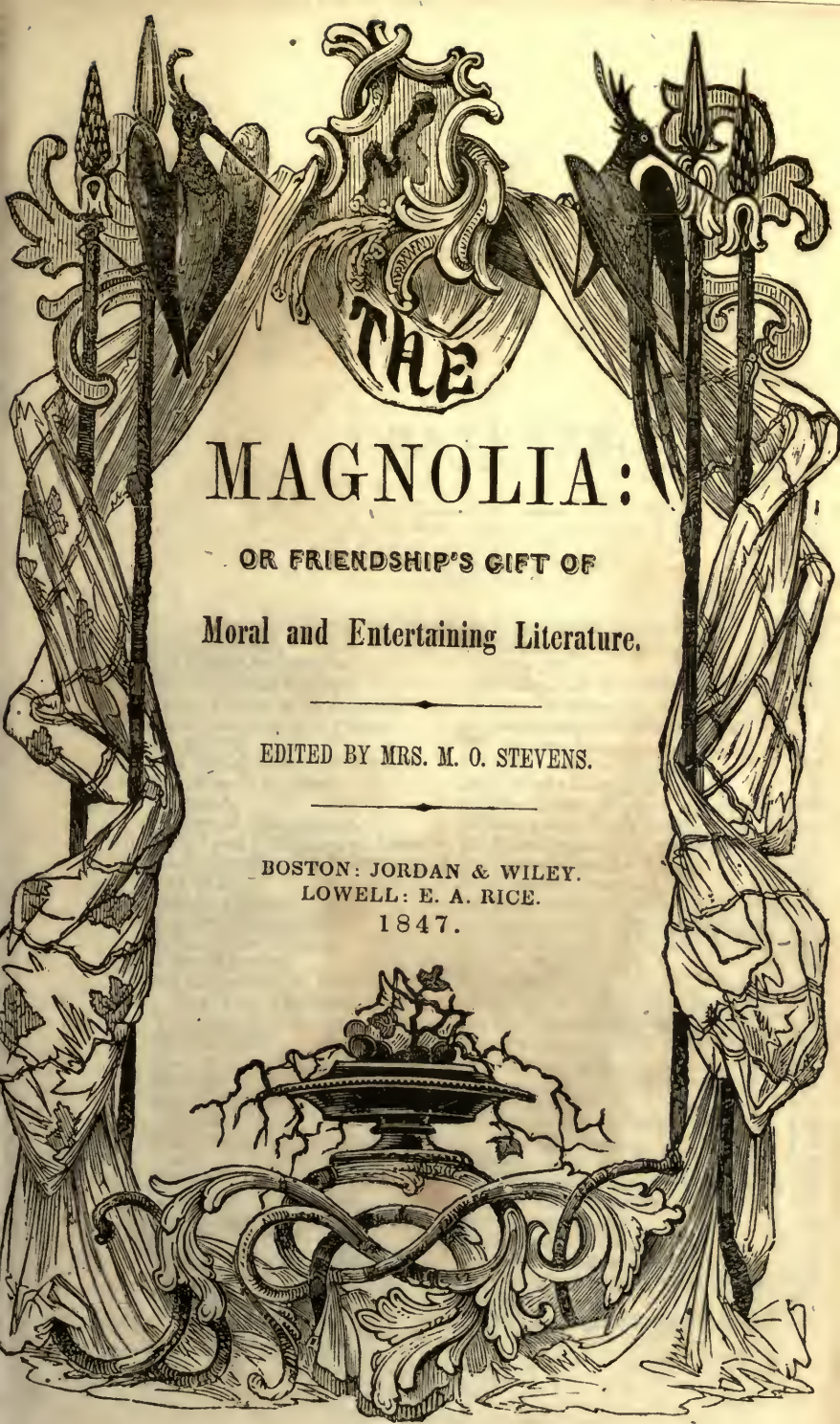
E.Corbould. T.Illman.



DATURA STAMONIUM.

(Thorn Apple.)

Drawn expressly for J. K. Wellman.



MAGNOLIA:

OR FRIENDSHIP'S GIFT OF

Moral and Entertaining Literature.

EDITED BY MRS. M. O. STEVENS.

BOSTON: JORDAN & WILEY.
LOWELL: E. A. RICE.
1847.

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ILLUSTRATION OF THE PLATE.

From the Ladies' Book.

PYRUS JAPONICA—FAIRIES' FIRE.

It is said that the fairies have beaming eyes,
And they light them at love's own shrine;
But I know not if aught below the skies
Can match with those eyes of thine.

Also I think thou hast stolen the fairies' fire,
To give them their changing light,
And lovers below may in vain aspire
To a being so wildly bright.

Soar not away in thy brilliant guise,
For we fear thou 'rt in truth a ranger;
And gaze not so fondly on yonder skies,
Lest thou take to thee wings, bright stranger.

L. H.

TRUTH IN FICTION.

I do not flatter myself, that by leaving to the world a history of my past life, I shall gain a name among the great ones of the earth, which shall live when I am no more; but believing the story of my follies, setting them before the public in their true light, would serve, in some measure, to counteract the influence of my example, I have resolved to give you a brief sketch of my history.

I am called Fashion. Of native country or relatives I have no recollection. My parents must have died before my remembrance, and, no doubt, the obscurity of my origin accounts for the silence of historians on that subject. Of my early years I have a very limited and confused remem-

brance, so long has been my life, and so many and varied the scenes I have been called to pass through; and, indeed, I think the incidents connected with my youthful days were not such as to impress themselves very distinctly upon the memory. Years passed away without any material change, uninterrupted by the irregularities that have characterized my subsequent life. I was then a much less distinguished personage than at present; but, possessing a sober and unvitiated taste, I was content with the plain comforts and little elegancies of life, not dreaming that my future days were to be filled up with change rather than usefulness.

The time of my *entré* into the circles of the gay was of too great moment ever to be forgotten, though I do not recollect the date or my age at the time. My heart was yet unsophisticated by the world, and my feet had not strayed from the paths of decorum and prudence, when a lady of illustrious family, having formed a high opinion of my versatility of genius, and native powers of pleasing, solicited me to become her companion, promising me much pleasure from an introduction into *la belle monde.*

Unwary or unsuspecting, I consented, without reflecting that by so doing I should become the object of her caprice, and an accomplice in all her follies. But no sooner was I with her, than wishing to take me to the assembly, she fitted me out in a new suit, with little regard to comfort, circumstances, or the dictates of good taste; but notwithstanding my own consciousness of deserving ridicule and animadversion, I received a loud murmur of applause from the gaping crowd, which in part compensated for what would otherwise have been a mortifying situation. But reason told me that this was not to be attributed to merit, but merely the fact of my being the *protegé* of a lady of ton.

From this time I became engaged in a continual round of dissipation. My company was sought by all, and I furnished continually the subject for conversation. My chaperon contrived to vary my appearance for every occasion, so that wherever I was, whether at the ball, tea-party, evening walk, or morning street promenade, at church, or at home in my morning *negligé*, I presented to my admirers some new appearance.

At church, there were many that appearances led me to suppose came for no other reason than to gaze at me. Soon, from being the *protegé* of one lady, I became the idol of the world, and thousands claimed to be my patrons, so that I was hurried about from city to villa, and from empire to kingdom, as on the wings of the wind; nothing could exceed the rapidity of my locomotion, except hundred-winged rumor. I have visited every quarter of the globe, have found welcome at the courts of kings, and have associated with the *elite* of society in every city of civilization. The great and the wealthy have so engrossed my time that I have had little to bestow on the lower order of society, though I usually favor them with a pattern of my dress, or a look at my picture, and I make it my practice to send my cast-off clothes to those villages and remote places which I have not time to visit in person. Thus, by address and insinuation, I have made all nations my willing subjects, and my sovereignty is acknowledged throughout the earth. Kings, princes, potentates, bow to my sceptre, and honor me with their homage. The wise and the learned pay me their court, and the grave and thinking are my tributaries with scarcely a demur.

My existence has been long, and yet I am not old. My youth is perennial, and I have always been the chosen associate of the young, without being neglected by the old. I have witnessed the rise and fall of empires, and the passing away of one generation after another. It is not probable there will ever be any material change in my character, whose principal trait is changeableness. In conclusion, though my life has been marked by ambition, rivalry, and folly, I think I may justly lay claim to the virtue of usefulness; for no other individual in all the wide world, I believe, has done so much for the encouragement of manufactures as I have. All, from the highest manufacturing incorporations in all parts of the world, down to the petty milliner who hangs her sign in every village, owe most of their patronage to me.

ANNA.

Dracutt, Mass., Dec., 1845.

"FORGET ME NOT."

TO A FRIEND.

THERE is a little fragile flower
That bends to every passing breeze;
It lingers near the leafy bower,
Amid the shade of summer trees.

No gaudy hue attracts the gaze
Of those that pass its humble bed,
No odors fill the forest maze
By its expanding blossoms shed.

Yet dearer is its bending stem
And cup of blue that grace the bower,
Than many a costly orient gem
That blazes in the crown of power.

For oft fond friends, when doomed to part
Its lowly resting-place have sought,
And whispered, with a sadden'd heart,
"Look on it, and forget me not."

And oft, when wandering in a land
That 's dearly loved by thee and me,
We gathered with a gentle hand
This emblem of sweet constancy.

Accept, though small its value be,
This token of my love sincere,
And glancing on it, think on me,
Forget me not! thou ever dear!

May it to faithful memory
Recalling many a long-loved spot,
For distant Scotland and for me,
Breathe softly, sweet "Forget me not!"

For though no more thou view'st the flower,
And hail'st its blossoms opening fair,
Yet lovest thou to recall the hour,
When we have marked its beauties there!

A TWILIGHT REVERIE.

Twilight again? Its wavy shadows are descending around me, like the mountain mists in lowly vales. They are gathering thickly; and methinks I see them rolling hither and thither with an undulating motion. How noiseless! Those gleamings which but now were shooting up the west, are fainter and more dim; and day is lapsing into night. See how the light and the shadows meet and mingle! There they shoot again, those rays, glancing far away into the dark immensity. How wonderful!

This is the hour for reflection; for all is hushed and silent as the movements of pleasing thoughts within the soul. All is still, save the beatings of the human heart. That throbs wildly, and we hope it ever will, at this hour, until the Master calleth us away to the splendors of a better world These moments are happy resting-places for the troubled spirit. When a deadly quiet settles around us, and the tumult of the world is hushed, and the passions are lulled to their silent rest—'t is sweet to commit the soul to its own way—to its contemplative wanderings. Unencumbered with this mortal vestment, and powerful in its own capacities, it holds high converse with the spirits of the invisible world—with beings palpable to its own perceptions. How tender are its musings! how beautiful its reveries! how delightful its communings with those "spiritual creatures," who "keep watch over the elements, and preside over the destinies of men!" How sublime are its aspirations, when, beyond the clouds—beyond the stars—beyond the limits of this mortal vision, onward it pursues its flight, and would fain pierce into the mysteries of the eternity to come—of the eternity which hath gone by! Oh! for a language—a power wherewith to embody these workings of the spirit, which are an ecstasy of delight—an excess of life. But the reflecting and imaginative mind well comprehends, and can with congenial sympathy enter into these mysterious musings. There is a language comprehended by the spiritual senses, although it baffles all mortal power of expression.

It requires not the tongue to give intelligibility to its meaning. There is a language in the stars, a language of the flowers: there is a voice in the night-wind—and in the "trumpet-blowing cataract:" there is a breathing poetry throughout this beautiful world—and in the mighty silence of the limitless space.

At this hour, such have been my reveries, these threescore years. Up to this old age, have I "reverenced the dreams of my youth." All its fair visions have gone with me through life, and now they bless me. Time has dealt kindly with me, and has gently besprinkled my brow with frosts. Come with me then, and give one hour to idleness. Let us wander far up the stream of Time again, and look upon the innocence, the simplicity, the purity of our departed childhood; for to the old, this power is specially given. This earth was made for youth, and was fashioned for its spirit to revel in, and in its splendors ever to delight. The spirit of beauty haunts the young soul like a presence,—therefore is creation fair. Mysterious musings hang about the spirit of our childhood,—therefore is creation wondrous. Come, and away with me then to the childhood's land, and let us take upon ourselves once more its tender sensibilities to nature—its simple affection for her charms.

Nature was our mother there, and under her guidance, like children, we were led away from the world of man. Free as the air of heaven, she conducted us in our rovings, and poured fresh beauties on the soul. Into our ears there glided most tender instruction, and all around our daily paths, she strewed the emblems of virtue and of wisdom. She was ever speaking to us; and her language was understood. We wandered often in the groves and in the quiet woods. These were her temples; and she held therein continual worship. A majestic presence was brooding there—a viewless being; and we stood in amazement—and fear came upon us like an oppression—and we listened to deep sounds "manifold and wondrous." Solemnly they came from out the silence and the gloom, shedding a reverence and a sanctity upon the soul. Spirits were passing us in our wonderment, speaking in voices of the winds, and in murmurings of the waters, and sweet incense rose around

us, and this was the breath of flowers. We stood upon holy ground, and while we worshipped, our young "hearts burned within us." This was nature's lesson—and thus was the spirit taught to know there was a Power on high, wonderful to create and keep all things in love.

In the evening time, she also led us forth, at the blessed, quiet hour, when all the world is going to its rest. The vales were sleeping in repose, the birds and beasts were moving to their homes, the sun was sinking behind the west, and all the sounds of earth were hushed in reverence for the coming hour. The winds were quiet in their caves, and the gorgeous clouds, which hastened to the mountain-tops, stopped suddenly—and there around the west they hung, bound by the solemn spell. Even man was rested from his troublous cares, and was still awhile, and came up with us in company to know yet once again under what tender influences his childhood passed away. 'T was quiet there—a Sabbath quiet, which moved far in, and brooded on the soul, stirring all its depths to solemn musings. All our thoughts were holy thoughts, coming up from the purest fountains; and, though unwhispered here, were heard in heaven. We wept, and tears, fast tears, came from their resting-places—and on the bended knee, we breathed out thanks and prayers; for 't was too much beauty for simple hearts to stand and gaze upon, unmoved. The adoration of that childhood's hour was worship most acceptable, and went forth up to the throne of God. And this was nature's teaching too: and thus the spirit early learned to worship the Most High.

It was not at the twilight hour alone, nor in the quiet woods, that enchantments grew upon us, and "truths awoke to perish never." There too were solemn sounds when darkness came abroad—sounds coming to us from the far-off depths of space; and moving in upon us through the silence, with a grandeur all their own; they spoke to us of the majesty of God. And there were gentler sounds than these—sweet murmurings poured out upon the bosom of the night; and coming to us on the moonlight's ray, the word they spoke was "peace." At all time, in all seasons; from the green fields, and from the flowing streams; in the blush-

ing morn, and in the deep blue ocean of the sky; from humble flowers—from everything—there came a voice, "strong in its sweetness, the spirit to enthrall."

Thus did nature lead us with her maternal smiles; and under such influences did we sojourn in that bright and happy land. Our spirits were purer there. They were not tainted by any unhallowed influence coming from the world. We worshipped the ideal; and the beauty of our being was ever lingering near us. It was enough to gaze upon the brightness which shone everywhere around us, and to pry into the very life of things.

> Happy those early days when I,
> Shrined in my angel infancy!
> Ere I understood this place
> Appointed for my second race,
> Or taught my soul to fancy aught,
> But a white celestial thought;
> When on some gilded cloud or flower
> My gazing soul would dwell an hour,
> And in those weaker glories, spy
> Some shadows of eternity—
> Ere I had taught myself to wound
> My conscience with a sinful sound:
> Or had the black art to dispense
> A several sin to every sense:
> But felt through all this fleshly dress,
> Bright shoots of everlastingness.
>
> *Henry Vaughan.*

And happy that one, who has preserved these feelings in his heart, beautiful in all their simplicity and freshness! Such a man lives in a charmed existence. He is not chained down to things of time and sense. In his soul are mirrored the semblances of beauty in the world without. He turns to the world within, and makes his dwelling-place with the images of the true, the beautiful, the sublime. His ear is always sensitive to the silent lessons which all things communicate. His eye is always open to behold the perfection of this creation, and to look upon the evidence of a spirit of power, and benevolence, and love, which pervade it. A religion is ever around him and within him. The world is the temple of his worship, and in its silent places, he bends

and gives the homage of a grateful heart to the great Architect of the universe—to the Dispenser of bounties which are ever varying and ever numerous. His devotions know no method or fixed seasons, but are ever fervent, and lively, and constant. In the volume of nature, he beholds the perfections and attributes of the Deity; and through nature, he beholds her God. His life is a continual worship of God in his attributes, and his pleasures are but foreshadowings of a more perfect happiness in another and a better world.

With this twilight hour are associated also the home of my infancy, and the companions of my boyhood. They come before me with a thousand delicious reminiscences. In those seasons of quiet which then attend me, when the silence seems a solemnity too holy to be broken, the gentle waters of the soul are stirred, fondest memories are again awakened, and sweet sounds of happy voices vibrate tremblingly on my ear again.

Listen to the shouts of those happy children! They are there in the far-off past, gamboling and frolicking in the gladsomeness of their hearts, over the sunny fields which stretch around the homestead. How beautiful those bright-eyed creatures in their playful innocence!

There is the mother, too, her heart beating with joy and love, gazing on their sports and happiness. As that shadow is crossing her brow, what hopes and fears is she telling for their coming years? A mother's heart can only know.

The sun has gone down, and "all the home-faces are met by the blaze." Those merry shouts are hushed. Those wild, joyous creatures, who seemed as if restless forever, with the loved and cherished mother, and venerated father, are circled together in solemnity to worship God. Those bright, fair beings are clustered around the sire, as he repeats

"Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide."

Surely some angles were hovering over that blessed scene. But where is now that praying father—that tender mother? They are gone to the "spirit-land." And those merry children, where are they? Gone too—

They are all gone into a world of light,
And I, alone, sit lingering here:
Their very memory is fair and bright,
And my sad thoughts doth cheer.

It glows and glitters in my cloudy breast,
Like stars upon some gloomy grove:
Or those faint beams in which the hill is drest,
After the sun's remove.

I see them walking in air of glory!
Whose light doth trample on my days:
My days, which are at best but dull and hoary,
Were glimmerings and decays.

Oh! holy hope and high humility!
High as the heavens above!
These are your walks, and you 've showed them me,
To kindle my cold love.—*Henry Vaughan.*

Twilight reminds me of the feebleness and dimness of my old age. The circle of human life will be soon completed. Its two extremes—the first and second childhood—will soon glide into each other.

Far down the vale of years, on the desolate shores of time, behold a bending form, venerable in its infirmity. In the misty twilight of his existence, he is wandering there, awaiting the summons, which shall call him to the boundless ocean before him—the Ocean of Eternity. In the infancy of his years, life to him stretched itself far away into the coming future. In his manhood, he stood upon an elevated midway, between the extremes of life; while, behind him, lay the path of years in which he had strayed; and before, was expanded a part of that same future, beautified and brilliant with the illusive enchantments of hope. But the future has now become the past—the proud strength of manhood has passed into the trembling feebleness of age—and he stands on that solemn shore, the dim shadow of his former self; while, in his ear, is ever sounding the murmuring of the ocean-wave, as it comes gliding and rippling at his feet.

And now, reader, farewell! And when death comes slowly on, may good spirits attend us, with power "to rob the spectre of its terror, and the grave of its sting: so that, all gently and unconscious to ourselves, life may glide into the great ocean where the shadows lie; and our spirits, without guile, may be severed from their mansions, without pain.

J. C. M. D.

For the Magnolia.

THE CHRISTIAN SOLDIER.

"The sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God."—*Paul.*

AIR—"*Queen Mary's Escape.*"

I.

FLY, soldier, fly! and arm with speed,
For this is the time and the hour of need,
A host of foes, of deadly hate,
In legions strong around thee wait.
If conquered, thine is an *endless* blot,
With flesh and blood thou wrestlest not;
Then, warrior, fly, and arm with speed!
For now is the time and the hour of need.

II.

The world, the flesh, and Satan stand,
Each sways a host of hostile bands!
Would'st thou a ceaseless triumph know
O'er this, thy mighty, three-fold foe:
There is a sword of wond'rous fame,
The "WORD OF GOD" is its potent name;
Then, warrior, haste, and arm with speed,
For now is the time and the hour of need.

III.

Now, Christian soldier, hail! all hail!
If armored thus, thou wilt prevail,
When thus equipped, the little child,
Mid contest fierce, in hope hath smiled;
Though foes may compass, thousands strong,
Still thou shalt sing the victor's song;
Hail, warrior! might is thine indeed,
In this thy time and thy hour of need.

P. P.

LINES WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM.

I LEAVE my name, an humble name, 't is true,
But, if, dear friend, when it shall meet your view,
It wakes a thought of me; and that thought should impart
A thrill, which says, "Within my inmost heart,
Thine *image*, not alone thy *name* doth live;"
'T would to this humble name a new importance give.

P. P.

REMINISCENCES OF A PASTOR.

PASSING along a thoroughfare of one of our large cities, and musing upon the different objects which were continually presenting themselves to my attention, I could but utter to myself, "What a world in miniature is here—these windows, how beautiful, how like palaces within, how fresh and inviting everything appears—why, they look like new;—O, I recollect, they have just fitted up for Christmas. There goes a gentleman; how care-worn he looks. I'll venture, he is thinking about his note in the bank, and saying to himself, 'To-morrow I must meet it—but how?' Here goes a company, flirting along, gay and happy; no care,—all is gaiety and high-life. Aye, said I to myself, the butterfly is more beautifully adorned, and can rise higher in the air than the lion; but these short-lived beauties soon die away. Here comes a man with a very dignified appearance, and placid countenance, a parson I suppose. He is trying to analyze some text of scripture, or moralizing, and speculating upon the scenes before him, like myself. What now? There 's a mob, a cry—stop thief—away they go, by hundreds; they are out of sight. Don't know whether they will catch him or not—hope they will if he is guilty. Here comes Sooty, singing merrily, his every-day song—'Sweep O, sweep,' &c. How he sings. He is happier now, with his sooty blanket over his shoulders, than many of these people who are dressed in their superfines. Here sits a blind beggar with his withered hand extended to the pass-

er-by, for a small pittance. Poor fellow, if I could say as did the Divine Saviour, 'Receive thy sight,' how gladly would I do it; but since I have not this apostolic power, I have what they had not, a little silver; here goes a bit—'God bless you,' utters the grateful beggar, and I pass on, saying to myself, 'the blessing of him that was ready to perish has come upon me.' There goes the reeling drunkard, quite a young looking man, well-dressed. What a pity! On the road to ruin—ruined, perhaps, already. Who knows but he may now have a praying mother, who loves him tenderly, and prays for him every day. How would her heart bleed to see him in such a plight. May he be rescued.

O, these scenes of wealth, poverty, vice, misery, and degradation, how heart-sickening. Here they are all mixed, and crowded together. What a mass of moral corruption must there be in this large city. Here it puts on its best garb; this is the most fashionable and respectable part of this great city. Here are its lions of wealth, of pride, and beauty. This is the emporium of its fascinations. 'T is here that the world vainly endeavors to demonstrate that its votaries are happy. It stands out in bold relief, bidding the stranger and passer-by, to look on and see if 'Paradise is not regained'—but alas! it seems to me more like 'Paradise lost.' All this apparent happiness is heartless and superficial—there is a worm at the root that eats as doth a canker.'

Lost to all surrounding objects, in a kind of revery, I had imperceptibly slackened my pace, and was walking much more leisurely than the forms that were flitting by me on every hand, when my attention was suddenly attracted by a very soft and gentle voice, saying, "Sir, won't you please give me a few pennies to buy some bread!" There stood before me a little girl about ten years old. Her form was slender and graceful, her countenance pale, and somewhat dejected, and her dress very neat and clean. She did not look like a common street beggar. She had evidently seen better days. I was interested; my heart was just in the right state to be affected by such an object.

"Child," said I, "have you no parents?" "O yes, sir,

I have a mother, two brothers, and one little sister." "But can't your mother get any bread, and does she support her family by your begging along the streets?" There was a slight blush came upon the cheeks of this little suppliant, and she appeared much embarrassed, hesitated a moment, and with her blue eyes glistening with tears, she was about to turn away from me. "Speak, my child," said I, "you shall not be harmed." Her confidence returned, and she began—"Why, sir, this is the first time in my life that I ever begged for bread, and I will tell you in a few words how I have come to do it. This morning my little brother Sammy cried for some bread, and mother said that she had none. I told her that I would go and buy some. Upon which, poor mother burst into tears, and said that she had no money. Little Willy had not yet waked up, but I feared that he soon would, and then he too would be crying for bread. It was nine o'clock, and we had nothing for breakfast. Dear mother was weeping, and Sammy was crying, saying, 'I'm hungry—I'm hungry—mother, why don't you give me something to eat?' So I ran out into the street to see if I could not meet with some kind stranger who would give me a few pennies, that poor mother might not weep herself quite sick, and we have something to eat." "My child, how long is it since you have become so poor?" "Not but a short time, sir. Father died a few months ago; while he was sick the officers shut up his store, and after his death, sold it, and took away almost everything we had, and then the landlord came, and told us that we must move out of his house. We had a few things left, which mother sold, and now all is gone—she has n't enough left to buy a loaf of bread." "Your story seems reasonable—where do you live?" "O sir, do not ask me that question; I should be ashamed to take such a gentleman as you to such a poor looking place; beside, my poor mother would feel very bad if I should. She would blame me for doing what I have done. If we lived where we once did, I should have no fears. We then had a good house, plenty of room, all handsomely furnished, and enough of everything; but now we are crowded away into a little upper room, and a number of families in the same house. I told mother that I hoped

that she would move somewhere else where we could have more room, and things more pleasant. But she said that she could not, because she could not pay the rent of such a place, and was even afraid that we should be all turned out of doors, and not have as good a place as the one we now occupy." Here the poor little thing became deeply affected, and my heart was touched. I resolved that succor should come to that poor unfortunate family, if upon farther examination I found her artless story correct. With some emotion, I said, "Tell me, child, where you live, and I will make all things right with your mother when I see her." "We live," said she, "in —— street, No. —. Mother's name is Mrs. W." "Here is a piece of money,—go buy something for breakfast, and tell your mother that I will call some time this afternoon, and see her." "Thank you —thank you, dear sir," and away she tripped. In a moment she turned a corner and disappeared.

To me, this seemed an eventful morning. God has something for me to do for that poor family. Blessed work; I had rather be binding up the broken-hearted, wiping away the tear of sorrow, drying up the fountains of human misery, visiting the widow and fatherless in their affliction, than to be in heaven;—for there, there are no tears to wipe away, no hungry to feed, no mourning souls to comfort. It is only during this short life that we can perform these acts of kindness, and benevolence to our needy and suffering fellow-beings. May God help me to be faithful.

I had fixed in my own mind upon four o'clock, P. M., on which to make that call, as my engagements were such I could not well attend to it before. But so anxious was I to perform my mission that the intervening six hours seemed like a long time to wait; but time, which waits for no man, rolled on, till at length, the hour, the set time had come. The clock struck four, and glad was I to hear it. Just at that moment I was sitting in my study, reading this beautiful passage, the words of my blessed Lord—"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." I closed the blessed book with this sweet promise of Holy Writ applied to my heart with the warming influence of a Saviour's love. I took my cane,

and immediately departed. The wind blew furiously, while it snowed, and the cold was piercing. The sky was covered with dark clouds, such as are peculiar to severe snow-squalls. It was gloomy without; but so intent was I upon my object, that I scarcely realized the inclemency of the weather; but on I went, from street to street. It was quite a distance to walk, the place being in an obscure part of the city. At length, I came to the street, and after some considerable looking, found the place. It was a large brick building, old and shackling, occupied with as many families as there were rooms in it, of almost all nations, with scores of children. I entered by a long, dark hall, where I met a number of these little urchins, ragged, filthy, and shoeless. The poor little fellows seemed shivering with the cold, and perhaps had not had enough of even the coarsest fare to satisfy their hunger. Of one of them I inquired, "Does Mrs. W. reside here?" "Yes, she lives up them stairs in the back room." I ascended the first flight, knocked at the door to which I supposed myself directed, and a woman came and opened the door. "Is this Mrs. W.?" "No, sir; she lives at the head of the next flight of stairs in the back room." I ascended them also, and though the passage-way was dark, I soon found the door, and knocked; the door was immediately opened. And who should I first see but the little girl to whom I had made the engagement. Her name was Mary. She met me with a sweet smile, and bid me walk in. There sat the mother, and sure enough there were little Sammy and Willy, and the little sister in the cradle, which little Sammy was that moment rocking. "Mother," said Mary, "this is that good stranger whom I met this morning, and was so kind as to give me that piece of money, and to promise to call and see us this afternoon." The mother received me with all the gracefulness of a lady who had been well-educated, and accustomed to good society. And, indeed, she was a lady. She was yet young, having married at the too early age of sixteen. Her form was genteel, rather slender; her face was quite thin and pale; but there was intelligence which flashed in her eyes, and while an occasional smile beamed upon her countenance, she appeared amiable and benignant. The two little boys, the one eight, and the

other five years old, were beautiful children, and appeared as cheerful and happy as if they had been in a palace. "Madam," said I, "my unexpected acquaintance with you I consider providential. You have doubtless been informed by your daughter of the circumstances which have brought me here. My motives in calling upon you are of the purest character, such as I think would influence my Saviour if he were upon earth, to do the same. That you may have no suspicions to the contrary, I will inform you who I am, and what I am. My name is B——. I live in —— street, No. —, and am a clergyman by profession, having the pastoral charge of —— church. I judged from the statements of your daughter that possibly you had been unfortunate, and from a state of affluence in the world, you had experienced a sudden reverse of fortune, which had reduced you to this state of indigence. That the change was so great and unexpected, your mind sunk down under it into a kind of despair, which paralyzed every effort necessary to rise above it. That in this discouraged, and perhaps mortified state of mind, you had determined to hide yourself in some secluded place from all your former friends, and live and die unknown. In short, I supposed that you might be in a state of mind in which hope had well-nigh departed, and you felt as though you were cast a wreck upon the world, without a friend. These being my impressions, I determined to see if I could not do something for you, provided I was right in my surmises. Who knows, said I to myself, but I may be able to send out the life-boat, and save an interesting family from becoming a total wreck?"

Mrs. W. could restrain her feelings no longer. The tears ran in rivers down those pale cheeks, which had become somewhat tinged by the fever of excitement. Her heart was too full for utterance, and she wept bitterly. I silently waited until she could sufficiently command her feelings to reply. She was evidently trying to restrain her emotions, and at length she succeeded. After having wiped away the tears, she began, "Sir, I thought I had not a friend on earth; but God is better to me than my fears. He has raised me up one in you. And as you are his servant, he has apprized you of the exact state of my case. Your impressions con-

cerning me are true to the letter. How you should so accurately know my feelings I cannot tell, unless the spirit of the Lord has made the suggestion to your mind. I am quite sure my little daughter could not have told you, nor any other human being. These feelings were in my own heart, and known only to God, and myself. I had no earthly friend to whom I could unbosom my sorrows and complaints. I carried them to the Lord, and I frequently felt that he was my only friend. But what a friend is He? What comfort have I received from him when in my closet I have supplicated his throne of mercy. How have I claimed him 'the widow's God, and the father to my fatherless children.' All my earthly hopes and prospects have been blighted; but hope in God has sustained me. My poverty and adversity have driven me to Him, my affections have been severed from this vain and unsatisfying world, and I have held communion with Heaven. This, dear sir, has been my only comfort and solace. This morning, when my little daughter was absent, I knew not where, and poor little Sammy was crying for bread, and I had none to give, upon my bended knees before God, I committed my cause into his hands, and once more plead his promise. Instantly my soul was calmed within me, and I felt assured that he who fed the young ravens, opened his liberal hand, and supplied the wants of all his creatures, would take care of me and mine. Already I began to praise him, as if I had received his bounty. In a few minutes, Mary came running in,—'Mother, I have got some bread, and some things for breakfast. A stranger gave me some money to purchase them with, and he talked so kind to me, asked me all about my mother, and all the family. He was so good, that I told him all my heart. He says that he will call this afternoon, and see us, and if I have told him the truth he will try and do something for us.' 'O Mary,' said I, 'how came you to see him; did you stop him in the street, and beg for some money?' 'Yes, mother, I did.' 'How could you, child?' 'Why, mother, should we starve to death? I saw this stranger moving slowly down B——, and I thought he looked like a minister. He is a good man if he is one, and maybe he will hear me, for I had already spoken to two others, and they were walking so

fast that they would not stop to notice me. But this good man stopped, and several times while talking with me, he took his white handkerchief, and wiped the tears from his eyes. O mother, he is a good man, I know he is.' Thus you perceive, sir, how God hears prayer, and I also trust that you see the secret spring that has moved you to this timely assistance, and to visit us in our solitude and penury."

"Mrs. W., I am perfectly satisfied that God has sent me here, and I rejoice that he has conferred upon me so great a privilege, and exalted an honor. I am happy that he has seen fit to choose me from among the multitude, to pour into your wounded and fainting heart, the wine and oil of consolation. It is of God, I trust, and by his grace I shall strive to obey him. So clear am I as to the path of duty, that I reckon this among the most fortunate and happiest hours of my life.

"Will you, madam, oblige me so much as to inform me of what you are for the present the most needy, and your wants shall be promptly met."

Mrs. W. seemed much embarrassed at this request, and hesitated—"Why, sir, as to my immediate wants, I hardly know what to say—I have got"—and here she wept with sobs—"nothing to eat, except the remains of your bounty." Suffice it to say, I gave her enough to procure the necessaries for her family for two days, and promised on the third day to see her again, and after commending them to God in prayer, departed.

[To be continued.]

SYMPATHY.

Oh! wide they wander from the path of truth,
Who paint sympathy with a brow of gloom;
Her step is buoyant with unfading youth,
Her features radiant with immortal bloom.

In life's gay morning, when the crimson tide
Of pleasure dances through each burning vein,
She leads with guardian care her charge aside,
From the broad passage to undying pain.

And when the fleeting joys of time are past,
And dark despondence on the spirit preys:
She bids, with holy hope, the sufferer cast
To brighter regions his confiding gaze.

From slavish fears, from low, debasing cares,
'T is hers alone, the sinking soul to save;
For her its sweetest smile creation wears,
For her no terror hath the frowning grave.

No, should this scene in headlong ruin close,
Each shattered planet from its orbit move—
She would not tremble, for full well she knows,
The arm is near her of unbounded love.

ANNA.

SKETCHES OF IRISH CHARACTER.

NORAH CLARY—THE LOVERS BANNOW LASSES.

SITTING under the shadow of a fragrant lime-tree, that overhung a very ancient well; and, as the water fell into her pitcher, she was mingling with it the tones of her "Jew's harp," the only instrument upon which Norah Clary had learned to play. She was a merry maiden, of "sweet seventeen;" a rustic belle, as well as a rustic beauty, and a "terrible coquette;" and, as she had what, in Scotland, they call a "tocher," in England, a "dowry," and in Ireland, "a pretty penny," so it is scarcely necessary to state, in addition, that she had a bachelor. Whether the tune, which was certainly given in alto, was, or was not designed as a summons to her lover, I cannot take upon myself to say; but her lips and fingers had not been long occupied, before her lover was at her side. "We may as well give it up, Morris Donovan," she said, somewhat abruptly; "look, 't would be as easy to twist the top off the great hill of Howth, as make father and mother agree about any one thing. They 've been playing the rule of contrary these twenty years; and it is not likely they 'll take a turn now." "It 's mighty hard, so it is," replied handsome Morris, "that married people can't draw together. Norah, darlint! that would n't be the way with us. It 's *one* we 'd be in heart and sowl, and an example of love and—" "Fol-

ly," interrupted the maiden, laughing, "Morris, Morris, we've quarreled a score of times already; and a bit of a breeze makes life all the pleasanter. Shall I talk about the merry gig I danced with Phil Keneday, or repeat what Mark Doolin said of me to Mary Grey?—eh, Morris?"

The long black lashes of Norah Clary's bright brown eyes almost touched her low, but delicately penciled brows, as she looked archly up at her lover; her lip curled with a half playful smile; but the glance was soon withdrawn, and the maiden's cheek glowed with a sweet and eloquent blush, when the young man passed his arm round her waist, and, pushing the curls from her forehead, gazed upon her with a loving, but mournful look.

"Leave joking, now, Norry; God only knows how I love you," he said, in a voice of emotion. "I'm yer equal, as far as money goes, and no young farmer in the country can tell a better stock to his share than mine; yet I do not pretend to deserve *you* for all that, only I can't help saying that when we love each other, (now don't go to contradict me, Norry, because ye've as good as owned it over and over again,) and yer father agreeable, and all, to think that yer mother, just out of *divilment*, should be putting betwixt us, for no reason upon earth, only to 'spite' her lawful husband, is what sets me mad entirely, and shows her to be a good-for" — "Stop, Mr. Morris," exclaimed Norah, laying her hand upon his mouth, so as effectually to prevent a sound escaping; "it's *my* mother yer talking of, and it would be ill-blood, as well as ill-bred, to hear a word said against an own parent. Is that the pattern of yer manners, sir; or did ye ever hear me turn my tongue against one belonging to you?"

"I ask yer pardon, my own Norah," he replied meekly, as in duty bound; "for the sake o' the lamb, we spare the sheep. Why not?—and I am not going to gainsay that yer mother"—

"The least said's the soonest mended!" again interrupted the impatient girl. "Good even, Morris, and God bless ye; they'll be after missing me within, and it's little mother thinks where I am."

"Norah above all the girls at wake or pattern, I'm true

to you. We have grown together, and, since ye were the height of a rose-bush, ye have been dearer to me than anything else on earth. Do, Norah, for the sake of your young heart's love, do, think, if there 's no way to win yer mother over. If ye 'd take me without her leave, shure it 's nothing I 'd care for the loss of thousands; let alone what ye 've got. Dearest Norah, think; since ye 'll do nothing without her consent, do think—for once be serious, and don't laugh."

It is a fact universally known and credited, in the good barony of Bargy, that Morris Donovan possessed an honest heart, brave as a lion, gentle as a dove. He was, moreover, the priest's nephew—understood Latin as well as the priest himself: and better even than that, he was the lion—the magnus-apollo, of the parish;—a fine, noble looking fellow, that all the girls, (from the housekeeper's lovely English niece, at Lord Goth's, down to a little deaf Bess Mortican, the lame dress-maker,) were regularly and desperately in love with him. Still, I must confess, he was at times a little stupid; not exactly stupid either, but slow of invention; would *fight* his way out of a thousand scrapes, but could never get *peaceably* out of one. No wonder, then, that where fighting was out of the question, he was puzzled, and looked to the ready wit of the merry Norah for assistance. It was not very extraordinary that he loved the fairy creature, the sweetest, gayest of all Irish girls;—light of heart, light of foot, light of eye,—now weeping like a child over a dead chicken, or a plundered nest; then dancing on the top of a hay-rick, to the music of her own cheering voice; now coaxing her termagant mother, and anon comforting her hen-pecked father. Let no one suppose I have overdrawn the sketch of my Bannow lass—for, although her native barony is that of Bargy, the two may be considered as wedded and become one. The portraits appended to this story, are at least veritable and from the life. You will encounter such, and such only, in our district, neatly attired, with their white caps, when the day is too warm for bonnets; in short, altogether well-dressed.

"I 'm not going to laugh, Morris," replied the little maid, at last, after a very long pause; "I 've got a wise thought in my head, for once. His reverence, your uncle, you

say, spoke to father, to speak to mother about it? I wonder (and he a priest) that he had n't more sense! Sure, mother was the man; but I 've got a wise thought—good night, dear Morris, good night."

The lass sprang lightly over the fence, into her own, leaving her lover *perdu* at the other side, without possessing an idea of what her "wise thought" might be. When she entered the kitchen, matters were going on as usual, her mother bustling in style, and as cross "as a bag of weasels."

"Jack Clary," said she, addressing herself to her husband, who sat quietly in the chimney corner, smoking his doodeen, "it 's well you 've got a wife who knows what 's what. God help me, I 've little good of a husband, *barring* the name? Are ye sure black Nell 's in the stable? The sposo nodded. The cow and the calf, had they fresh straw?" Another nod. "Bad cess to ye, can't ye use yer tongue, and answer a civil question?" continued the lady.

"My dear," he replied, "sure one like you has talk enough for ten." This very just observation was, like most truth, so disagreeable, that a severe storm would have followed, had not Norah stepped up to her father, and whispered in his ear, "I don't think the stable door *is* fastened." Mrs. Clary caught the sound, and in no gentle terms, ordered her husband to attend to the comforts of Black Nell. "I 'll go with father myself, and see," said Norah. "That 's like my own child, always careful;" observed the mother, as the father and daughter closed the door.

"Dear father," began Norah, "it is n't altogether about the stable I wanted ye—but—but—the priest said something to ye to-day about Morris Donovan." "Yes, darling, and about yerself, my sweet Norry. Did ye speak to mother about it?"

"No, darling, she 's been so cross all day. Sure, I go through a dale for peace and quietness. If I was like other men, and got drunk, and wasted, it might be in reason; but, as to Morris, she was very fond of the boy, until she thought *I* liked him; and then, my jewel, she turned like sour milk, all in a minute. I 'm afraid the priest 'll get no good—no good of her."

"Father, dear father," said Norah, "suppose ye were to

say nothing of it, good or bad, and just pretend to take a sudden dislike to Morris, and let the priest speak to her himself, she'd come round." "Out of opposition to me, eh?" "Yes." "And let her gain the day, then? that would be cowardly," replied the father, drawing himself up. "No, I won't." "Father, dear, you don't understand," said the cunning lass, "sure, ye're for Morris; and when we are—that is, if—I mean—suppose—father, you know what I mean," she continued, and luckily the twilight concealed her blushes—"if that took place, it's *you*, that would have yer own way."

"I'm for ye, Norry, my girl, true for ye; I never thought of that before;" and, pleased with the idea of tricking his "wife," the old man fairly capered for joy. "But, stay awhile—stay, asy, asy!" he recommenced, "how am I to manage? Sure, the priest himself will be here himself to-morrow morning early; and he's out upon a station now—so there is no speaking with him; he's no way quick, either, we'll be bothered entirely, if he comes in of a sudden."

"Leave it to me, dear father, leave it all to me," exclaimed the animated girl; "only pluck up a spirit, and whenever Morris' name is mentioned, abuse him, but not with all yer *heart*, father, only from the teeth out." When they reëntered, the fresh-boiled potatoes sent a warm, curling steam, to the very rafters of the lofty kitchen; they were poured out into a large wicker dish, and, on the top of the pile rested a plate of coarse white salt; noggins were filled with buttermilk on the dresser; and, on a small round table, a cloth was spread, and some delf plates awaited the more delicate repast which the farmer's wife was herself preparing. "What's for supper, mother? What for supper, mother?" inquired Norah, as she drew her wheel towards her, and employed her fairy foot in whirling it round. "Plaguy *snipeens*," she replied; "bits o' bog chickens, that you've always a fancy for. Barney Leary kilt them himself." "So I did," said Barney, grinning; "and that stick wid a hook, of Morris Donovan's, is the finest thing in the world for knocking 'em down." "If Morris Donovan's stick touched them, they shan't come here," said the farmer, striking the poor little table such a blow

with his clenched hand, as made not only it, but Mrs. Clary jump.

"And why so, pray?" asked the dame.

"Because, nothing belonging to Morris, (let alone Morris himself,) shall come into this house," replied Clary; "he's not to my liking any how, and there's no good in his bothering here after what he won't get."

"Excellent!" thought Norah.

"Lord save us!" ejaculated Mrs. Clary, as she placed the grilled snipes on the table, "what's come to the man?"

Without heeding his resolution, she was proceeding to distribute the savory "birdeens," when, to her astonishment, her usually tame husband threw the dish and its contents into the flames; the good wife stood absolutely aghast for a moment. The calm, however, was of short duration. She soon rallied, and commenced hostilities. "How dare you, ye spalpeen, throw away any of God's mate after that fashion, and I to the fore? What do you mane, I say?"

"I mane that nothing tutched by Morris Donovan shall come under this ruff; and if I catch that girl o' mine looking the same side of the road he walks on, I'll tear the eyes out of her head, and send her to a nunnery!"

"You will! and dare you to say that to my face, to a child o' mine! you will—will you! we'll see, my boy. I'll tell you what, if *I* like, Morris Donovan *shall* come into this house; and what's more, be master of this house; and that's what you never had the heart to be yet, ye poor ould snail!" So saying, Mrs. Clary endeavored to rescue from the fire, the hissing remains of the burning snipes. Norah attempted to assist her mother; but Clary, lifting her up somewhat after the fashion of an eagle raising a golden wren with its claw, fairly put her out of the kitchen. This was the signal for fresh hostilities. Mrs. Clary stormed and stamped, and Mr. Clary persisted in abusing, not only Morris, but Morris' uncle, Father Donovan, until at last the farmer's help-mate *swore*, aye, and roundly too, by cross and saint, that before the next sun-set, Norah Clary should be Norah Donovan. I wish you could have seen Norry's eye, dancing with joy and exultation, as it peeped through the latch-hole; it sparkled more brightly than the richest

diamond in our monarch's crown, for it was filled with hope and love.

The next morning, before the sun was fully up, he was throwing his early beams over the glowing cheek of Norah Clary; for her "wise thought" had prospered, and she was hastening to the trysting-tree, where, "by chance," either morning or evening, she met Morris Donovan. I don't know how it is, but the moment the course of true love "runs smooth," it becomes very uninteresting, except to the parties concerned. So it is now left for me only to say, that the maiden, after a due and proper time, consumed in teasing and tantalizing her intended, told him her saucy plan, and its result. And the lover hastened upon the wings of love, (which I beg my readers clearly to understand, are swifter and stronger in Ireland than in any other country,) to apprize the priest of the arrangement, well knowing that his reverence loved his nephew, and niece that was to be, (to say nothing of the wedding-supper, and the profits arising therefrom,) too well, not to aid their merry jest. What bustle, what preparation, what feasting, what dancing, gave the country folk enough to talk about during the happy Christmas holidays, I cannot now describe. The bride, of course, looked lovely and "sheepish;" and the bridegroom—but bridegrooms are always uninteresting. One fact, however, is worth recording. When Father Donovan concluded the ceremony, before the bridal kiss had passed, Farmer Clary, without any reason that his wife could discover, most indecorously sprang up, seized a shelilah of stout oak, and said, "We've won the day!—Ould Ireland forever! Success, my boys! She's beat—she's beat!" The priest, too, seemed vastly to enjoy this extemporaneous effusion, and even the bride laughed outright. Whether the good wife discovered the plot or not, I never heard; but of this I am certain, that the joyous Norah never had reason to repent her "wise thought."—*Sketches of Irish Character, by Mrs. S. C. H.*

THE DYING YEAR.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Voice of the dying year! I hear thy moan,
Like some spent breaker of the distant sea,
Chafing the fretted rocks. Is this the end
Of thy fresh morning music, gushing out
In promises of hope? Have the bright flash
Of spring's young beauty, crown'd with budding flowers,
The passion now of summer, and the pledge
Of faithful, fruitful autumn, come to this?
I see thy youngling moon go down the west,
The midnight clock gives warning, and its stroke
Must be thy death-knell. In that quivering gasp
The last sad utterance of thine agony,
I see thy clay-cold fingers try to clasp
Some prop—in vain.

And so thou art no more.
No more! Thy rest is with oblivion's years
Beyond the flood. Yet when the trump shall sound,
Blown by the strong archangel, thou shalt wake
From the dim sleep of ages. When the tombs,
That lock their slumbering tenants, cleave in twain,
Thou shalt come forth. Yea, thou shalt rise again,
And I shall look upon thee, when the dead
Stand before God. But come not murmuring forth,
Unwillingly, like Samuel's summoned ghost,
To daunt me at the judgment. No; be kind,
Be pitiful, bear witness tenderly;
And if thou hast a dread account for me,
Go, dip thy dark scroll in redeeming blood.

MEZZOTINTO.

Prince Rupert, nephew to Charles the First, who devoted himself much to the prosecution of chemical and philosophical experiments, as well as the practice of mechanic arts, for which he was famous, was the inventor of mezzotinto, of which he is said to have taken the hint from a soldier scraping his rusty fusil. The prince, going out one morning, observed a sentinel at some distance from his post, very busy doing something to his piece. The prince inquired

what he was about. He replied that the dew had fallen in the night, and made his fusil rusty, and therefore he was scraping and cleaning it. The prince, looking at it, was struck with something like a figure eaten into the barrel, with innumerable little holes, closed together like friezework on gold and silver, part of which the soldier had scraped away. From this trifling incident, Prince Rupert conceived the idea of mezzotinto. He concluded that some contrivance might be found to cover a brass plate with such a grained ground, of fine-pressed holes, as would undoubtedly give an impression all black, and that by scraping away proper parts, the smooth superfices would leave the rest of the paper white. Communicating his ideas to Wallerant Vaillant, a painter, they made several experiments, and at last invented a steel roller, cut with tools to make a file or rasp, with projecting points, which effectually produced the black grounds; these being scraped away and diminished at pleasure, left the gradations of light. It is said that the first mezzotinto print ever published, was engraved by the prince himself. It may be seen in the first edition of Evelyn's Sculptura; and there is a copy of it in the second edition, printed in 1755. OLIO.

MARRIAGE IN LAPLAND.

It is death in Lapland to marry a maid without the consent of her parents or friends. When a young man has formed an attachment to a female, the fashion is, to appoint their friends to meet to behold the two young parties run a race together. The maid is allowed in starting, the advantage of a third part of the race, so that it is impossible, except willing of herself, that she should be overtaken. If the maid overrun her suitor, the matter is ended; he must never have her, it being penal for the man to renew the motion of marriage. But if the virgin has an affection for him, though at first she runs hard, to try the truth of his love, she will (without Atalanta's golden balls to retard her speed) pretend some casualty, and make a voluntary halt before she cometh to the mark, or end of the race. Thus none are compelled to marry against their own will;

and this is the cause that, in this poor country, the married people are richer in their own contentment than in other lands, where so many forced matches make feigned love, and cause real unhappiness.

EDITORIAL.

In offering to the public a new periodical, we are not altogether unadvised of the reception which its first debut may meet with. Some will start back, and say, "What, another book? The world is flooded with books already." Whilst others, who, in their reading, keep pace with the literature of the day, will greet it with a hearty welcome. Such make suitable selections, and separate the precious from the vile, casting aside the trashy, chaffy pamphlets that meet us on almost every corner of our streets; they find time, and take a pleasure in perusing the more sentimental works of the day, by which to gain valuable instruction, and improve their moral sentiments.

In conducting this magazine, we shall endeavor to combine utility with amusement, and such are our facilities and prospects, that we enter the literary arena confident of success.

The fields which we shall explore, are full of beautiful and fragrant flowers; they are spread out with splendid scenery, which cannot fail to interest our fair readers; draw from them the smile of approbation, and make them cheerfully part with "the almighty dollar" to enjoy their Elysian pleasures.

We have christened it with the name of "Magnolia, or Young Lady's Azalia," and intend, as far as practicable, to make it answer the character which its imposed name indicates. Our fair readers will recollect that the Magnolia is a tree, "peerless and proud, with rich, smooth foliage, large, fragrant flowers, and aromatic bark. Some of them are of a very exalted stature, taking rank with the highest tenants of the wood. In the southern states, whole groves of the magnificent magnolia grandiflora are found, scenting the air for miles around, with their rich and delicious fra-

grance. The large, white leaf of the flower often serves the romantic southern youth for paper. He pricks upon it with a needle or pin the passionate thoughts of his heart, and commits his perfumed billet-doux to the care of Zephyr, to be wafted to the feet of his lady love."

"We pluck the leaf of perfumed snow,
We trace love-verses on it;
And as the quick thoughts breathe and glow,
The flower makes sweet the sonnet!

We tell the maid it mocks, in hue,
Her fair and virgin forehead;
We say her lips' delicious dew
The blossom's balm hath borrowed.

Our sweet appeal, in secret bower,
We bid her con apart,
And trace it on as fair a flower—
Her own unsullied heart.

'T is writ with plumes from Cupid's wing—
With passion's kiss we seal it,
Then free to zephyr's care we fling
Our light and blooming billet!"

The "Azalia" is an exceedingly beautiful shrub, with rose-colored flowers, and which, on beholding, we involuntarily exclaim, "your blush has won me." Not, indeed, the blush of guilt and shame, but,—

"Playful blushes, that seem naught
But luminous escapes of thought."

While, therefore, you have our name, and its import, you shall also, with the utmost frankness, have our sentiments; and while we would be modest and unassuming in our style, we hope not to offend the most refined and delicate taste of our readers, or meet with the reprobation of those who make sound sense their criterion by which to judge of the merits of a literary work.

We trust these principles will not be supplanted in the minds of the reader, if we occasionally lead her,—

"By dimpled brook and fountain brim,
The wood-nymphs decked with daisies trim,
Their merry wakes and pastimes keep,"

but will ensure her admiration and esteem, which are the sure guarantees of our success.

The embellishments with which our work shall be ornamented, we hope, while they may please the eye, will add instruction to the mind.

Again, we shall select our contributors from the best, and most popular writers of the day, whose moral worth, natural genius, vivid imagination, and acquired excellences, shall command respect and admiration.

Finally, we hope that "The Magnolia," &c., will be of a character that will commend itself to the good taste, and common sense of its readers. It will be devoted to moral, polite, and entertaining literature. It will contain original and selected tales, essays, historical sketches, interesting biographies, records of travel, scientific and physiological facts, and extracts from new and popular works.

In setting before the reader such a variety, we labor to gain the merit, at least, of calling the attention to subjects which must interest, and secure a reading from most of our patrons.

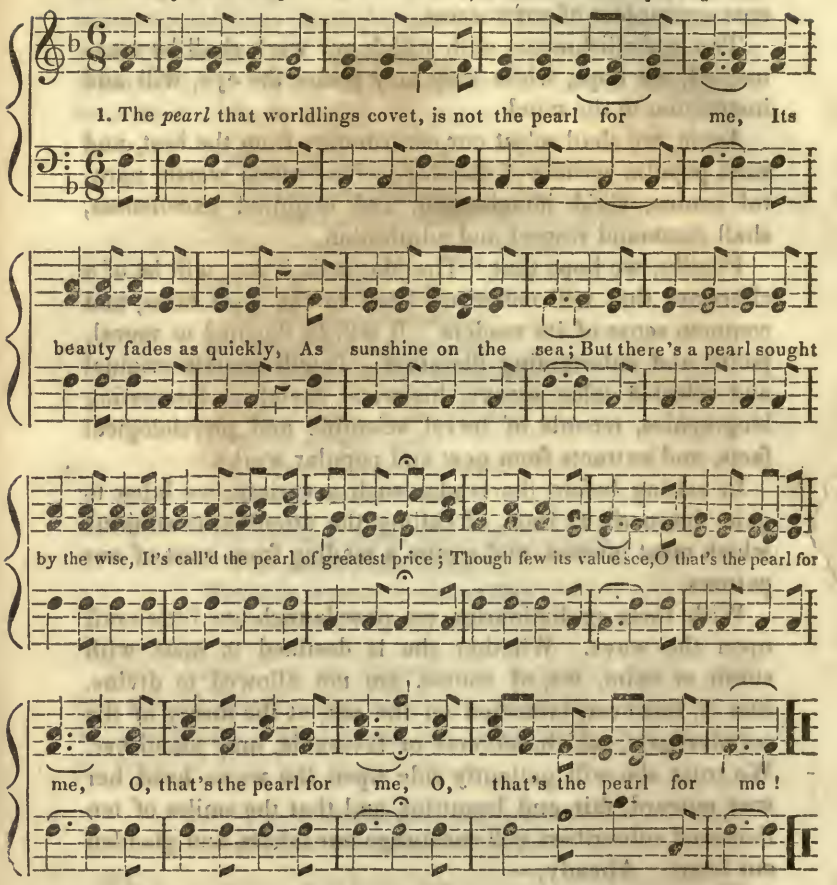
With these preliminaries, we now launch our little craft upon the wave. Whether she is destined to meet with storm or calm, we, of course, are not allowed to divine. She is, however, launched on the sea, at the mercy of the popular gale, which, adverse or favorable, may assail her. We trust she will gallantly ride upon the wave, head her way onward, fair and beautiful, and that the smiles of ten thousand subscribers will encourage our labors, and gladden our heart. Already,—

> "Fair hope, with light and buoyant form,
> Comes smiling through the clouds of care,
> Glances bright defiance on the storm,
> And hangs her bow of promise there."

Our next number will appear early in January, and our patrons may be assured that they will receive their numbers promptly.

The Christian Convert's Choice.

Words by Rev. S. Hoyt. *Tune, The Rose that all are praising.*



2. The crown that decks the monarch
Is not the crown for me;
It dazzles but a moment,
Its brightness soon will flee;
But there's a crown prepared above
For all who walk in humble love,
Forever bright 'twill be.
O, that's the crown for me, &c.

3 The road that many travel
Is not the road for me;
It leads to death and sorrow,
In it I would not be;
But there's a road that leads to God,
It's marked by Christ's most precious blood:
The passage here is free.
O, that's the road for me, &c.

4. The hope that sinners cherish
Is not the hope for me;
Most surely will they perish,
Unless from sin made free;
But there's a hope which rests in God,
And leads the soul to keep his word
And sinful pleasures flee.
O, that's the hope for me, &c.



LOWELL.

FLOWER OF CONSOLATION.

Cherish this flower! is it not,
Bright comer in adversity,
Like one who braves a stormy lot,
To bear the torch of Hope to thee?

L. H.

I SEND YOU A MESSAGE OF LOVE ON THE WINGS OF HOPE.

Fond Love, who lives in my heart for thee,
Had a message this morning he wanted to send,
While Fear, who will ever beside him be,
Cried—"Better beware, my friend!"

But then, sweet Memory awoke awhile,
And softly she told in Love's true ear
Of a certain bewitching and eloquent smile,
Which *you* have forgotten, I fear!

Young Hope, who was listening, caught the sound;
All beaming with light, she flew to Love———
"Oh! round my wings, be your billet-doux bound,
And I'll be your carrier-dove!"

'T was done—Hope went—(she knows the way
By heart, for she 's travelled it oft ere now)—
Ah send her back to me, sweet, I pray,
With the same unclouded brow.

She will furl, at your feet, her weary wing,
And oh! if the billet she bears be fled,
Think that must have followed and loosened the string,
And just guess all that Love would have said.

F. S. O.

REMINISCENCES OF A PASTOR.

[Continued.]

At the appointed time, I called again to see Mrs. W. I was received almost as an angel of God. The children seemed ecstatic. Poor little Mary smiled in tears. The mother's countenance appeared much brightened since our last interview. On my former visit I had hardly noticed the room and its fixtures, my mind was so much occupied with its inmates. But now I took a full survey of it. There were but few things in it, but those were well adjusted, and everything looked tidy and neat. After the usual salutations concerning health, &c., I told Mrs. W. that I had a special request to make, which I should ask as a favor, and that was, that she would give me a brief history of herself, including her misfortunes. For I thought that possibly there might be some peculiarity in her case, which would be interesting to know. I did not desire her to reveal any family secrets that belonged exclusively to the persons concerned; but principally the causes of her present depression. I assured her that if she saw fit to accede to my request, I should make no use of the details either to her disadvantage, or any others who might in any way be implicated.

Mrs. W. was silent for a few moments, as if in deep thought. Her heart seemed to be burthened as with a load of grief and anguish. At length she spoke. "I am glad, sir, that you have made this request. It will be a relief to me to answer your inquiries. You are the first person who has ever asked me the question. I have to this hour kept my troubles shut up in my own heart, and endured all their corroding influence without a single sympathizing friend to hear my story, or share in my troubles. The confidence which I have in your piety as a Christian minister, makes me perfectly free to spread before you my whole case, just as it is. I will not exaggerate on the one hand, nor be reserved on the other."

"I am pleased, Mrs. W., with your frankness, and if you do not object, you will oblige me if you begin with your

birth and parentage, and so give me a brief sketch of your life to the present time."

"As to the first sixteen years of my life there are no particular incidents of interest to relate, and therefore all I have to say of that period may be soon told.

"I was born about twenty miles from this city, in T——. My father's name was J—— C——. He was a merchant and farmer, a man of considerable property, and much respected among his fellow-townsmen. He was an exemplary, pious, and active member of —— church, and continued to be so until he died, which occurred about two years after my marriage. My mother died when I was very young. I scarcely remember her. But I am told that she was an estimable woman, and died, as she lived—a devoted Christian. My father never married again. He used often to say, when speaking of second marriages, 'I have one wife in heaven, and I want none upon earth. I never shall marry again. The thought of meeting my departed wife where we shall part no more, yields me more solid enjoyment than any wife could do upon earth.' He never could speak of my own dear mother but with tears. I remember that he often would silently gaze upon me for some minutes, and with tears in his eyes, would say, 'Mary, your mother has gone to heaven, but she has left her facsimile behind her in you. In seeing you I sometimes feel that your mother has almost come back again to earth. Here is her own sweet image. No wonder she loved you. Her last moments were spent in commending you to her Heavenly Father. Live, my child, so that you may meet her in heaven.'

"My mother had but three children; one son, and two daughters. I am the youngest. My brother and sister are both married, and settled. My brother in one of our southern cities, and my sister in the far-off west. They are both said to be wealthy. If they knew of my situation they would afford me prompt and timely aid; but I have cautiously avoided all communications with them for the last eighteen months. For the want of funds, I have not been to the post-office, to see if there are any letters for me. You

may think strange of this, but in the sequel of my history, you will see the reasons for this course.

"My husband's name was Samuel W——. He was born and brought up in this city. He was an only son, and became an orphan when very young. Of course he heired all his father's estate, which was very considerable. Not having parental authority to guide his steps while young, he was indulged and gratified in almost all his wishes. Being wealthy, he was flattered, and allowed plenty of money, before his judgment was sufficiently matured to know how to take care of it. The consequence was, that he never learned how to acquire property; but early acquired the habits of a spendthrift. He was naturally bright, intelligent, and exceedingly prepossessing in his manners, and personal appearance. He was well educated, and notwithstanding his predisposition to dissipation, graduated at one of our universities with honor.

"Mr. W. moved in the gayest circles, and his presence was everywhere courted, and hailed with delight by such society, wherever he was known. He was emphatically a man of pleasure, and the pursuits of its giddy rounds constituted his whole business.

"I first saw Mr. W. while attending a boarding-school in this city. I was then only fifteen years old. It was at a wedding party. He paid me special attention that evening, and expressed in strong terms the happiness it would afford him to see me again. After this, our interviews became frequent, and I had reason to believe our attachment mutual. I remained in the city six months, and then returned home to my father's, soon after which Mr. W. came to see me. My brother had heard of him, though he had no personal acquaintance with him, and he utterly despised him. To use his own words, 'I have heard no good of him.' He accordingly entreated me to dismiss him at once; said he was an idle, dissolute, pleasure-taking young man. It was true that he was wealthy. But how long will he remain so; and when his money is gone, what will he be good for? He will be hurled out of society, and become a poor, miserable wretch; and what then would become of you, should you join your destinies with his?

"At this discourse, I confess that I was highly incensed. My affections were too strongly riveted to him to be easily severed. I could not, would not give him up. My whole soul was bound up in him. 'I had rather die,' said I, 'than to be sundered from him.' 'Then,' said my brother, 'you must be sundered from me, for I will never own him as my brother. If you ever marry that light, superficial, and heartless dandy, I will never visit you, or own you as my sister. No—we shall be two.' 'Well, brother, if it must be so, I had rather part with you than with him.' My brother left me, evidently under strong excitement.

"Astonishing! thought I, that my friends will oppose me in receiving such a suitor as Mr. W. There are hundreds of ladies of the first respectability, who would consider themselves the most fortunate of beings, were they in my place. Psha!—it's only a freak of my brother's disordered imagination. He will come to himself by-and-by, and make an apology to me for what he has said in so much haste. Be that as it may, my young and foolish heart said, Samuel is mine, and I am his. He loves me most tenderly, and he has means in abundance to make me happy. Why should I fear. As to his becoming poor, there is not much danger. His income would more than support us both, and that too most respectably. Beside, he is a going to open a large wholesale store as soon as we are married. He will then be steady, and increase his wealth, and will make a man of great weight and influence in the world. When my brother sees this, all will be well, and he will be among the number of those who will feel it an honor to be in his friendship. Thus I soliloquized, until I had built a beautiful castle; but alas! I forgot that its foundation was in the air,

"The baseless fabric of a vision."

THE WIFE.

And after all, what is it that man seeks in the companionship of woman?—an influence like the gentle dew, and the cheering light, more felt throughout the whole of his existence, in its softening, healing, harmonizing power, than acknowledged by any single act, or recognized by any certain rule. It is, in fact, a being *to come home to*, in the happiest sense of that expression.

Poetic lays of ancient times were wont to tell how the bold warrior returning from the fight, would doff his plumed helmet, and reposing from his toils, lay bare his weary limbs, that woman's hand might pour into their wounds the healing balm. But never wearied knight, or warrior covered with the dust of battle-field, was more in need of woman's soothing power, than are those care-worn sons of toil, who struggle for the bread of life, in our more peaceful and enlightened days. And still though the romance of the castle, the helmet, the waving plume, and the

"Clarion wild and high,"

may all have vanished from the scene, the charm of woman's influence lives as brightly in the picture of domestic joy, as when she placed the wreath of victory on the hero's brow. Nay, more so; for there are deeper sensibilities at work, thoughts more profound, and passions more intense, in our great theatre of intellectual and moral strife, than where the contest was for martial fame, and force of arms procured for each competitor his share of glory or of wealth.

Among all the changes which have taken place in the condition of mankind, it is then not the least of woman's privileges, that her influence remains the same, except only as it is deepened and perfected as her own character approaches perfection. It is not the least of her privileges, that she can still be all to man which his necessities require; that he can retire from the tumult of the world, and seek her society with a zest which nothing can impair, so long

as she receives him with a true and faithful heart—true to the best and kindest impulses of which her nature is capable: and faithful to the sacred trust committed to her care.

And that it is so, how many a home can witness—how many a fireside welcome, how many a happy meeting after absence painfully prolonged! Yes, there are scenes within the sacred precincts of the household hearth, which, not the less, because no stranger's eye beholds them, repay, and richly too, dark days of weary conflict, and long nights of anxious care. But who shall paint them? Are they not graven on the hearts of wives? and those who hold the picture there, in all its beauty, vividness, and truth, would scarcely wish to draw aside the veil which screens it from the world.—*Mrs. Ellis.*

REST IN HEAVEN.

Should sorrow o'er thy brow
Its darkened shadows fling,
And hopes that cheer thee now,
Die in their early spring;
Should pleasure at its birth
Fade like the hues of even,
Turn thou away from earth,
There 's rest for thee in Heaven.

If ever life shall seem
To thee a toilsome way,
And gladness cease to beam
Upon its clouded day;
If like the weary dove
O'er shoreless ocean driven;
Raise thou thine eye above,
There 's rest for thee in Heaven.

But O, if thornless flowers
Throughout thy pathway bloom,
And gaily fleet the hours,
Unstained by earthly gloom:
Still let not every thought
To this poor world be given,
Nor always be forgot
Thy better peace in Heaven.

FEMALE ORNAMENTS.

'T is not with supercilious nicety we intrude our views on this subject, but with a becoming sense of its delicacy, from the amiableness of those, whose practice we repudiate.

Our sentiments on the subject of female ornaments, as they are called, are too dissonant, too wide from the prevailing customs of the age to be introduced in other than the most courteous language. And yet we frankly confess ourself unable to speak otherwise than *plainly* on the subject.

To say that a custom at once so general and loved is *unnecessary*, would scarcely meet an objection in the sanctuary of the heart, though there may be some perhaps who might suppose them quite indispensable, where there is nothing superior to win the affections and esteem she would control. But really, how little could she reasonably promise herself from a source capable of yielding to the power of such attractions.

The exhibition of such a bait, to whomsoever tossed, testifies too clearly to the estimate in which their taste is held by the fair pretender, and sure we are that nothing but tender commiseration, could suppress an exhibition of sickened disgust on the part of discriminating persons. Our conviction therefore is, that to decorate one's self with mere trinkets, call them pearls if you please, with a view to conciliate the esteem of others, to gratify their tastes, and win their love, is doing *violence* to *good taste*. Such a position is too nearly allied to the meretricious conduct of those who at once excite the pity and disgust of the virtuous, to be regarded in an enviable light. While the display of such appendages indicates the estimate in which others' taste is held, it portrays the outlines of its own groveling properties, just as the volcanic crater exhibits its own horrific outlines by the very glare which renders visible surrounding objects.

With delicacy of feeling, though plainness of expression, we venture the inquiry,—Is it not somewhat *rare* to find good, solid endowments, blended with a profusion of orna-

ments? Too great a preference for these wherever exhibited, involuntarily brings to mind the charge of our Saviour against the Scribes and Pharisees, whitened sepulchres, beautiful in their outside appearance, but, O! how little to be desired within. Beside, the more labored and expensive the effort at merely outward attractions, the deeper the persuasion of the beholder, of the absence of mental jewelry, and the wearer's implied confession of the same. Truly we might be censured, for uncharitableness, by the less scrupulous, but honestly, the impression is somewhat intuitive on our mind.

'T is not pretended that there are no exceptions to the above rule of measurement; but we think the inference drawn will hold good in a majority of cases, especially when the habit is adopted and has not been a part of one's education or peculiar to her station in life.

Writers on etiquette, who allow the use of ornaments, condemn an ostentatious display of jewelry. And surely if refined taste sets a *limit* to these things, the Christian religion should purify the temple entire. Could our godly sense *appreciate*, and the piety of the heart *approve* the taste Heaven has commended, surely our claims to genuine modesty would no sooner be questioned than the orthodoxy of our principles.

It has always appeared to our mind, since we have thought at all on the subject, that an extravagant attire renders one's claims to genuine modesty somewhat doubtful. Such an avowal as this may shock the sensibilities of many who have never suspected themselves to be any way deficient, not even in the smallest degree, of this, one of the chief excellences of the female character.

To deny that such things are worn to attract the attention, the particular gaze of others, that the intention is to set one's self up as a show, which costs the beholder nothing, but the exhibiter much, would render such a custom the very essence of folly. For without the delightful gratification of being looked at, where is the utility of such appendages? The practice, aside from this, adds not in the remotest degree to the comfort or convenience of the person. Genuine modesty asks not for the attentions which such

attractions win. She draws the veil of delicacy over her maiden features, and while she is disquieted by the stare of the vulgar, she betrays no solicitude for the special gaze of her equals.

But before I conclude my remarks on this point, let me refer the practice of wearing ornaments to the source from whence, at least in part, it received its pedigree, and upon which it is mainly chargeable for its continuance, viz., the approval of the coarser sex, whom you would please. Yes, we will give you the credit of striving to please in this, though the confession should betray our bad taste. And here we frankly confess that when we can give you an intimation that our esteem shall be best secured by leaving them off, you will free yourselves in this matter—"Yea, what clearing of yourselves."*—Until we do this, I am free to confess that we remain the sharers of your folly.

The practice of wearing artificial flowers is so palpable a violation of *good taste*, that it needs barely to be mentioned, to elicit the approval of all possessing a chaste discrimination.

"It has been said that the lady who would wear these 'imitations' would be guilty of any other fraud for the gratification of her vanity."—We cannot be so severe: we repel the inference, still it is worthy of thought whether such things may not lead to the practice of imposture in matters more serious.

We had almost given utterance to the sentiment, that to manufacture them, is an attempt at imitation, which does violence to nature. Who will be so profane as to attempt to imitate some of the most exquisite specimens of infinite skill, with bits of cloth colored and woven into deception? Verily, after all the ingenuity of the mock artist, they are "rags" and not roses. And then, as if it were not enough to ape nature, the offence is doubled by an attempt to decorate and render more beautiful, that which has received the plastic touch of the Creator's hand.

Is the complexion fair, and do the combined proportions of the countenance present a harmonious sweetness of expression? [the perfection of all earthly beauties]—what a pity

* St. Paul.

to fall into the offensive mistake, that artificial flowers *can* improve and render that countenance still more lovely. And sure we feel, that to attempt to make up for supposed defects, or real ones, by covering them with what is known to be deception, makes the offence double, and aggravates the deformity.

It was an apostle's creed, "that women adorn themselves in modest apparel, with shamefacedness," that is with modesty, "and sobriety: not with broidered hair, or gold, or pearls, or costly array;"—"but with good works"—amiableness of deportment.

True simplicity is true dignity; whether it adorn the form, or regulate the carriage: and the heart that is won by her inimitable charms is a captive for life. Simplicity is the offspring of a "meek and quiet spirit,"—this the ornament approved of God, chosen for the decoration of his temple, whose temple ye are; an "ornament of *great price* in his sight."

Here then is the true standard of correct taste. It comes from heaven, pure, holy, consistent, and of unprecedented comeliness. We regard it as the true standard of taste, of etiquette in dress, as well as the oracle of sound morals.

"Hail, artless simplicity, beautiful maid,
In the genuine attractions of nature arrayed,
Let the rich and the proud, and the gay and the vain,
Still laugh at the graces that move in thy train.

"No charms in thy modest allurements they find;
The pleasures they follow a sting leave behind;
Can criminal passion enrapture the breast
Like virtue, with peace and serenity blest?

"O would you simplicity's precepts attend,
Like us, with delight at her altar you 'd bend;
The pleasures she yields would with joy be embraced,
You 'd practise from virtue and love them from *taste*."

J. S. S.

LOWELL, *Dec.* 2, 1845.

FRIENDSHIP.

She clasps Naomi's neck and sighs,
And clings in wild devotion there,
And lifting up her earnest eyes,
She murmurs, "Mother, hear my prayer!

If some lone dove, on wounded wing,
Should flutter to thy gentle breast,
My mother! would'st thou coldly fling
The trembler from its place of rest?

That lone and weary dove am I!
The home, the hearth, I leave for thee,
In darkness and deserted life,
My mother, wilt thou turn from me?

His smile, who made that home all light,
His voice, who breathed the hallowed vow,
The ray went out in death's dark night—
The sound—the grave hath hushed it now.

O, 'where thou goest I will go!'
The shrine at which thou kneel'st in prayer,
The skies that o'er thy pathway glow,
Shall see thy child before thee there.

O, 'where thou diest I will die!'
Thy home is mine, and mine thy God,
The very grave where thou dost lie,
Shall shelter me beneath its sod."

WINTER.

The buds of spring, bright summer's blooming flowers,
And autumn's rich abundance, all are past;
The lingering warblers quit their leafless bowers,
Which yield no refuge from the frequent blast,
Now reeking mists abstract the solar beams,
And threatening clouds the face of heaven deform;
Relentless frost arrests the silver streams,
And hail and snow come rushing on the storm!

Ladies' Repository.

ELLEN WHARTON.

It was an autumnal evening—the forests had begun to don their mantles of gorgeous colors; the fields, shorn of their purest treasures, lay like golden lakelets in the rich and mellow sunset; the noble highlands, like giant warriors, clothed in their panoply of rock and foliage, threw their sullen shadows far out upon the bosom of the glorious Merrimac, who, rolling in his path of beauty, gleamed like a fallen rainbow in the innumerable tints of occidental glory. Far in the distance towered the venerable domes of the city of M———; the first star was twinkling on the brow of twilight; deep, dark clouds were encircling the zone of creation; rock and mountain, tree and shrub, hill, dale, valley and rivulet, all commingled in one hazy softness, rendering it a scene of indescribable loveliness, beautiful as in those days of primitive innocence, ere sin was known, or desolation and decay had fallen on the blossoms of our earthly Eden.

Two young ladies might have been seen bending their footsteps up the avenue leading to the splendid mansion of Esq. Wharton, apparently in deep and earnest conversation; they were both young and lovely, but the beautiful features of the elder were distorted by anger and pride, which agitated her. Although I could not hear their conversation, yet I knew by the harsh angry tones of the one, and the tremulous accents of the other, that it was anything but pleasing, and feeling a strong desire to hear, I walked so near to them, concealing myself in the shade of the multitude of trees which filled the park, that I could distinctly hear all they said.

"Really, Ellen, your conduct is intolerable. How you can so far forget your origin, as to associate, as you do, with the low and poor class of society, is, to all your friends, astonishing."

"I know not what you mean, sister Laura; you speak as though I were guilty of something very indecorous. I

know of no low people with whom I have ever associated."

"You know well enough to whom I refer. Do you feel very much flattered by the attentions of Frank Arland? You treat him with as much politeness as if he were our equal in rank and station. It cannot be that you are in your right mind, when you prefer his society to the handsome, dashing Harry Lambert."

"Harry Lambert! do not name him in connection with Frank Arland; who is as far his superior, as yon bright and glorious orb is to the most minute star which surrounds it. 'T is true, he is poor, while Harry is rich; but poverty is no crime, neither is it anything one need be ashamed of. The mightiest minds that ever astonished the civilized world were nursed in the lap of poverty—that was their incentive to action—their stimulant to glory and immortality: indeed, nearly all our great and distinguished men were born of poor parents, and are not the poor God's chosen people? Surely, sister, if the Creator of the universe, the King of kings, is not ashamed to love and own them for his chosen ones, we ought not to despise them."

"But he is our father's clerk; think of that, Ellen; merely a 'counter jumper.' Surely, his talents have already secured him a very distinguished title, and I should not wonder if he yet immortalized his name, by his great and wonderful achievements. I already imagine him a Franklin, Hogarth, or a Napoleon. I believe their parents were poor. I must confess, the prospect is at present very flattering."

"I did not say, sister Laura, that I ever expected he would act a very distinguished part in the grand drama of life, or gain a name among the great ones of the earth; but this much I say, he possesses talents of no ordinary kind. And what if he is in the employ of my father? What better is the employer than the employed? Both had the same Maker, and both are upheld and sustained by the same Being. Both are striving for the same object, a 'living;' if one is more avaricious than the other, what better is he? 'T is true, one may have more gold than the other; the shrine at which hundreds bow and worship with a fond idolatry. But what is wealth? 'T is a cloak that covers

crime—it is worse than the 'blear-eyed famine,' more fatal than the 'festering folds of the purple pestilence.' It shuts the heart to sympathy, and, in many instances, I regret to say, it has cooled the love of children to their parents, and consigned them to oblivion; it often renders people wretched and unhappy." Perhaps she was thinking of herself then, for, had she been poor, she might have been happy in the love of Frank Arland; but as it was, she saw no prospect of realizing the fondest and, indeed, the only wish of her heart—her union with her love, for such was Frank: they had long been secretly betrothed.

"Well, if you have got through your eloquent harangue, I am truly glad: but I do really think, you are a disgrace to the name of the ancient and noble family of Whartons, by adopting such low sentiments: pray, never express them before any sensible person again."

I heard no more of their conversation, for they had by this time, nearly arrived at the door, and I dared approach no farther; I waited until the door closed upon them, when I immediately quitted the park, and hastily retraced my steps to my lodgings, lest I should be discovered by some domestic, wandering about the premises of Esq. Wharton, and either suffer the fate of a plunderer, or be obliged to tell my object in being there—which would be still worse; for I really felt criminal in my own estimation, for the ungentlemanly part I had acted, of which so many young coxcombs boast in these days—that of following the young ladies home. I had heard enough to excite my curiosity, to learn, if possible, who these two young ladies were; for I could not help thinking of the pallid countenance, and meek replies, of one of them, which indicated that sorrow was not a stranger to her heart, and by what little I heard of their conversation, I feared there was more in store for her.

I related the adventure of the evening to my host, who told me the young ladies, as I suspected, were Laura and Ellen Wharton, daughters of Esq. Wharton.

Esq. Wharton, said my host, is a man of warm and noble impulses, great benevolence of disposition and kindliness of heart, yet he is of strong and passionate temper, rash in judgment, and hasty in decision; proud of the

ancient name of Wharton—proud of his broad lands, of his numerous dwellings in the city, of his beautiful and elegant seat in the country, and, above all, exceedingly proud of his lovely daughters. He had married, at an early age, a young lady of rich parents, his equal in birth and in every other respect, his superior; for she possessed every good quality that constitutes an amiable lady. She possessed not only great personal beauty, but what is far better, beauty of the soul, beauty of holiness. She died soon after the birth of Ellen, her youngest born, leaving her two little ones in the care of her husband, after having commended them to the protection of Heaven, and exhorted her husband to bring them up in the fear of the Lord. Thus were Ellen and Laura deprived of their mother at an early age.

Esq. Wharton was, as I said before, very proud of his daughters, and lavished money upon their education with no stinting hand. Laura, the elder by two years, was, at the time our story commences, incomparably beautiful; in appearance tall and graceful, hands and feet of faultless symmetry, her eyes were dark as night, yet soft and dreamy, now melting in its own fire, now burning like stars in the midnight sky; her features were perfect, in all that makes loveliness in woman: a smile of light sometimes played on a lip of love, illuminating all her rare and glorious person; then sometimes her beautiful mouth would curve in scorn or anger, giving to her whole countenance a repulsive and haughty expression. Pride of birth, and a consciousness of her exceeding loveliness, had given a slight degree of haughtiness to her manner which, perhaps, heightened her charms. She was exceedingly fond of dress, and, having always been accustomed to having her own way, was both wilful and independent.

Ellen, too, was beautiful; her form was faultless and equalled in gracefulness, a Medician Venus; her eye was of the deepest blue, her complexion dazzlingly fair; the marble paleness of her brow, relieved by the rich tint of crimson on her cheek, gave an additional charm to the expression of her fine features; her hair fell in long silken ringlets upon a neck of alabaster whiteness, and her smile, oh, who can describe it?—so bright, so childlike, was that

sunny smile. She possessed none of the pride and haughtiness which characterized her sister, but was kind to all; in short she inherited all her mother's goodness of heart: none could look at her, and not love her—at least, so thought Frank Arland.

Frank Arland was a young man of prepossessing appearance; frank, affable, unassuming, he had gained what he merited, the esteem of all who knew him. Ellen was not blind to his merits, she saw that he possessed talents not common to all—and she loved him.

True love is always accompanied with doubts; it is difficult for the soul filled with devoted tenderness, to believe that a reciprocity of feeling exists with the being of its idolatry. A disinterested observer may discern, with unerring certainty, the mutual attachment of two kindred hearts, but between themselves, the one will be continually raising doubts as to the feelings or sincerity of the other.

It was so with Frank; he could scarce believe that one so universally praised and flattered, could fix her attachment upon him. Sometimes he would suspect her of loving Harry Lambert; for he had heard him vauntingly say, that he could already command her sweetest smiles, and it only remained for him to propose, to be accepted; and Lambert had acquired the reputation of being a successful trifler.

Again, hope would illume his bosom, and he would picture to himself the bliss of that moment, when the fair Ellen Wharton would become his affianced bride. Thus would hope and fear alternately triumph in the heart of Frank. He dreaded avowing, lest he should be repulsed; he feared to delay, lest he should undo himself.

Such were his feelings, when, one beautiful evening, he called at Esq. Wharton's, was ushered into the drawing-room—being on terms of intimacy with them, where he found Ellen alone. He thought this a favorable opportunity to make known his feelings to Ellen, and learn hers in return. I shall not attempt to tell you how this was accomplished, for I am not very well versed in describing proposals, perhaps, because I have never heard one; it is enough for you to know, he proposed and was accepted—that they thought best to keep it secret, for a while, know-

ing that her friends were resolved on her marrying Henry Lambert.

On the evening when my story commences, Ellen, instead of first entering the drawing-room to greet her father, as was her custom after a walk, retired immediately to her chamber—flung herself into a chair, when the tears she had long restrained, flowed freely from the fountain of grief at her heart, and coursed down her pale cheek. How often sorrow drives the rose from the cheek of the young and lovely!

"Why was not I born of poor parents, or he of rich ones?" she exclaimed; "then we might have been happy. Oh, my mother! why wast thou taken from me? Why was not thy life prolonged—if only to be a source of comfort to thy sorrowing child? Father in heaven, forgive me!" she said, checking herself, "for murmuring against the dispensations of thy providence. My mother is free from sorrow, and it would be worse than cruelty, for me to wish her back again in this cold and unfeeling world. Yet, O! dearest mother! would to God I had laid my head on thy bosom, and died, ere I had known sorrow. But, if thou art in heaven, thou wilt not forget me; methinks thy angelic spirit is hovering round me—even now, bidding me 'be of good cheer.' Dear mother, wilt thou ever be my guardian angel?—and then, when I feel thee near, know that thy sweet spirit is hovering over the pathway of my existence, shall I be kept from evil—have strength to perform my duty, however painful it may be. Then shall I know it is thy voice, so soft and low, whispering in my ear, 'daughter, obey the commands of thy father, and then wilt thou have peace, if not happiness; the consciousness of having done right, of having obeyed thy parent, will afford thee consolation.'" While thus soliloquizing, she was startled by a loud rap on the door, which was immediately opened by Pauline, her favorite servant.

"Ah, Pauline! is it you? I feared it was——come sit down by me," she said, checking herself, "and tell me again all you know about my saintly mother. I should never grow weary of hearing her goodness praised, her virtues extolled. You see," she added, smiling through her tears, "I have been thinking about her."

"I would gratify you with all my heart, Miss Ellen, but your father sent me to bid you instantly meet him in the library, and not delay, as he had something of importance to communicate to you."

Poor Ellen's cheek grew still paler at these words; for she guessed the import of this unceremonious summons. But she hastily dried her tears, bathed her eyes, and with a beating heart and faltering step, descended to the library. She hesitated at the door, in order to calm her agitation, listening in breathless silence to the heavy footsteps of her father, pacing to and fro the room, in great excitement. She placed one hand upon her heart, as though to quiet its throbbings, and the other upon the latch of the door, dreading to enter her father's presence; for she feared his penetrating eye might discern traces of recent tears, and guess the cause of her grief. She wished to bury her trouble in her own bosom, and obey her father's commands, whatever they might be; yet she secretly prayed that he would neither bid her receive the addresses of Harry Lambert, nor oppose her union with Frank Arland. At length, she opened the door and stood in her father's presence, waiting for him to address her; but he kept pacing the room with rapid strides, without even once noticing the fair being who stood trembling before him. She stood for a moment fixed and speechless, for she was alarmed, having never before seen her father so agitated; at length, she, with a faltering voice, ventured to break the awful silence.

"You wish to speak with me, father! Pauline told me so, and I have come to hear what you have to communicate to me. But why, dear father, are you so agitated? Surely something must have happened: do not hesitate to tell me, for if anything has happened, I ought to know it—for what concerns you, concerns us all. Speak, dear father, and keep me no longer in suspense."

She did not wish her father to think she suspected the cause of his agitation.

"You are a good girl, Ellen," said he, at length approaching her and leading her to a seat, "and have ever been reasonable; therefore, I take courage to address you upon a subject of vast importance to your present and future welfare."

[To be continued.]

AN EXPRESSION OF GRATITUDE FOR A NEW YEAR'S PRESENT.

Ladies, accept the warm returns,
The gush of gratitude,
Which in my grateful bosom burns,
For what you have bestow'd.

Almoners of my blessed Lord,
To him my duty bear;
That he may well your souls reward,
Shall be my fervent prayer.

May He, who clothes in glorious dress
The flowers that deck the field,
Robe you with spotless holiness,
And every blessing yield.

With honor be your names enroll'd,
Be wrote with beams of light,
And as kings' daughters deck'd in gold,
Shine beautifully bright.

And when the Bridegroom comes to wed
His Spouse, and glorify,
May you be to his palace led,
With songs and shouts of joy.

"THE ROSE FOR ME."

In a far distant clime I have left a sweet rose,
A blossom unfolding its exquisite ray:
More lovely than morning it timidly glows,
And fairer its blush than the rich bloom of May.

I fear that another, enamored, may view it,
May steal it away from its fond parent stem,
That in absence, some fortunate lover may view it,
And I sigh when I think of the beautiful gem.

To the shade where the flow'ret is destined to flourish,
On the wing of affection I hastily fly,
For what is there sweeter than fondly to nourish
What is dear to the heart, what is fair to the eye?

Oh leave not the bower, sweet rose, till I come;
Hope whispers thy blooms I again shall survey:
My bosom, believe me, was form'd for thy home;
O leave not the bow'r till it bears thee away!

THE INVALID.

"Sit nearer to me," cried Ellen; "my heart beats a warm response to the sentiments you utter, and I want to press you to it in a warm embrace. O how it cheers this lone being, to have the feelings so long confined within my own bosom, breathed into my ear by one that understands their worth." The flush of enthusiasm tinged her animated face, as she extended her thin hand and drew Ellen's cheek closely to her lips. "Ellen, dear, I have never before known you. The world called you odd, Ellen, because you would not conform to its rules; it said you was proud, because you joined not with its sycophants in the idle chase of pleasure; and dear, forbearing, Ellen, I sometimes spoke lightly of your prudent habits and retiring manners. But my eyes have since been unclosed. Pardon my sins of ignorance, and talk to me sweetly, as your manner is, of the state towards which I am being hastened."

Ellen brushed off a tear which glistened beneath her eyelid, and smiling, said,—"For all your sins against me, of which, till this moment, I was ignorant, you have full pardon; but Annie, dear, permit me to beg you will not talk much, for your strength is quite exhausted by this effort."

Annie's cough for some time prevented a reply. Ellen watched her with intense interest, eager to give all possible relief. Annie perceived her solicitude, and as soon as her lungs were relieved, said,—"It is not *very* bad, dear; talking does not distress me, though my hurried respiration leads you to think the effort painful. So do not ask me not to talk with *you;* it is a privilege I now can duly value. The pleasure of communing with a congenial spirit is to me so satisfying, that I desire to enjoy it, undiminished by the anticipation of all consequences. The idea, that an invalid is of necessity, the prey of dejection and discontent, is received by the fashionable world as an orthodox truth; and it was not till after I had passed the ordeal of affliction, that I ventured to become heretical on this point. My friends

make great efforts to render me happy; but they do not understand me. Dear souls! they love me fondly and want to do me good; they only mistake the means. To show their kind concern, and relieve me of the solitary hours which they suppose must press as an incubus on my heart, they frequently call to tell me how sorry they are that I am no better, and to discover that my cheek is paler than it commonly is, or that my breathing is more difficult than when they last saw me; and when they take leave, hoping I shall be better the next time they call, I feel that I shall experience relief *till* that time."

"They cannot understand," replied Ellen, "that a girl as gay as you were when in health, and who found her highest enjoyment in society, can be happy in the hush of her sick chamber, and be entertained by the solitary exercise of her mental faculties. I did not expect to find you so cheerful as you are. I imagined you might welcome death as the termination of suffering; but I was not prepared to see Annie sitting meekly at the Redeemer's feet, and practising with delight the lessons of submission and trust which He teaches."

Two years previous to this conversation, Ellen had become acquainted with Annie Nichols, whom she loved for her amiable disposition and happy temper. Annie's presence, like the sun's, was the precursor of smiles and the harbinger of joy. Devoid of selfish feeling, and devotedly attached to her friends, she easily endeared herself to them, and her friendship was much desired by the young of both sexes. Their example induced her to expect happiness from crowds, to search for pleasure amidst the glittering baubles which the foolish world holds alluringly before the eyes of the pure and unsuspecting. Excitement destroyed the healthful balance of her mind; it became obscured, restless, and possessed an increasing desire to "triumph in externals." She learned to be influenced by this one's smile and that one's frown, to dread the censure of genteel society; so she rarely exercised her own judgment, or followed the dictates of her own taste, unqualified by the sanctions of popular customs. By habitual indulgence in the luxuries of life, her mind became dissipated, and thought,

naturally vigorous, became inert. To what extent her soul would have submitted to such tyranny is uncertain; but it did submit, till nature called in disease to inflict the sure penalty threatened for the violation of its exact laws.

"The world, well known, will give our hearts to heaven."

She saw the grave opening before her, and she knew that with rapid steps she was descending to its damp shadowy vault. Her beauty would be resigned to the devouring worms; the graces of her person, the accomplishments of her mind, would they disarm him of the scythe, whose office was to her an idea of terror? She plainly saw her situation, and knew that her mode of life had ill fitted her for the Christian resignation which its trials demanded. The prospect suddenly opened to her, aroused and called home the scattered energies of her mind. O how worthless seemed to her then, all the trappings and superficial glitter "which conceal men's real glory!" How utterly contemptible appeared the vain ambition which agitated the mass of fashionable life! She knew that her happiness must henceforth be derived from the culture of the heart, from communion with those elevated and spiritual things which satisfy without disgusting the possessor. And now, for the first time since the soft tones of adulation quickened the pulsations of her heart, she was happy; with no wish ungratified, no desire unanswered, no void in her sensitive heart, she enjoyed the present, and the future she knew was in the hands and under the direction of Him, to whom she had given her warm affections and chastened love.

Love hallows and beautifies everything, and when the young heart's deepest and purest love is yielded unreservedly to Him, who is the loveliest and the best of beings, the effect on the manners and countenance, as well as on the morals of the individual, cannot be well conceived unless the idea is assisted by observation. Ellen was both surprised and gratified to witness its effect on her friend Annie. She found her calmly contemplating the event which would transport her to a world of purer, higher bliss, where no cloud darkens the sky, and no doubt obscures the mind.

When she took her hand, and saw her smile and heard her speak, she felt as if she was in the presence of pure spirituality, of one sanctified by divine influence.

Standing, as Annie did, on the very verge of mortal life, with its silken cords all around her heart, and its flowery garlands wreathed about her fair, young brow, prepared to relinquish its delight without a thought of regret, and sever without a murmur its strong ties, presented Ellen with ideas so sublime that she was awed before her. The invalid's voice was subdued by the strong emotions which possessed her soul, and her friend's eye was fixed unconsciously on the celestial beauty of her face. She spoke cheerily of the attractions of the upper world, the darkness of which was irradiated by her luminous faith; she talked of its inhabitants and their employments with fervor so glowing that her rapt auditor felt the stir of viewless wings on the air, and listened to catch the strains to which beatified souls strike their aerial harps in adoration of Him whose smile constitutes their bliss.

Ellen was melted; heaven was no longer a gilded place far off in the distant sky, ruled by unapproachable majesty; she felt the reality of the Saviour's words,—"the kingdom of heaven is within you." Tears, of which she was almost unconscious, ran down her cheeks as she replied,—"Annie, you have unveiled the glory and the loveliness of the future life; O that I could enter with you, and join in the song which is raised to Him that sitteth on the throne, and to the Lamb forever and ever. But you will only precede me, Annie; I will wait patiently till our Father shall send his kind messenger to loose the ties of existence, and free the prisoned spirit. What, Annie, but this full confidence in God, could sustain us? what but this belief that he watches over us with sleepless vigilance, and directs our steps with unerring wisdom? O what a precious privilege it is to love God with all the heart, as our best, dearest friend! to confide to his bosom all our thoughts, our ardent wishes, our lofty aspirations, and to feel that if our requests are denied, it will be in the fulness of paternal love!"

Annie's response is recorded at the commencement of this article.

"I had a dread of consumption," said Annie, "and even after I felt it creeping through my vitals, I endeavored to drive the idea from my mind by greater levity. But when fully convinced that it had established itself in my bosom, so strongly as to defy medical skill, I no longer disregarded its decree. By contemplating death, the future state, and the design of this primary existence, I have become reconciled to the destiny which awaits me, hard and fearful as my former gay associates think it. I am not impatient to be introduced into a better state of existence, but when God shall please to take me thither, I hope I shall be glad to go. I am not sick of life; but I am willing, at his bidding, to exchange it for one in which I can more sensibly feel his presence. I think that since I have been consuming by this lingering disease, I have enjoyed more happiness than I found during the whole of my previous life. It is certainly good for me that I have been afflicted. Before, a cloudy day or a misty morning was sufficient to check enjoyment; now, I can 'see God in clouds or hear him in wind,' as quickly as in the jocund sky and the smiling flowerets, which spring up all over the green earth, and write on the sunny hills in characters of floral beauty, the everlasting truth—God is love."

"Oh, Annie, dear, I must not stay; you talk so much, I think it aggravates your cough," said Ellen, as she perceived that her efforts and suggestions afforded Annie no relief. Her heart ached in witnessing the sufferings of her friend; she thought of the fortitude and holy trust which sustained her in her afflictions, and veneration mingled with the love she gave her. Annie replied as before,—

"It is not *very* bad, dear; but I think I have talked rather too much. I will rest now, and you will come in to-morrow, Ellen."

Ellen promised, and kissing the invalid, she left her with a blessing on her lip.

MIMOSA.

For the Magnolia.

VISIT TO LOUISBOURG, CAPE BRETON.

Four long months had been passed in the harbors of sterile Labrador. To the fifty-fifth degree of latitude had we coasted this arctic land; delaying at the fishing grounds of L'Anse Amour, Domino, Indian Title, Long Island and Brig Harbor.

From the mild and beautiful May of New England an invalid had gone to the wintry waves and coasts of the Gulf of St. Lawrence. And while the glory and promise of summer were visiting the land of his home, until the ripeness and wealth of autumn were dwelling there, he lived an unwilling exile among perpetual snows and icebergs. These giant and chilling ambassadors from the realm of perpetual winter were continually passing us in numbers and freedom that proclaimed our proximity to their home. The contest of summer with winter, through the months of July and August, had resulted in the discomfiture of genial heat—the snow unto the last usurped a resting-place. And who would forbid so fitting a garb to such a land? The face of the country was rugged rock broken into mountains. The shallow soil was but the decay of mosses and scanty grasses mixed with the debris of the rock bare to the northern weather; vegetation was most meagre, comprising heavy mosses, dwarf specimens of pines, coarse grasses; a few insipid berries were all the offering made to the sustenance of man. Thus driven to the sea for a subsistence, a few huts at the water's brink were his only habitations.

Such was the soul-darkening scenery that opened upon the eye at sunrise, and such it was that mocked the sun in his decline; the glare then overspreading rock, snow and ice, seeming their smile of victory over the long effort of the king of day.

Early and late in the season of day in that clime—in rain and fog—in cold and wind—had I toiled in my rugged occupation on the deck of the schooner.

My associates were specimens of the noble-heartedness of the sailor, but equally of his roughness, profanity, and obscenity. Doomed to be one among them, it gave a too sensitive mind a hint of the curse of companionship in the abodes of punishment.

All the circumstances averted the boyish spirit to the beauteous scenery, the comfortable occupations, and the moral and friendly citizens of a distant home. While sleep liberated it from connection with actual life, it lived in vivid dreams among the verdant prospects and endeared friends of New England. * * *

Our reluctant toil at last was done. At midnight, the close of the 18th of September, the skipper's harsh voice broke my dreamy slumbers—"All hands—Ahoy!—Get under way." I bounded from my berth, and right cheerily, that night, did I hoist on the halyards and heave at the windlass. A few moments and we were homeward-bound, darkness enshrouding Labrador as in the gloom of the past.

For a week we had been baffled by calms and head-winds till our spirits had sunk at the long intervention and frightful uncertainties foreboded between us and our haven. On the evening of the twenty-fourth, while I was pacing the decks on watch, with faintly rising hopes, a charming breeze had borne us up to the light of Skatari, but there spell-bound by opposing fate it left us; and after a brief calm was succeeded by a strong head wind. Twice in the night had "all hands" been roused to "tack ship." Through all the succeeding day had we struggled with the adverse wind, and gained, during the night and the day, but five leagues in our course. The lighthouse of Louisbourg had been in plain view during the day, and our captain had resolved to seek a refuge in the harbor. By the aid of an old history I resuscitated my memory of the interesting siege and capture of this place, in 1758; and anticipated a trifle of interest in looking upon a place made memorable by the history of war. But as we neared the land this was forgotten in the bright contrast that was creating upon the sensibilities of the heart.

I gazed from the masthead as the dim prospect of the land

proffered itself. By and by I could recline upon the gunwale and satiate the eye and the heart with the enchanting prospect which was crowding pace by pace upon the view. A land of more level and regular outline at first presented itself. Then the certainty of vegetation and of human habitation proclaimed itself in the dark veil that overspread the declivities, the plats of variegated color that chequered the plains and the cottages—scattered as spots along the hill-sides.

Eagerly did I gather every new evidence of beauty which our approach permitted to the view. That darkened appearance of the hills soon became forests—those plats, oat-fields—those spots on the hill-sides, cottages shining in simple white, just as they are found among the hills and valleys of New England. Beauty, the unaffected beauty of simple nature, soothed the worn-out heart. Dejection became exhilarated, and I was well nigh regarding this land as my home.

[To be continued.]

EDITOR'S TABLE.

SKETCHES OF LOWELL, MASS.

In the number for this month our readers are furnished with a very accurate view of the city of Lowell as it now is—with its numerous manufacturing establishments, churches, and other public buildings.

To a visitor who has not seen the place for the last twenty-five years, the scene must appear very novel. A large city bursts upon his view now, where then it was only dotted with a few farm houses. His attention is attracted with the hum of a bustling city—the roar of mills, the buzzing of thousands of spindles, and the whirling of as many wheels. If he looks out upon the streets between the hours of 12 and 1 o'clock, he will behold its sidewalks crowded with hundreds of young and beautiful females, the fair representatives of most of the New England states who have left parents, brothers, sisters, and perhaps lovers at their own quiet homes, and neighborhoods, for the purpose

of obtaining a little ready cash, and then to return, and again enjoy the quietude of their own rural homes.

The site upon which this city now stands, two hundred years ago was the great emporium of the Indian territory in the east—the head quarters of one of the five great tribes of Indians which were found by our Pilgrim fathers in New England. It was the capital of the Pawtuckets, an immense tribe, numbering twelve thousand souls.

They were invited here on account of the abundant supply of fish which the Merrimack and Concord rivers then furnished. It is here that these two rivers meet, forming an angle. In this angle, where the city of Lowell now stands, the Indian built his *wigwam;* and out of these beautiful rivers obtained an abundance of fish of the most inviting kind, such as salmon, shad, alewives, sturgeon, &c.; the latter of which were so plenty that the Indians christened one of the rivers by the name of Merrimack, which, in their language, signifies sturgeon. The name is yet retained; but the sturgeon, like the Indians, have long since disappeared.

The history of Wamesit, which is the Indian name for the ground on which the city of Lowell stands, is as deeply interesting as is the history of this modern city, and could we have the particulars of it as we have of the latter, it would be infinitely more so. The ground which we now occupy, then teemed with human life. Another race of human beings, with similar physical and intellectual faculties with our own—the descendants of one common parent with ourselves, though of different manners, customs, habits, and language, inhabited in multitudes these valleys and hills long before the white man ever set his foot upon these shores.

The boundaries of Wamesit singularly coincide with its present dimensions. A ditch which was dug by the Indians, probably in 1665, to designate the ground which was then called Wamesit, is distinctly traceable to this day, and does not materially vary from the line and extent of Lowell.

When Wamesit was first discovered it contained a population of three thousand souls, and doubtless at some

seasons of the year their numbers were greatly augmented. Upon these sons of the forest the light of science, civilization, and revelation, never shone. And yet they were of the same family with ourselves—susceptible of joy or grief, of pain or pleasure, and, like the rest of mankind, had to die, and go into eternity; and will appear at the judgment, when the dead, small and great, shall stand before God.

But how comparatively small their accountability when contrasted with ours. They had neither schools, churches, ministers of God's religion, nor the Holy Scriptures. They were emphatically the children of nature: and if they approached God it was by travelling through the dark and intricate mazes of nature up to nature's God.

It is not then surprising that their views of the Great Spirit should have been confused and indistinct. That they should pay homage to the sun, moon, and stars—that they should make offerings to the rolling thunders, and awed by the majesty of Heaven's artillery should prostrate themselves upon the earth, and supplicate for mercy from that being whose hoarse voice they supposed they heard, and whose eyes were like flames of fire. In this state of darkness the poor Indian lived, and with but an uncertain notion of God and eternity, he laid himself down and died. The dust of thousands of these savages is deposited on the banks of our rivers, there to remain until the trump of God shall sound, when the red man shall live again.

We should, however, remark that early as 1653 there were efforts made to convert them to Christianity. The Gospel of Christ was preached to them by Rev. John Eliot, the "Apostle to the Indians." A log church was built, tradition says, on the height of land on Appleton street. Here Eliot preached Jesus and the resurrection to as many as would attend—with what success does not appear; but it is to be hoped that the Gospel was the power of God to the salvation of some, and that in the great day that honored servant of God will have stars from Wamesit to brighten his crown.

Reader, pause a moment, and think of the changing world in which you live! The words of the evangelical prophet

forcibly strike the mind: "The voice said cry. And he said, What shall I cry? All flesh is as grass, and all the goodliness thereof is as the flower of the field: the grass withereth, the flower fadeth: because the spirit of the Lord bloweth upon it: surely the people is as grass." These words are applicable to all; but especially to our predecessors on this soil. Where are they now? Less than two hundred years ago these valleys, hills, and rivers, swarmed with the aborigines of this country. The curling smoke was ascending from their wigwams in clouds—their canoes were skipping upon the bosoms of the Merrimack and Concord, and with their rude implements for fishery were drawing from these beautiful rivers their winter's stores—while their sons and daughters, with their bows and arrows, were ranging the sturdy and dense forest around in quest of game, nuts, and wild fruit.

In only a few years they had dwindled away to two hundred and fifty men, besides women and children. In a few years more they gave up their right to their lands; the white man having crowded and pushed them off, so that, finally, these natives wholly disappeared.
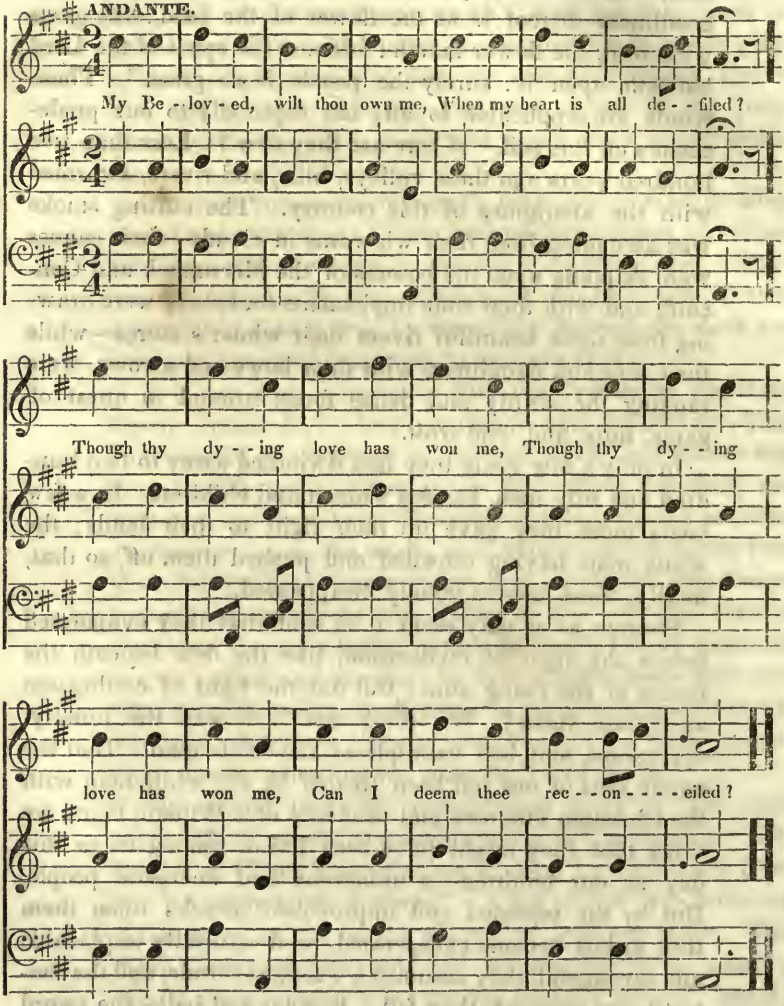
Strange as it may seem, it is said that they evaporated before the light of civilization, like the dew beneath the beams of the rising sun. But did the light of civilization annihilate them? We think not. It was the cruelty oppression, and bad example of the white man. Had the native sons of our soil been treated by the white man with the Christian kindness and prudence of a William Penn, we think that they might have been living among us to this day as our brethren—a numerous and energetic people. But by the repeated and unprovoked attacks upon them they at last became exasperated; and naturally implacable and revengeful, they assumed a warlike attitude, and the contest being unequal, they fell. Powder and ball—the sword and alcohol—licentiousness and oppression, have all conspired to grind them to dust. And so complete is their destruction that not a man of them is left to tell the sad story of their fate, and there are probably hundreds occupying their grounds here who never even saw an Indian.

[To be continued.]

MY BELOVED, WILT THOU OWN ME?

ENGLISH MELODY. WORDS BY MRS. DANA.

ANDANTE.



2. My Beloved, pass before me,
Never from my sight remove.
Many waters, flowing o'er me,
Cannot quench my burning love.

3. My Beloved, now endue me
With thine own attractive charms;
May thy spirit sweetly woo me;
Fold me in thy sheltering arms.

4. My Beloved, safely hide me
In the drear and cloudy day;
Ere the windy storm has tried me,
Hide my trembling soul, I pray.

5. My Beloved, kindly take me
To thy sympathizing breast;
Never, never more forsake me;
Guide me to the land of rest.



R. Melville. A.Dick.

FEEDING THE SWANS.

THE SWAN.

THERE are supposed to be two kinds of these birds, the tame and the wild, their color and anatomy differing from each other. The tame swan is a very silent bird, but the wild is very noisy, and some wonderful stories are told about their musical powers, all of which are probably fabulous. Their longevity is perhaps unparalleled among the feathered tribes. Some say that they live three hundred years. Mr. Goldsmith says, "No bird makes a more indifferent figure upon the land, or a more beautiful one in the water, than the swan. When it ascends from its favorite element, its motions are awkward, and its neck is stretched forward with an air of stupidity; but when it is seen smoothly sailing along the water, commanding a thousand graceful attitudes, moving at pleasure with the smallest effort; when it 'proudly rows its state,' as Milton has it, 'with arched neck between its white wings mantling,' there is not a more beautiful figure in nature." The truth is, water is their native and most favorite element, and here they are at home. It is equally true that we can never appear beautiful, if we depart from that sphere of life in which God has called us to walk.

THE CHRISTIAN'S DAUGHTER—POCAHONTAS.

BY G. P. MORRIS.

UPON the barren sand
A single captive stood,
Around him came with bow and band,
The red-men of the wood.
Like him of old, his doom he hears,
Rock-bound on ocean's rim—

The chieftain's daughter knelt in tears
And breathed a prayer for him.
Above his head in air
The savage war-club swung;
The frantic girl, in wild despair,
Her arms around him flung.
Then shook the warriors of the shade
Like leaves on aspen limb,
Subdued by the heroic maid
Who breathed a prayer for him.
"Unbind him!" gasped the chief,
"It is your king's decree!"
He kissed away the tears of grief,
And set the captive free.
'T is ever thus, when in life's storm
Hope's star to man grows dim,
An angel kneels in woman's form,
And breathes a prayer for him.

ELLEN WHARTON.

[Continued.]

"Speak, dear father, I am waiting to hear you," said Ellen, striving to be cheerful.

"Well then, Ellen—a-hem—I wish to speak in reference to Frank Arland."

"Well, father."

"Well, Ellen," said he, biting his lips in embarrassment, not knowing how to begin the subject. "I do not like Frank's visits here. I hope he is not so presumptuous as to think of aspiring for your hand, my daughter?"

"And why not, father? does he not possess uncommon talents and ability?"

"That he is a talented and respectable young man I admit; I never had a steadier or more industrious one in my employ; he has ever shown himself possessed of integrity, morality, and unwearied perseverance."

"And surely these are praiseworthy virtues, in any young man, father," said Ellen.

"Yes—yes, Ellen, they are; but then you know he's poor."

"There is nothing very criminal in that," said Ellen, with a faint smile.

"Nothing criminal, I know. Frank would be a good match for an equal, but he must never think of marrying into the ancient family of the Whartons."

"Perhaps he will become more worthy in a few years, if he is as prudent and industrious as he has ever proved himself to be," said Ellen, in the suppressed tone of one who is about to breathe forth the last hope.

"Never!" said Wharton angrily; "the honor of my house must be supported by proper alliances; he who marries into my family, must be my equal in wealth and rank."

"Then there is no hope—no alternative," said she in despair.

"None," said her father sternly; "so miss, from this time forever banish from your mind all hope of a union with this poor plebeian."

"For Heaven's sake, father, unsay those fatal words—recall that cruel sentence, and not forever doom me to wretchedness!" said Ellen, almost unconscious of what she said, for his words came like a knell of hope to her shrinking ear.

"Nay, dear Ellen," said Wharton, more tenderly, alarmed by her agitation; "not wretched, but happy, I would make you. You will soon forget him; get rid of this foolish notion; surely you do not, cannot love him; you will find it a mere phantom of the brain—it affects not the heart. So let me see no tears; you must tell him not to call again; it requires that you should be explicit and decided—do you understand?"

"I will do all that is required of me," she replied, in tones so sad and submissive that they touched her father's heart. He looked upon the pale face of her whose heart he had crushed, whose hopes he had blasted, and read there submission. He was about to recall what he had said, when pride again triumphed over his better feelings.

"Just like my own Ellen, always so kind," he said, tenderly embracing her; "I was right in thinking you would obey your father, and not disgrace yourself and friends by this foolish attachment." Finding she did not reply, and thinking there had been enough said, he arose and left the

room. He had exacted the long wished-for promise, and he knew she would not break it. Yet he was not at ease; that pale convulsed face—the white lips moving, but speechless—the eyes glittering with unnatural lustre, and every lineament of the face stamped with desolation and despair, as her father left her, haunted him like a guilty thought. He endeavored to justify himself by thinking it was for her good—that she would forget him, marry some one of high standing in life, and yet bless him for what she now suffered. Mistaken man! how little knew he of woman's love!

"Man's love lives but with hope; while woman's heart
Still echoes to the music of the past."
"A love all sacrifice and suffering; a star
That gathers lustre from the gloom of night;
A martyr's fond idolatry; a faith baptized in tears, to sorrow consecrated."

As soon as she was left alone, she repaired immediately to her chamber, not however to indulge in useless grief—for useless she knew it would be. She knew her father's disposition was such, that he would sooner, as dearly as he loved his daughters, prepare with his own hands their winding-sheet—lay them in their graves—than they should bring dishonor upon the family by an alliance beneath them; and such was his love of greatness, there could be no worth, no respectability, no claim to notice, in his opinion, where there were not riches and honors to ensure it. She had always loved her father a thousand times better than herself; this was the first time, since her remembrance, he had ever spoken unkindly to her; she had always felt that she could make almost any sacrifice to render him happy; "but ought I," she said to herself, "sacrifice my dearest earthly hopes to a mistaken sentiment deeply rooted in the minds of my father and sister?" Again she strove to reflect: he was her only earthly parent—from earliest infancy he had been her sole guide. She thought of his sorrow should she disobey him; "and shall I sacrifice," said she, "his happiness, the honor of the family, to the indulgence of an attachment which they disapprove? Oh! no—it must not be; my promise, I will keep it sacredly—I will resign my love to the peace of those to whom I am connected by nature's ties.

Yes, I will write to him, bid him see me no more, though my heart break in the attempt; but I will tell him my father forbids it, for I would not have him think I am changed. No, that will not do," she said after a moment's reflection; "it would be bidding him cherish a hope that can never be realized; it will be better for him to think me actuated by the feelings of my own heart; he will then forever despise the false-hearted being who could thus unfeelingly trifle with his love—break a solemn promise made in the presence of Heaven and all the shining hosts above—forget me and marry another and be happy." She accordingly addressed a note to him, cold, formal, decisive, bidding him release her from a vow as ill-assorted as rash; she bade him seek no interview, for it would not be granted—to ask no explanation, for she had none to make; said she had no cause to be offended at him; had heard nothing to his disadvantage; she had considered it long and well, and this was the result. After she had finished it her heart became calm, but oh! how utterly hopeless. She threw herself upon a couch in her bed-chamber to seek repose.

The morning found her asleep, yet how much of the heart's unrest was betrayed in her appearance: her breath came painfully, and a sickly white lay about her mouth and beating temples; but a feverish red burned in either cheek, and though she seemed to sleep soundly, tears were continually streaming from beneath her closed eyelids to the embroidered cushion.

At length she awoke, arose languidly, and with a dizziness in the head, and a pain about the heart, rang the bell, and gave the servant the note she had written in the night. She impatiently waited the return of her messenger—at last she heard him ascending the stairs—she opened the door, took a note, in which was simply written, "Be it as you desire."

"Then all is over," she said, throwing herself in despair upon a seat; "henceforth we must meet only as strangers." Yet no reproaches upon him who had dealt this dreadful blow escaped her lips; no bitter or stern feelings mingled with the agony of the moment; her heart was breaking, but it was gentle and patient in its sufferings. It was pain-

ful to look into the convulsed contenance of that noble suffering girl. She knew she had deceived into misery the idol of her heart's worship, but she had the last consolation of the unhappy—a consciousness of having done right.

Before Arland left his room that morning, a letter was brought him; he knew the writing, and a smile of pleasure lighted up his countenance when he opened it; but oh! how quickly it vanished, as he read its contents. He examined the writing over and over again, to see if he could not discover traces of agitation: he could discern none, the writing was even more than usually distinct. After reading it the second time, to convince himself that it was even so, he laid it down, with a sigh amounting almost to a groan, covering his face with his hands; his fine brow became paler, and contracted in spite of his efforts to restrain his grief. At length he started from his seat, with hands clenched forcibly, paced the apartments like one in despair, then snatched a pen, wrote the reply, delivered it to the wondering servant, took his hat and immediately left the house.

Five years had passed since the foregoing recital. Ellen Wharton sat alone in her chamber; but how altered! Disease and sorrow had made a sad inroad in her form. A stranger would have thought her much older than she was, though there was no wreck of beauty—no sharpness of any finely chiselled feature, but there was an inward care that rarely shades the brow of one so young; her cheek was pale and thin, and a certain sadness in her soul-speaking eyes that awoke your sympathy. The sunshine of her smile was gone, but an expression of calm apathy had settled on her brow, which rendered her more lovely if possible than when the alternations of feeling flitted there like the lights and shadows of a moonlight landscape. A pearly satin adorned her person, orange blossoms gleamed in her hair—it was her sister's bridal eve, and she was bridesmaid.

What various visions swept through her mind as she sat there! The past claimed a sigh—the present an anxious hope. She loved her sister, and could not endure the thought of her being united to one so ill calculated to make her happy as was Harry Lambert, for to him she was to be married.

Five years had passed since Frank Arland left her father's employ, since then she had heard nothing from him. "Would to Heaven I knew where thou art, my poor Frank!" she exclaimed; "*probably thou hast forgotten me, or if I am remembered, it is with bitter, stern feelings.* It is in vain I have striven to eradicate from my heart my love for thee; I had hoped to have overcome it, and resolved

'To bind my wild affection as with a mighty chain,'

to live for others, and endeavor to forget thee, but this I cannot do—nay,

'In the bright morning, noon, or starry night,
One thought my bosom fills—it is of thee!
Thy image dwells within my memory's deep recess.'"

Considerable bustle, as is usual on such occasions, pervaded the house; a travelling carriage was at the door to bear the bride away from the home of her youth, the loved and

"Treasured scenes of her early days."

The rooms were brilliantly lighted, and crowded with the gay and fashionable of both sexes, and there, amid the congratulations and compliments of the heartless crowd, the beautiful Laura Wharton became Mrs. Lambert. The wedding guests smiled and praised the beauty of the bride, the quiet gracefulness of the bridesmaid; but one there was, of proud and noble bearing—a stranger there, who stood aloof from the rest, pale and sad. As soon as the ceremony was concluded, Ellen sought the air to cool her feverish brow. While standing there upon the balcony, leaning for support against a pillar, she was aroused by the approach of the stranger, whose presence had so strangely agitated her; alarmed she was about to fly, when he motioned her to stay. Trembling, she obeyed; he approached, stood still, gazed on her like one incapable of speech; at last, in a voice whose silvery tones fell strangely on her ear, he said, "Pardon me, lady, for intruding upon your meditations." She gazed in astonishment; how could she doubt that eye; no, it was his look; it was no dream; it was Frank Arland. He had traversed lands, visited cities, and wandered he scarcely knew where, striving in vain to forget the object of his love,

whom he thought so unworthy; but she had ever been the guiding star of memory's brightest hopes. At length a rich relation died, bequeathing his large fortune to him. He returned a millionaire. We will leave them there—and whether Ellen explained to him the cause of her discarding him, we will judge by what followed. The next day Arland sought Wharton to ask the hand of his daughter in marriage, and you may be assured, reader, no objections were made this time, to receiving him as a son.

Two months had passed, and the mansion of Esquire Wharton was again illuminated; again the splendid rooms were thronged with the gay and happy; but the happiest of them all was the loving couple who were about to be united in the bands of wedlock. The nuptial vows were soon breathed, the binding words, "I will," were uttered, and Frank Arland pressed the lips of her he adored with the kiss of wedded love.

ANNA.

A BLUSH.

WHAT a mysterious thing is a blush! That a single word, a look, or a thought should send that inimitable carnation to the cheek, like the soft tints of a summer sunset! Strange, too, that it is only the *face*, the human face, that is capable of blushing! The hand or the foot does not turn red with modesty, or shame, any more than the glove or the sock which covers them. It is the face that is the heaven of the soul. There may be traced the intellectual phenomena, with a confidence amounting to moral certainty. A single *blush* should put the infidel to shame, and put to flight his blind doctrine of chance.

R.

THE MONEY DIGGERS; OR, THE FATAL PASSION.

A TALE OF TRUTH.

BY REV. M. TRAFTON.

O cursed lust of gold, when for thy sake
The wretch throws up his interest in both worlds.

Among my earliest recollections is the image of poor crazy S——. How often have I seen thee, unfortunate one, followed by a host of heartless boys, pelted and hooted, pushed and tumbled into the ditch,—yet so meek, so uncomplaining, so harmless. I see him now, of slight stature, with locks white as the snows of his own native hills, streaming in the wind; with sharp features, and a small bright eye, flashing and restless, paying not the least attention to the rude insults of his juvenile persecutors, but slowly plodding on, murmuring something of stocks and bonds and gold. How often when a mere child has the writer seen him enter his father's house, and then we, the children, would crowd around the harmless old man, and tease him to tell us stories, or amuse us by writing with his left hand backwards. Poor old man! we say again; thou art gone, with those days of purest joy; thine was a rough path, but it is ended, and thy sorrows and wanderings are over. The wrongs thou hast endured are forgotten, and few are the hearts which now cherish thy memory.

Eighty years ago the city of Bangor, situated on the head of the tide waters of the Penobscot, was a forest; the sound of the woodman's axe had not yet aroused the slumbering echoes of the wilderness on the banks of that beautiful river. The deer and the moose came down without alarm to its quiet brink to slake their thirst; and the frail bark of the savage glided smoothly over its tranquil bosom. Long before the thunder of artillery proclaimed to the startled world that *liberty*, banished from the old world, was contending for existence in the new, in the early spring, ere yet the chill of winter had departed fully, a company of young men, consisting of the individual above named and five others, might have been seen paddling a bateau deeply

laden with stores up the silent waters of the Penobscot. Those were days of hardy enterprise and patient toil; men struggled for life in the unsubdued wilderness. The rigor of climate, the rough, unbroken soil, and the tireless vigilance of the jealous savage, were insufficient to check the rush of Yankee enterprise, or confine the multiplying masses to the sea-board. Exploring parties were pushing into the interior, sailing up the rivers and streams, and in all directions rapidly commencing settlements.

The small party we have left upon the river were from Massachusetts, and were now wending their way up the Penobscot in search of a new home. It was the opening of spring, and to them the opening of a new existence. The face of nature bore an encouraging smile: the lofty evergreen pines threw a redolence upon the bland air; the forest was awake with song, and the glassy waters rolled on to the sea unbroken save by the paddles of the voyagers, or the sudden hop of a salmon as he sprang up to fling the rays of a setting sun from his golden sides. S—— acted as pilot to the party, as he had before made an excursion up the river where he had selected his location. Directing the movements of the party, the boat was pushed across the mouth of a stream called by the Indians Kenduskeag, and drawn to shore on a point of land formed by the junction of this stream with the Penobscot river. Here the party landed and took possession of a log cabin erected by some former explorers, and proceeded to unlade their boat and draw it upon the bank. It was an inspiring sight, that forest scenery which now lay before them. The noble river rolled on its unbroken current to the ocean; the waters of the Kenduskeag came dashing in from an interminable forest over a rough bed, leaping and foaming with all the impetuosity of childhood and youth, until lost in the calm bosom of the staid and stately river—as the rashness of youth is subdued in the sober majesty of manhood and riper years.

On all hands the dark forest shut them in, and the overhanging branches gently kissed the waters as they hurried by. No human being save the savage was within forty miles of this little party, and as they sat down around a blazing fire of pine knots, which, as it rose and fell, threw

fantastic images upon the uncouth walls of the cabin, a spirit of melancholy stole over them, and *home* and absent friends came up before them in most impressive forms. For long they sat without exchanging a word, subdued and silenced by the overpowering emotions of their hearts. Little did those adventurers dream that in a little more than half a century a city of ten thousand inhabitants would spring up on the spot on which they were now sitting, the living heart of a neat and thrifty country.

Five years rolled away, and a little cluster of log huts, on the western bank of the Penobscot, showed the improvements of civilization. The trees had fallen before the axe of the hardy white man, and some small openings showed the marks of a farm harvest. It was early in May, and the settlers were just commencing to prepare the ground for the seed. The troubles with the mother country were just now commencing, and those oppressive measures had been adopted by an imperious and overbearing ministry which ultimately led to a separation of the colonies from the father land. Conscious of the importance of a strong position in the eastern province, which even then was rapidly settling, the English had fitted out an expedition from Halifax, and took possession of a high promontory on the eastern shore of the Penobscot Bay, now known as Castine, on the Bagaduce river. This position had long been held by the French under Monsieur Castine, who had lived in great amity with the Indian tribes, and was by them considered as a father. But his feeble band was no match for the strong force sent from Halifax against them, and they were expelled and forced to fly: this took place soon after the pioneers landed in the Penobscot.

The little cluster of rude dwellings we have seen on the western bank of the Penobscot were thrown into intense excitement one morning by the sudden appearance of a large boat full of men, which hove in sight around a point called High Head, about one mile below the present city of B. S——, from his position, was the first to discover the boat, and, leaping into his canoe, pushed across the stream, to apprize his neighbors of the appearance of the unusual spectacle.

"What can be their object?" said S. to his companions, as they pressed around him on the bank of the river.

"They must be from the fort at Castine," replied one; "but what leads them up here is a mystery."

At this moment the group was increased by the appearance of another individual of a singularly unique appearance, bearing in his hand a large ship's telescope. He was about six feet in height, and straight as an Indian; his features thin and sharp, with a small eye, black and bright as a basilisk; his hair was long and quite grey, and he wore a rusty naval uniform, while his head was covered with a small military fatigue cap. His appearance created no surprise among the group assembled, as he was known to the party as a Frenchman by the name of Legras, who, shortly after the arrival of the party on the Penobscot, came and erected a dwelling at a little distance from the cluster of huts. Whence he came, no one knew; he was accompanied by a young man, whom he called his nephew, bearing his own name. No clue could be gained from his conversation, as he was extremely taciturn and unsocial. He had sought little acquaintance with the settlers, though living very near them; though he spoke good English, his companion had no knowledge of that language, and of course from him nothing could be known. The settlers had applied to him the cognomen of "Captain," from his dress, and the fact that he seemed to have been a seafaring man; and curiosity had at last settled down in the conviction that he was one of Castine's party, expelled from the Bagaduce river. As he approached the group he seemed much agitated, and when S—— accosted him with, "Well, Captain, we are to have some visitors, it seems," he made no reply; but drawing his glass from its case and adjusting the slides, he slowly raised it to his eye and directed it to the approaching boat. For a minute no one uttered a word, but the moment he took the glass from his eye a half dozen voices exclaimed at once, "What is it?" "English," said he; and turning to his companion he spoke a few words in French, when both instantly departed, and were soon lost sight of in the dark pines.

"A queer chap, that Captain," said S——, "the sight of

an Englishman turns him as white as one of his own boiled frogs." But the party were too intent on watching the approach of the barge, for such it proved to be, to heed the jokes of S——. As she came up, driven by twelve oarsmen in blue jackets with silver facings, mingled with the scarlet uniforms of her officers, she was a beautiful sight to look upon. The union-jack was flying at the prow, and she mounted a long brass swivel. She came shooting through the water like an arrow, the oars scarcely breaking its mirror-like surface, as they rose and fell as by one impulse.

By this time the barge had approached sufficiently near for hailing, when the officer in command called out, "Direct us to a good landing."

"Just below us on that point is bold shore," answered S——.

Obeying the helm the barge turned gracefully in towards the shore, and a moment after the commander leaped on the bank, while the men, shipping their oars, proceeded to refresh themselves.

"A fine location you have chosen," said the officer, addressing himself to the group.

"So-so, for a wild one," answered one of the party; "we hope to make something of it by and bye."

"No doubt you will," said the officer; "but now," added he, "my errand is soon told, and we must at once return."

In a few words he informed the listeners that his majesty's troops had made selection of a site at Castine for a heavy fort, and that a requisition was issued, calling upon the inhabitants upon the river and the vicinity to go by turns and assist in the erection of the works. "And now," said he, "four of you must go with us to-day, on a tour of duty of three weeks, when the others must take a turn." Reluctant as they were to leave home at this busiest season of the year, resistance was vain, and they prepared to draw lots, and among others it fell to the lot of S—— to take his turn first.

In less than an hour the barge was running down the river to her destination. A few hours brought them into the beautiful bay of the Penobscot, when, running along its eastern shore, they shot around the headland into Castine.

Already was there quite a village here, and the eye never fell upon a finer situation. Almost entirely surrounded by water, the bluff on which the fortifications had been commenced rose from two to three hundred feet, on the extreme north-east point, and then gradually fell off to the water. It was regarded as the key to the entire eastern section of the province of Maine, and the government determined to erect here a fort which should be a second Gibraltar. The materials were brought from Halifax, and the whole was laid up in the most permanent manner possible. The solid masonry is still standing, and visitors may now pass into subterranean arches which the shocks of more than a century have not shaken.

The struggle had already commenced. The soil of Lexington and Bunker's hill had been baptized with the blood of men, whose heroism taught the British ministry that England's exiled sons had rights and knew how to defend them. It will be recollected that the continental congress fitted out a small armament from Boston directed to Bagaduce, with the intention of wresting that fort from the hands of the English. Arriving there in the absence of the British fleet, a landing was effected on the north-eastern point of the promontory, and a small battery was erected, consisting of a long brass nine pounder and some smaller guns. This battery opened its fire upon the works, and continued to play upon them until they were dislodged.

It was at this time that the party from B. arrived at the fort; they were immediately put into messes with the soldiers and commenced their labor. In the mess with which S—— was connected was a soldier but recently taken into the service, who manifested a singular restlessness joined with great irritability. A short, square built, iron frame, with a most savage expression of countenance—he seemed one familiar with deeds of blood and daring. He manifested little disposition to engage in conversation with any one, and when rallied by his messmates on his melancholy, would rise and leave the tent—on all occasions preserving a moody silence.

It so happened that S—— and this singular being were one day digging together in the ditch. S—— had mani-

fested an interest for the soldier, and defended him when attacked by the bantering mess, and this had evidently not been lost upon him: he was more social with S—— than with others. As they were thus at work, the soldier carelessly remarked,

"You are from up the river, are you?"

"I am," said S——, glad of an opportunity of drawing him out; "were you ever in that section?"

"Yes, once."

"With the party in the barge when I came down?" said S——.

"No," said he, "long before. S——," said he, "can I trust you?"

"Most certainly," said S——.

He looked on S—— a moment with a piercing gaze, and tears came to his eyes; he dashed them away, and, laying his hand upon his heart, he groaned and said, "I am most wretched; I am not long for this world; I have a strange presentiment—do you believe in presentiments?" said he, looking at S——.

"I cannot say that I do," was the reply.

"I do," said the soldier. "More than once have I felt this; it never deceives me; some evil is hanging over me; I shall not be long here," said he, and he fell into a fit of abstraction. At last, rousing himself, said he to S——, "Meet me after the sunset gun on the bank yonder—I have a secret to reveal which interests you as much as myself."

The day's work was no sooner finished than S—— hastened to the spot indicated, within the lines of the piquets, and yet so sheltered and covered by a thick growth of spruces, that no one would be likely to disturb them. Already was the soldier there, and seating themselves upon a log, he commenced the following narrative.

[To be continued.]

THE DYING BOY.

BY J. H. BRIGHT.

It must be sweet, in childhood, to give back
The spirit to its Maker; ere the heart
Has grown familiar with the paths of sin,
And sown, to garner up its bitter fruits.
I knew a boy, whose infant feet had trod
Upon the blossoms of some seven springs,
And when the eighth came round, and called him out
To revel in its light, he turned away,
And sought his chamber, to lie down and die.
'T was night; he summoned his accustomed friends,
And, in this wise, bestowed his last request:

"Mother, I am dying now!
There is deep suffocation in my breast,
As if some heavy hand my bosom pressed—
And on my brow
I feel the cold sweat stand;
My lips grow dry and tremulous, and my breath
Comes feebly up. Oh, tell me, is this death?
Mother, your hand!
Here, lay it on my wrist,
And place the other thus, beneath my head—
And say, sweet mother! say, when I am dead
Shall I be missed?
Never, beside your knee,
Shall I kneel down again at night to pray,
Nor with the morning wake and sing the lay
You taught to me?
Oh! at the time of prayer,
When you look round and see a vacant seat,
You will not wait then for my coming feet,—
You 'll miss me there!
Father, I 'm going home!
To the good home you spoke of—that blessed land
Where it is one bright summer always, and
Death does not come!
Brother, the little spot
I used to call my garden, where long hours
We stayed to watch the budding things and flowers,
Forget it not!

Plant there some box or pine—
Something that lives in winter, and will be
A verdant offering to my memory,
And call it mine!
Sister, my young rose tree,
That all the spring has been my pleasant care,
Just putting forth its leaves so green and fair,
I give to thee.
And when its roses bloom,
I shall be gone away—my short life done;
But will you not bestow a single one
Upon my tomb?
Now, mother, sing the tune
You sang last night; I'm weary, and must sleep;—
Who was it called my name? Nay, do not weep,
You 'll come soon!"

For the Magnolia.

VISIT TO LOUISBOURG, CAPE BRETON.

(Concluded.)

In submission to the triumph of loveliness the sturdy breeze now died gently away, and a light calm sat upon the lately-troubled waters. Our wearied bark was at rest in the entrance of the harbor, which here opened before us extending far inland; resembling at this tranquil hour the placid lake of mountain scenery. Its face was glistening with quiet, sun-lit smiles that awoke no remembrance of the dark, mountain frowns of the boisterous Atlantic. Orders were now given to lower the boat and tow the vessel to her anchorage. Joyously I leaped into the boat, and with the inspiriting boatman's stroke, gave the eye to its feasting and heart to its musing. The ear, too, was not unoccupied—the tinkling of the distant cow-bell fell upon it—and, anon, I was in the pastures of Vermont, and the barn-yards of her thrifty farmers. The sound of the busy hammer and of rural occupations—even to the whistling of the merry cow-boy—thrilled the reviving imagination like the silver notes of enchanting melody.

Sunset and twilight had in turn thrown their cast of contemplation and quiet repose over the scenery and the heart.

Labrador only remained as the influence of sad remembrance to give an earnest reality to the enchantment of the scene; from the cloudy, stormy past the beating heart flew upward to the clear sunshine of the present.

Early the next morning, before others had shaken off their slumbers, with a solitary friend I visited the land and strolled among the pastures, the forests and rustic garden-plots. At every turn we were met by past common places, then far more beautiful than gorgeous exotics—those were the cabbage and the potato; here were sheep and cattle, free in their mountain homes—and there, smiling in richness among the bushes of the pastures, were veritable blueberries and gooseberries. I chided my friend, who would here have respited the remembrances and enjoyments of the eye, by those of the palate; those berries were sacred.

During our stay we roamed at will through the forests and fields, and reclined, when weary, upon the green bank of the murmuring brook. We visited the inhabitants at their homes and in their fields. How beautiful and inspiring of gratitude was it to occupy a chair in a neat cottage, surrounded by an intelligent and hospitable family! to converse with the cheerful farmer as he raked the sweet-scented hay!

One afternoon we strolled along the hardly-beaten road to the "old town." The ruins of the old city were scattered around in solemn, quiet monuments of the destruction of glory and life by human wrath. Indulging our study of these and the reflections thus awakened, we ascended a mound bare to the rude blast that was now blowing. We beheld old ocean lashed to anger—beating in hostile attack against the shore; and nature had almost secured a melancholy association with depraved man in the work of destruction. But her beauty had too forcibly prepossessed the soul to allow this reflection. By a turn of the eye the ruins were seen covered with green swards, over which bleating sheep were grazing, and blithesome children gathering berries. Even the magazine of the paraphernalia of war had submitted its dilapidated arch to a beautiful rural service; the herd of cows, hastening from their feeding over the

ruins, sought there a shelter from the shower of rain which now began to fall to the interruption of our reveries.

A favoring breeze concluded our visit; and I left Louisburg with hope elevated and bounding through the asperities of a fortnight's stormy passage to my native land.

Beauty and pleasure I thus have learned are without absolute standard. A traveller from our land may be enchanted by the gorgeous beauties and the luxuries of the tropics, while a visitor from Labrador will be equally affected by the simple beauties and few cómforts which alleviate the roughness of Cape Breton. One, deprived for an interval of the most humble comfort may enjoy as much from its restoration as he who has lost the wealth of Crœsus can realize from its return. To seek, then, the contentment of the spirit by a proper valuation of what we have, and acts of gratitude to the Great Giver, is higher wisdom than to attach our happiness to phantoms in prospect which are seldom within our destiny; and the securing and possession of which are equally despoiling of that contentment which is the object of their acquisition. A. R. T.

POETRY.

"She quickly spoke,
Throwing aside the veil of sadness
That o'er her brow was stealing."

Why art thou sad to-day, my friend?
What change has o'er thee come?
Never should thy spirit droop,
In this thy happy home.

My friend looked up, as one recalled
To busy scenes around;
And casting off the gloomy look,
Said with a merry sound:—

Me sad?—ah, no! I am not sad;
Why do you think me so?
No change has o'er my spirit come,
Nor e'en a thought of woe.

And jumping up, she thought to cast
That shade of gloom away,

By seeking music's livening power,
Singing some cheerful lay.

A bright smile *did* play upon her lips,
And she again was gay;
Sporting—laughing—she seemed to all
Happy as the birds in May.

But they who saw the shadow pass
Over her face so fair,
Could not so easy be deceived,
Or think no care was there.

And thus it is with half the world,
They dash away the care,
And fain would have us all believe
A happy heart is there.

CLARA MASON.

A STORY.

BY ROMANCEA WYNDHAM.

How soon they flee away,
These *gods* of mortal clay!

"—— it was not all a dream."

"Eros" had pierced the hearts of two "congenial spirits," Clara Mason and Ettric Pelico; and after the marriage ceremonies were performed, in a style to be envied by every *don*, they joyfully departed from the American shore in the "Acadia," determined to sail up the Skagen Rack, and down the Cattegat to Gottenburg, etc.

[From the Journal of John Rememberera, June 6, 18—, Somerset, U. S. A.]

January 20, 18—. Having been furnished with a scrap from the wonderful Rememberera's diary, and a request to write their history, I will endeavor to comply, if you will permit me to commence at the very beginning and continue to the end,—as I know and may imagine.

April 4, 18—. Later than usual the stage drove to the door of the hotel where it was wont to tarry all night, when Ettric Pelico, among others, gave his name to the landlord, calling for a "light supper," as he remarked he was "a little ill;" at the same time, looking toward a little bright-

eyed daughter, "tell your mother, my sweet 'deesse,' I should like the tea soon."

Ettric Pelico was a polite, noble youth, from Gottenburg, who had come to the land of liberty to obtain a situation in one of our "towns of spindles," our Manchesters of America. During his years of tarry in Halifax, he had been in just boarding-houses enough, in just society enough—not at first understanding much English—and he had stopped in country taverns just enough times to learn some of their customs. His quick observing eye had discerned that few were the *servants* that assisted our New England hostesses, that all are free and equal.

The tea was brought in, and the hostess' eldest daughter presided. 'T was Clara Mason—the Clara of the journal—whose pleasing countenance, natural ringlets, almost banished pain from our hero's mind. "Yacita" reigned, while he was pondering for what to ask, or what to say, that his ears might be delighted with a voice which must be a perfect Zetus' if coming from lips of so angelic a form. Little was said, however, for they were strangers, except answers to his interrogatories, which were mechanically prosy, as his whole head was sick. Soon he retired, and sought refuge in the downy pillow, hoping that Morpheus—nature's restorer, balmy sleep—would drive away that wretched pain. Morning found him unable to rise—the coach must leave without him. A physician was called, who administered for the raging fever. The good matron was all care, and—as many a novelist says—Mr. Pelico saw not the angel of his supper-table. At length she appeared, with noiseless steps, to supply the place of her mother. Weeks passed on, before Ettrick recovered; he at length was able to ride, and then to walk a short distance. Weeks more passed in calm enjoyment, over which was thrown a dreamy pleasure; and every word this little Clara uttered, sank like the feeling of rich music into his bosom, and went thrilling through his whole frame; for never had such beauty struck his eye,

> "So perfect and so peerless,
> Of every creature best."

Aye! she was as good as she was fair, and the gallant Ettric Pelico "woo'd and won" Clara Mason, as his willing,

confiding bride, ere the date in the above journal. For a year or two at least Clara enjoyed Sweden. Ha, ha! So many voyages have been described that *theirs* would not be new, or much different from the generality of them, taken collectively, therefore, I have said, or rather intimated, they sailed, and had arrived in "the old country;" and that she did like the people, the scenery of Europe—of the country that was to be her future home, of unmolested, unremitting happiness. Did I say a year or two she enjoyed the land of her husband? Yes; till then, sadness had not shaded her brow. Yet at this data, of no particularly remembered date, while alone in her boudoir,

> "Her country, parents, all that once were dear,
> Rushed to her thoughts, and forced a tender tear."

Ettric Pelico entered, bringing a package of letters from her friends—now those tears were instantly thrown aside, and

> "Bright were her eyes and beautiful her smiles,"

at the sight of her "liege lord," together with the missives. They sailed, they rode, in the company of noblemen and peers—for Ettric was of noble descent; she was happy, the tears flowed not again.

Ettric's father was a duke, and this, the younger son, came to America, subjected himself to toil, that on his return he might benefit both king and people. But some of you may recollect that in *that*, and the well known Russia, work is not unlawful, nor degrading to gentlemen or ladies; for even the princesses 'turn out' in their own splendid private mansions, the many rich ornaments that are sold in our toy shops, etc. And this mechanical genius must impart his knowledge and govern the establishment, where the "factories," as they are called, rear their heads; this was done in a few hours daily, and others filled his place under his command. The unoccupied time was still one varied routine of pleasure excursions. They rode, and returned

> "When evening descended from heaven above,
> When the air was all rest, and the air was all love.
> Delight though less light was far less brief,
> As the day's veil fell on the world of sleep."

And Clara Pelico was happy, far from friends save *one*. Yet she had made friends in all that vicinity—none knew her but to love her; but what to her

"Was the idle breath of the world's applause?"

Alas! too fondly she leaned upon that "treasured one."

Fatal day! in which the *laborers* brought Ettric Pelico from the Gottenburg factory to his own castle, and into the favorite boudoir—into the presence of his beloved wife, just as the clock tolled the hour one, *a mangled corpse!*

This was too much; the beloved and cherished husband—the only *sure* dependance in a land far from kindred. She reeled—she fell! All was done for her whom they loved as they did their own nation—their own blood; but alas! when life came her brain grew wild. Weeks and months still found her mind all vague in its wanderings. Her friends imagined American scenery, the sight of beloved resorts in youth, would recall to her pleasant scenes and restore her reason. For this purpose they "launched" and came to her father's halls.

They anxiously waited for weeks, and were still fearful that sound mind would never return to a casket yet so fair and beautiful. One evening, as

"The golden glow
Of sunset, and the twilight's tranquil hour,
Spread their enchantment round her,"

a gleam of intelligence crossed her face; she said, "This is my home! am I here? Where is ——? Have I slept long by this window? Oh! 't was a *dream*, so pleasant at first, and then so frightful!".

After saying this she appeared calm, rational, and continued to imagine the scenes of those long years—dimmed by that fatal accident—a dream while she lived.

But consumption's fatal hand had grasped her as a victim. She was for some time able to greet her home friends with a "mechanical grace;" was able to visit her loved resorts, and look abroad and read

"Nature's wide book of pure philosophy,"

which she saw in every path, "written in living charac-

ters." And she seemed to realize she was not as she was wont to be, but knew not why;—

"A sad and settled melancholy stole
Over her joyous mien."

Thus —— years were entirely erased from her memory, save sometimes a thought of "the dream," as she called it, would recur, and she would say, "'T would never come to pass. This hectic flush tells me to be ready at the call of Death, that king of the world. Yes, I am ready, Saviour receive me!"

And now, beneath yon marble obelisk, rests "Mrs. Clara M. Pelico, wife of Ettric Pelico, son of the Duke Frederic Pelico, of Gottenburg." This is the sad fate of her who lived in the *present* only. Clara had never known sorrow, and never expected it. She thought not of the morrow, she knew not "what an hour would bring forth;" was unprepared for the fatal shock which undermined her reason.

Would that such incidents of real life, which are not so very uncommon, might warn us all to command presence of mind—to give a glance at the future; and above all, to look to Him who "overrules all things for our good," and He will sustain us, for "frail is the arm of mortal man;" none can hold us but the strong arm of the Lord God Almighty; in Him we must put our trust, and be resigned to the will of "the only just and true."

"The Lord, the only God, is great,
And greatly to be prais'd."
"Trust God, who will employ
His aid for thee, and change those sighs
To thankful hymns of joy."

A WISE DECISION.—Eliza Ambert, a young Parisian lady, resolutely discarded a gentleman to whom she was to have been married, because he ridiculed religion. Having given him a gentle reproof, he replied—"That a man of the world could not be so old-fashioned as to regard God and religion!" Eliza started, but, on recovering herself, said—"From this moment, sir, when I discover that you do not regard religion, I cease to be yours. He who does not love and honor God, can never love his wife constantly and sincerely."

THE DYING GIRL.

AROUND her mother's neck, she softly speaks:

Dear mother, weep not! I have dream'd
Of that bright world to which I go:
Methought the angels' faces gleam'd
Beside the river's crystal flow—
The glorious streams of paradise
Were open'd to my longing eyes—
There the bright river that makes glad
The city of the living God;
And up and down its verdant marge
The saints and glorious angels trod;
And there life's tree—the fadeless tree—
Yielding its healing fruit for me!
I have been nature's worshipper,
And lov'd her bright and lovely flowers;
But O! my heart hath never dream'd
Of such as grow in heavenly bowers:
And yet my soul has oft been stirr'd
To glorious dreams, by God's own word!
Hark! to the music, as they come
To bear my fainting spirit home;
But, O! 't is nothing to the notes
That swell above, in heaven's high dome!
Dear mother, we shall meet again
Where love will wear a brighter chain!

Her arms dropp'd heavily—one fluttering breath
But faintly stirr'd upon the mother's cheek,
And with that breath the soul went forth to God!

COLLOQUY.

WHERE WOULD YOU LIVE?

BY MISS CAROLINE A. PAYSON

WE have again met. Have you concluded where you would like best to reside? I am weary of study and of the irksome confinement of school, and had I wings how soon would I bid adieu to these monotonous scenes.

1. ABBY. I would fain dwell in Italy, that land of poets, around whose brow the fairest flowers twine that played

amid the bowers—where the purple tints of morning and the golden skies of evening glow with brilliant light and beauty. I would rove with delight through its bowers of myrtle and groves of citron; look on its sunny bays and winding streams flashing with golden light. I would listen to the soft melody of the leaping fountain, and the deep toned anthem of the foaming cataract; stand amidst the magnificent and recall by-gone days, when the far-famed "City of Hills," and her conquerors flourished in glory. I would view Vesuvius, grand and majestic Vesuvius, sending up its perpetual cloud of smoke as a lasting monument of its power, and beholding at its foot the fallen grandeur of Herculaneum and Pompeii, and learn sad tales of the mutability of all things human.

2. CATHARINE. I would inhabit Greece, famed in history and renowned in song, rendered dear by a thousand recollections—that land where the poet imagined the earth to be peopled with celestial inhabitants; where mountain, hill and rock had its deity, where the murmuring streams as they wound along, and the stars as they gleamed with beauty from their golden thrones, were supposed to be oracular; where the spirits of the beautiful were believed to dwell enshrined in the gentle flowers and their wild strains borne on the passing breeze. There the Muses loved to dwell. There Plato taught, and Homer sung. There Pindar struck his lyre, and the laurels of Parnassus crowned the brow of the triumphant victor. There too was heard the voice of Demosthenes, whose eloquence caused the Macedonian throne to tremble. There sages taught, and the blood of patriots moistened the field of Marathon, and crimsoned the straits of Thermopylæ to perpetuate their country's freedom, in that far-famed land, whence nations once drew the light of science and liberty. There would I reside.

3. HARRIET. Has not the glory of Greece departed like the fleeting hues of a summer's cloud? Though its atmosphere is still salubrious, and its climate as rugged and beautiful as ever, Turkish tyranny has subdued the genius of the people, and put to flight the arts and sciences for which they were once so justly renowned. Were I to wander from my native land, I would not choose a dwelling-place in

Greece; nor in Italy's sunny vales; but would fix my habitation in Switzerland, so replete with wild and picturesque scenery. But I cannot describe the imagery of that country as it is impressed on the imagination. There, clear and almost transparent glaciers, here smooth and there broken into irregular masses, the flowery vales enclosed between lofty ridges of mountains, the beautiful lakes reflecting on their surface the wild scenes with which they are surrounded, the rapid rushing torrents, and above all the lofty snow-capped Alps, where the eagle has his eyry towering over all, and seeming placed by Heaven to guard the vales below, all rest upon the mind and linger about the fancy until they seem reality, and I sigh to dwell with the Switzer in his mountain home. But what say you?

4. Louisa. You inquire where I would select a habitation. Alas! I am one of those unfortunate beings in whose character discontent is a predominant quality. Since we last met I have endeavored to decide in what part of the earth I should prefer a residence. I have perused the history of different lands, Nova Zembla and Terra del Fuego not excepted, but as the dove sent forth o'er the wide waste of waters, could find no sweet spot where the weary wing might be folded, or the fainting heart obtain rest, so in this wide world I can discover no sunny spot where I would reside. I would have for my home some bright star in the neighborhood of a wandering meteor, and feast upon the wide dreams of fancy.

5. Adaline. Would I were in some green island encircled by the blue sea, where spring, smiling and beautiful spring, ever reigns;—where I might be regaled by breezes fragrant with the odors of the perfumed groves, cheered by the wild melody of birds of rich and diversified plumage, that inhabit the spicy forests and repose in elysian bowers;—here, removed from the conflicts of ambition and power, that embitter the scenes of other lands, I would abide in peace and happiness.

6. Sarah. I care not for your murmuring rivulets and spicy groves, for your leaping fountains, or roaring cataracts, the tiresome monotony of these scenes would soon disgust me and I should seek for new enjoyments. I would dwell

in Paris amid the din and bustle of that splendid city; I would mingle with the gay, polite and fashionable, and with the votaries of amusement and pleasure, would throng the public gardens and walks, and view those admirable collections of paintings and sculpture in that renowned city.

7. MARY. I desire a quiet life, and would choose a home in England. I would inhabit one of those dear little cottages of which I have often read, covered with honey-suckle and columbine, peeping forth amidst flowers, the patterns of modesty and neatness. There would I study the scenes of nature, and learn from them lessons of morality and duty.

8. ELLEN. I would not rove from the shore of our own loved America—this consecrated land of freedom, where the blighting influence of a tyrant has never been experienced, where man has never shrunk in obsequiousness before the frown of man, but from whose mountain summits and green valleys is borne the voice of freedom and independence, where liberty finds an altar in every heart. What, though we may boast of no vine-clad shores like the sunny region of poetic song, no fairy-land of the rose and myrtle, where nature pours forth her ripened stores disdainful of the toil of man. Here content and prosperity are spread abroad over the community; we can boast of a code of laws superior to those of any nation; of institutions blessed and blessing in their influence and character, produced by the same noble and patriotic spirit which formed our system of government; of associations for the relief of the suffering, and many establishments for the diffusion of knowledge, the promotion of science and of religion. What though it boast no classic fields, no pomp of heraldry, no succession of kings. We can turn to a history bright with deeds of lofty heroism, and of pure and spotless excellence. We can boast an honored lineage, deduced from a noble and pious ancestry, point to a long list of names ever to be revered, chief among which stands the name of WASHINGTON, the father of his country and friend of man. Ever, O ever, will I be proud and happy that it has been my destiny to dwell in America, glorious America.

SYMPATHETIC FRIENDSHIP.

We might have known thee all too fair and bright
For this dim vale, where joy has but a name—
Did we not trace in thy young spirit's light
A radiance deeper than earth *long* may claim?
Sweet flower of promise, with whose life's first morn
A thousand hopes were, clustering round thee, born.

Did not thy sunny being round thee fling
Too deep a gladness—too intense delight?
Thy beaming glance, so like a smile of spring—
Brought it no boding sense of early blight?
Too rich that glance with thy young thoughts' bright play,
And feelings' shadowy light deepening its ray.

It woke a love too strong for human ties—
Too deeply passionate for human hearts.
Love has no rest beneath the o'ershadowing skies—
Still from the earth the loveliest soonest parts.
And thou—how looked we on *thy* form of light,
And thought to save thee from death's gathering blight.

Death's *blight!*—not so—blest boy, we know thee borne
Beyond the touch of death and blight forever,
And struggling love is called but to return
Thee, precious gift, back, stainless, to the Giver;
Not here undimmed had been thy spirit's ray,
But now 't is sealed to ever brightening day.

We have not lost thee—even the lovely dust
O'er which love bent in agony's strong strife,
We yield it up but for a while in trust,
The grave shall give it back to fairer life—
Death may not hold the empire of the tomb,
Our loved and mourned shall wake to immortal bloom.

Courtesy.—At the age of thirteen, George Washington copied into a sort of memorandum-book, which he then kept, a set of *rules for behavior*, the influence of which seems clearly discernible upon the whole of his illustrious life. One of the most striking and useful was—and to the observance of which we would invite the attention of all our youthful readers—"Never, in the presence of others, to do any act which might seem to imply a *slight*, or disregard of them; but to accompany every movement with a gesture or look of courtesy and respect, at least so as to show a mindfulness that others are present."

EDITOR'S TABLE.

SKETCHES OF LOWELL, MASS.

[Concluded.]

It is not now quite ten years since Lowell was incorporated as a city. Its population is about thirty thousand souls. For the rapid growth of this youthful city, the industry and enterprise of its inhabitants, perhaps there is not a parallel to be found on the globe. Here are thirty-three mills, beside the print works, and about five hundred and fifty houses belonging to the corporations. Of course the manufacturing character of the place constitutes its chief interest, as it does its principal revenue. The capital stock here invested in manufacturing and mechanical enterprises is twelve millions of dollars. These establishments employ between six and seven thousand females, and near three thousand males, who are occupied some thirteen hours every day. With them it is work—work—work. It must be so, when we recollect that they work up in a single year sixty-one thousand one hundred bales of cotton; and that in one week they make one million four hundred and fifty-nine thousand one hundred yards of cloth, amounting to seventy-five million eight hundred and sixty-eight thousand yards per year—nearly enough to belt the globe twice round.

This is indeed a wholesale concern. It costs much to sustain it. Over a million and half dollars are paid out every year for labor, and we are informed that an equal sum is realized as the profits of the concern. The companies are growing immensely rich; but as to the poor laborers, especially the female operatives, it is hard enough for them. They are making others rich by impoverishing themselves. It is true they are paid for their services, and scanty enough too. Bell'd up and bell'd down, as they are, with scarcely time in which to eat their meals, but few retain for any great length of time the health with which they enter the mills. Soon they lose that healthful glow by which nature paints some of its loveliest tints to their rosy countenances, and a pale sickly hue is substituted. Debility and its consequences
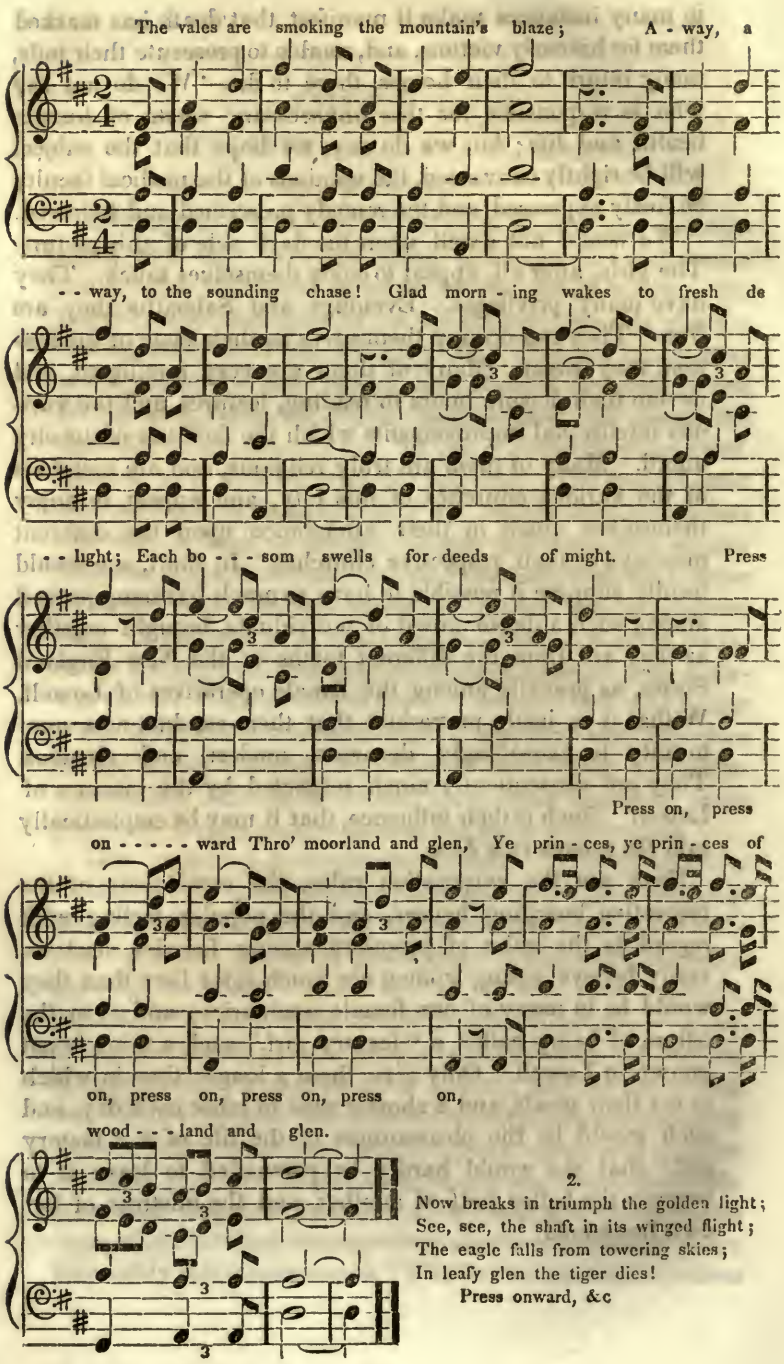
in many instances make it manifest that death has marked them for his early victims, and, unable to prosecute their toils, many return to their homes, there to die. We do not say who is responsible for this unnecessary waste of human health and life; but we do say, we hope that the subject will be rightly canvassed, the opinions of the medical faculty be freely expressed, and the remedy prescribed and followed.

We would not dwell upon the dark side of this picture. The girls, after all, appear to enjoy themselves much. They have many privileges. Evenings and Sabbaths they are free. They can occupy themselves as their taste or inclination may direct. Many of them are very intelligent, and devote their leisure hours to reading, lectures, and the various intellectual improvements which the facilities of the city afford. Many of them are truly religious, and are members of the various churches of this city, and appear to enjoy themselves much in their attendance upon the different meetings in their respective churches. In short, one would hardly suppose it possible to have so much harmony prevail among such a dense crowd of individuals, brought together as they are from the different towns of the New England States, as prevails among the female operatives of Lowell. Withal it is justly proverbial that their conduct as a community is exceedingly decorous, modest, and virtuous. They are consequently much respected by the citizens of Lowell. Such is their influence, that it may be emphatically said *the women rule here.*

Such are the corporation rules, the regulations of the respective boarding houses, and the popular feeling with regard to the rules of propriety among females, that we verily believe young women are much safer here than they would be in many of our female seminaries; and as to the odium of being called a "factory girl," such a thing is not known in Lowell. Only give them a longer time in which to eat their meals, and a shorter time to labor each day, and such would be the pleasantness of the life of a "factory girl," that she would hardly be persuaded to leave it to become the better half of another, and the mistress of her own household.



A HUNTING QUARTET.



2.

Now breaks in triumph the golden light;
See, see, the shaft in its winged flight;
The eagle falls from towering skies;
In leafy glen the tiger dies!
Press onward, &c

JOAN OF ARC.

On the morning of the 31st of May, 1431, on the very spot where now stands the statue erected to her memory, Joan of Arc, the saviour of her country, was burnt alive. Here, after enduring indescribable agonies, (for she perished by a slow fire,) she died calling on the name of Jesus. The monument perpetuates, with her own undying fame, the everlasting disgrace of her friends and enemies, the French and English. Deserted, and, as there is good reason to suppose, betrayed by the first, and treated with a cowardly malice and the basest deceit by the latter, here, in the centre of the *Place de la Pucelle*, or Maiden's Square, that heroic woman, whose courage and enthusiasm won back for Charles the throne he supposed forever lost, met her death; her loyalty to her king and her faith in God unshaken to the last.

It is difficult at the present day to read the history in which she acted so noble and triumphant a part, and believe that the inspiration she professed, and firmly trusted herself, was not a divine reality. At least, we see no reason why she should not be ranked with the "heroes and heroic in history."

To our mind there is something more sublime in the spiritual intercourse in which she believed and trusted than even in her triumphant military career. From her earliest years, we find her without any interest in the amusements of her age, stealing away from the rude occupations in which she was employed, in the obscure little village of Domresny, to wander on the beautiful banks of the Meuse, or lose herself in the solitudes of the neighboring forest. Amid these romantic scenes her spiritual visions commenced, at the age of thirteen. Here she believed herself visited by saints, angels and archangels; St. Margaret, St. Catharine,

Michael and Gabriel, accompanied by multitudes of the heavenly hosts, here instructed and conversed with her. To the end of her life she believed in the reality of all these visions, and never made the slightest variation in her relation of them, and it is evident that she placed the most implicit reliance in her "voice," as she termed her supernatural communications.

There was a beautiful union of humility and energy—of womanliness and heroism in her character. On one occasion, when wounded by an arrow in her neck, she was lifted nearly fainting from her horse. With a woman's weakness, she at first shed tears from pain, but summoning up her unfailing energy, she had the wound speedily dressed, and calling for a horse, retired for a short time to a vineyard where she *earnestly prayed*, and then remounting, led on again her eager troops to victory. At another time, when heading an assault, she was struck down by a stone from the walls; quickly regaining her horse, she shouted to her followers, "Friends! friends! be of good courage; God has given the English into our hands!"

At Rheims—at that

> "Joyous day in Rheims of old,
> When peal on peal of mighty music rolled
> Forth from her thronged cathedral;"

her triumph was complete. Mrs. Hemans has truly said in her beautiful description of that gorgeous ceremony

> "Never before, and never since that hour
> Hath woman, mantled with victorious power,
> Stood forth as *thou* beside the shrine didst stand,
> Holy amidst the knighthood of the land,
> And beautiful with joy and with renown,
> Lift thy white banner o'er the olden crown,
> Ransomed for France by thee."

And yet when the magnificent rites were over and she had embraced her father, her uncle and her brothers, who had come to the cathedral to see her, with a true woman's heart the "daughter of victory" said to the Archbishop of Rheims, "Should it please God, I would now depart, and abandoning arms, return to serve my father and mother, and tend their flocks with my brothers and sisters." Alas! Maid of Orleans!

"Never did thine eye
Through the green haunts of happy infancy
Wander again."

On one occasion, when brought from her prison by her persecutors, and expecting every moment to hear her death-sentence, she listened in patient silence to the abuse heaped upon herself by the priest who addressed the assembled multitude of her enemies; but when her king was attacked and pronounced a heretic, and the ruiner of the kingdom, she boldly exclaimed, "that there was not a better Christian or friend to the church in all France than King Charles the Seventh."

The hatred of her enemies was not appeased with even her agonizing death, for the Cardinal of Winchester ordered her very ashes to be collected and thrown into the Seine. He was obeyed, and with those scattered ashes the waves bore her spotless fame to all lands where the country she freed is known. The nation she served, though, in its gratitude, still felt that her name was one the "world would not willingly let die." A beautiful fountain was afterwards erected in the *Place de la Pucelle.* It was destroyed by the demons of the revolution, and has since been replaced by the present noble statue.

The Princess Marie, eldest daughter of the present king of France, has united her own regal name with that of the peasant of Domresy by her beautiful statue of *Jeanne D'Arc*, the work of her own royal hands.

Difference between a Man of Sense and a Man of Genius.—A man of sense can put a method in practice which has been in application for ages. A man of genius deals with the passions. With them he has a certain experimental acquaintance. He forms his own mode of performing his heroic actions. Men of sense follow beaten paths; men of genius forsake them. A man of sense sows an old seed for a new harvest; a man of genius forms a new spring for moving an old world. To the man of sense the book of futurity is shut; but for the man of genius the eagle eye of passion penetrates into the dark abyss of futurity.

For the Magnolia.

A TALE OF THE REFORMERS.

In the heart of that beautiful country of Europe, which seems naturally defended by mountain bulwarks from the power of the marauder, was situated, in the year 1520, a rural dwelling, half hid from the view by the luxuriant vines, that, on the northern and western sides, climbed the pillars of the lower piazza and inwove with the lattice work of the upper one. At a few feet from the door coursed the broad blue waters of the Rhone, along the banks of which, at regular intervals, were planted lofty pine trees, their dark foliage and sturdy growth contrasting strongly with delicate flowers that flourished, not without culture, around the Switzer's home. In the back ground the "red grape clustering hung," and during the wine month, as the ringing of the evening bells called the laborers from their vineyards, the joyful vintage music rung full upon the breeze. The perfect taste and elegance displayed in and around this dwelling indicated wealth and refinement, while its retired and peaceful situation proved that its inmates shunned notoriety rather than courted it. And so it was. Born of noble parents, nursed in opulence, yet possessed of that thirst for knowledge which yields neither to the effeminacy sometimes engendered by luxury, nor to the difficulties that obstruct the path of the unfortunate, the head of this family had early sought to cultivate the intellect with which nature had so highly endowed him. While a member of the celebrated university of Wittemburg, he had formed an acquaintance with the beautiful German girl who now shared his home. Twenty years of prosperity had gone by; a son of eighteen years and a daughter of sixteen added to the almost perfect happiness of the parents at the period of which we are speaking. * * * * *

'T is evening—so like one of those often witnessed in our own "Switzerland of America," that I will not attempt its description. If the imagination of the reader need aid, let

him, some calm evening in June, leaving the hum and bustle of the city, direct his steps to the country, yield himself to the kindly influences that surround him, the balmy breezes, the mild lustre of the heavens, the gentle rustling of the leaves as they whisper their songs of joy, and if his heart be not depraved, he will need no aid to fancy, he will feel the beauty of the evening. The family of the Switzer had gathered around a circular table to enjoy that feast of soul which they only can relish who have long drank at the "Pierian spring." The daughter reads. Hers was not the measured emphasis, the monotonous tone, that begets listlessness in the hearer. Her soft full voice fell melodiously upon the ear, though she read with the necessary energy the sentiments of that pointed and concise writer, Martin Luther. Deeply imbued as was the father with the Catholic superstitions, fortified as he was by early prejudices, limited as was his knowledge of the Scriptures, it is no wonder that he clung fast to the Romish Church. Yet he thirsted for truth, he felt that much of their faith was enveloped in mystery, and he longed to possess a copy of the Scriptures of which the common people were then deprived. Haller and Genevra, less strongly imbued with prejudice, had long since acknowledged when conversing with their parents their conviction of the truth of the tenets of the reform advocates, but the father with prophetic eye had seen the evils that would ensue and warned them to beware.

And here, passing over the progress of true religion in this family, let us glance at the religious history of Switzerland from 1484 to 1526.

We have spoken of the writings of Martin Luther, yet it was not through his agency that the change of religious views in the cantons of Switzerland was effected. Zwingle, Faler, Calvin, and many others were active leaders in the reform of those cantons. Its cause advanced more rapidly than in Germany. It was in comparison the work of a day. No sooner were the people convinced of the truth than they rushed *en masse* to its embrace; and it was not till about the year 1520 that the writings of Luther were circulated in Switzerland. The same year Pope Leo X. issued against him his first bull of excommunication. Hitherto he had

sought to reform a church of which he was a member, and while this hope remained to him, he restrained his indignation against its sins, and sought only to enlighten it. But now that they separated from him, refusing to listen to proof, why should he longer delay? He resolves to preach the Gospel whether men will hear or forbear, and from this time his writings assume the bold and fearless tone of one who feels that, God and right on his side, he will not fear what man can do unto him. In 1523 he gave to the people the Bible in German, and Zwingle gave to the Swiss a translation in their language the same year. It was about this time that Zwingle and Luther became acquainted, and their writings and labors were arousing all Christendom; and brought about that change which has ever since been styled the "Reformation." But this was not easily effected: well did the Swiss Reformers know that they who will live godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution.

National councils for discussion were convoked, in which the fearless advocates of reform challenged the most renowned theologians in the Pope's favor to open debate, and proved them unable to reply to their arguments. This led the people to examine for themselves, and though Papacy sought to crush the rise of "heresy" by employing the arm of civil power to persecute, to excommunicate, to banish cantons and members of cantons from the national Diet, yet the people were convinced, and soon we see the Mass abolished, monasteries deserted, temples stript of their images, the priests and clergy marrying, the sale of indulgences prohibited, the Pope's supremacy denied, and in place of the Papal ceremonies is set up the pure and spiritual worship of God.

Alone, in a beautiful arbor, Genevra is kneeling with clasped hands and eyes upraised to Heaven. At a little distance, unobserved by her, stands a tall youth of noble bearing, in whose countenance might be traced sure indications of frankness, amiability and decision. His attitude was a listening one. What does he hear? A soft clear voice in beseeching tones, "Father, teach him the knowledge of thyself; give me strength to own thee before men, before him, and Oh! help me, if need be, to deny all earthly gain,

even this most loved, most idolized friend for thy favor. Give me grace at this approaching interview to tell him all Let not my faith yield to my woman's love." What! thought the youth, has she with her calm understanding become a heretic? Then I'll renounce her, for none of this heretical sect shall dwell in the proud castle of my ancestors. I will away; she shall never know why I have changed— But no, I will be manly, and tell her all; perhaps she is only excited, and when her reason is appealed to, will yield; and he advanced toward the arbor. Genevra heard his footsteps and hastened to welcome him, but the coldness of his first salutation sent an icy chill to her heart. This night, thought she, the cloud that has long hung over me will burst. Mentally she prayed, "Oh my Father, let thy spirit strengthen me." Observations on the religious works which lay upon her table, led the way to a conversation in which Genevra ingenuously informed Hedriech of the change in her religious views. In vain he reasoned; his arguments had long since been weighed, and scorning, as a high souled woman ever does, to deceive the man who proposes to become her nearest friend, she frankly told him she had long been decided. As she met his determined and reproachful gaze, a crimson flush spread over her features, but it was instantly succeeded by an ashy paleness, as he said, "Alas! now do I perceive that even you, whose soul I have deemed too pure, too good, to be stained with earthly pollution, can become a heretic. Farewell! we meet no more;" and he rushed from her presence.

Oh, there are moments in which ages of sorrow pass over us, in which the heart grows old. There are sorrows that make the light of Heaven's sun as gray gloomy twilight. The Spirit of Peace may breathe resignation into the soul possessed with resolution high and holy, and yet the eye grow dim and the cheek pale, till at last the weary one lies down quietly, and with angel smiles sleeps the last sleep. In that hour when Hedriech, the companion of her youth, he who had been friend, lover, betrothed, bade her farewell, she sunk beneath the blow. Long did she remain powerless with emotion; fervently did she pray, "Father, give me the victory over this weakness;" and she was calm. She

looked around and enumerated her blessings. Had she not a sweet home, kind parents, a brave and gentle brother? Were they not all of one faith? Her heart warmed with love to them and to God. Yes, said she, as she glanced upward, the stars are friends—friends alike through all vicissitudes of fortune. We may be compelled to leave our childhood's home, to bid farewell to the thousand endearments that have almost unconsciously bound themselves to our hearts—to take the parting hand of parents, brothers, sisters and friends, and go forth into the world to battle with its rough changes —to meet with disappointments, and to contend with the selfishness, pride and insolence of mankind, yet, amid all this, we may look above us, and there we meet the same friendly gaze that shone on us in earlier days. This train of reflections was interrupted by her brother, who came to warn her of the chill air and heavy dews, and seizing her hand he drew her towards him and asked anxiously, "Where is Hedriech?" "My worst fears are realized," said Genevra. Haller forbore to question her, and they proceeded silently to the house. Morning came, and with it the memory of the past. Gladly would she have resigned her spirit to its Maker, but she will live to bless her family. Months passed away, and the hearts of the parents grew sad as they saw the pale, attenuated form of Genevra apparently gliding to the grave. No tears, no repinings, but faith in God, meek resignation, and a holy hope of a better world spoke in every action.

A year had gone by—summer had come again, and the disciples of the Reformation had met on the mountain side to worship God. Here they hoped in safety to mingle their voices in praise and prayer, and to listen to the preaching of the Gospel. But suddenly the watchful foe appears, headed by the burgomaster and other officers of the canton. Some escaped, but many were arrested, and among them the family of Genevra. Oh, with what emotions did Hedriech listen to the news of this arrest! Never had he been able to drive from his mind the cherished image of his first love. A victim of early prejudices, he had religiously and conscientiously adhered to his resolution, cherishing, all the while, the hope that Genevra would yet abandon her

faith; while in all his dreams of future happiness her image floated around him, the ministering angel whose gentleness and love were ever the solace of his darkest hours, and now that she was torn from that home where she had been nursed as a tender flower, and exposed to the bitter hate of irreligious and unprincipled men, all that was noble and manly in his nature rose up to plead in her behalf. He resolved to see her once more, and to do all that love and honor could do, to save her from ruin. It were needless to describe the interview. The reader can imagine how eloquent would be the appeal, when the heart dictated the language, and how persuasively it must have fallen on the ear of love. Yet she was firm, and Hedriech left her deeply dejected, yet resolved to see her again. Man is the acknowledged lord of creation, and the many arts to which women resort to gain his esteem are tacit acknowledgments of his superiority. But woman is amply repaid for this tribute to man by that tenderness and affection which often leads him to yield to her gentle persuasions, when she seeks to guide him in the path of virtue. What the regulator is to machinery, woman's gentle influence is to man when temptations assail him and darkness surrounds him. How important, then, that she should understand and appreciate the power she wields, and the necessity of adhering to correct principles, with a firmness that neither love, nor any worldly interest can shake, relying upon the aid of Divine Providence and the certainty that virtue brings its own reward, and vice its own punishment.

The Switzer's family were soon brought to trial. So boldly did they meet their accusers and so fearlessly advocate their principles, that it was impossible to find any fault in them worthy of death, and they were remanded to prison, under pretence of wishing to examine them farther. Meanwhile, so numerous were the converts to the Protestant faith, that the necessity of checking its progress was forced upon the official members of the Romish Church. Excommunications, ridicule, and disgraceful epithets were their principal weapons, yet when it could be done with safety, threats were executed and many zealous Christians sought refuge in foreign countries. Often were they thrown into prison, where they remained for weeks, escaping, only by leaving

all that was dear to them and fleeing for their lives. So was it with this worthy family. Months passed by and their condition grew worse. The mother drooped and died, but in the faith of a glorious resurrection. Hedriech had become a daily visitor, bribing the jailer with gold. He had been persuaded to undertake an investigation of the Protestant faith, and to compare it with Scripture. Light burst into his prejudiced mind; he saw and felt the darkness in which he had been wrapped, and inwardly resolved to rescue his friends from suffering; and true to his generous nature acknowledge his conviction of the truth. At the sacrifice of a great portion of his wealth, he obtained their freedom, but fearing they might again be deprived of it, they took refuge in Holland, not however till Hedriech and Genevra were again betrothed.

* * * * * * *

Some months passed away, and Genevra is again in the same beautiful arbor, which we have once described to our readers. But this time she is not alone; she is seated at a table which is spread for the evening repast. A radiant glow of happiness lights her face, which was wanting when last we saw her there. At her right hand sits her white-haired sire; changes and grief for the loss of the beloved companion of his youth have furrowed his brow, and silvered his hair more than Time's rude touches; but a smile of serene enjoyment illumes his face. Haller is on the other side—his soldier garb bespeaks his profession, and in good sooth he has more than once perilled that manly form in the battles for God and his country. He stood side by side with Zwingle, in that conflict where the martyr hero yielded up his life; and he had caught the mantle of this great Reformer's devotion.

Opposite Genevra is a face which, "though changed, is still the same" we saw listening with such earnestness to her prayer on that still summer eve. But now his hands are clasped, and he implores the blessing of God upon the bounties outspread before them. It is the pastor Hedriech. He has devoted himself to the work of the ministry and become a zealous preacher of that religion he once despised. He is cheered and encouraged in his labors by his beloved

Genevra, whose heretical opinions he once thought would disgrace his nobility.

Such is the power of truth over candid and reflecting minds, and such the reward of a firm adherence to virtue. The arm of civil law is powerless when the mass resolve to oppose it, and though both church and state affixed severe penalties to the embrace of Protestantism, yet it was but a few years before all these barriers were broken down, and it became the prevailing religion of the western cantons of Switzerland. The family of the Reformers were permitted to spend their lives peacefully in their mountain home, among the warm-hearted villagers who would willingly have laid down their lives for the beloved pastor Hedriech or his gentle Genevra.

A NIGHT THOUGHT.

BY MRS. JEVONS.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me.—*Psalm* xxiii.

Thou must go forth alone, my soul!
Thou must go forth alone—
To other scenes, to other worlds,
That mortal hath not known.
Thou must go forth alone, my soul—
To tread the narrow vale;
But He, whose word is sure, hath said
His comforts shall not fail.

Thou must go forth alone, my soul!
Along the darksome way;
Where the bright sun has never shed
His warm and gladsome ray.
And yet the Sun of Righteousness
Shall rise amidst the gloom,
And scatter from thy trembling gaze
The shadows of the tomb.

Thou must go forth alone, my soul!
To meet thy God above;
But shrink not—he has said, my soul,
He is a God of love.
His rod and staff shall comfort thee
Across the dreary road,
Till thou shalt join the blessed ones,
In Heaven's serene abode.

THE MONEY DIGGERS; OR, THE FATAL PASSION.

[Continued.]

NARRATIVE.

"In the year 1765, I came from Havana to New Orleans in an English ship, on a trading voyage. Our captain being exceedingly tyrannical, and having abused the crew, a number of us determined to run away as soon as we reached the port, which plan we successfully carried into execution. After spending some time about the city, and my money being all exhausted, I began to look about for a chance to ship on another voyage.

"One day, as I sat in a sailor's boarding house, a man came to ship some men for a voyage to the West India Islands, and offering high wages, I immediately shipped. On going on board, I was somewhat surprised at the singular appearance of the craft, and more so at the number of men on the deck. It was not a merchant ship as I supposed, but a clipper brig of about two hundred tons burthen, very sharp, and with a clear run, built expressly for sailing. There were on board, as near as I could judge, about fifty men, of every possible description. I expressed some surprise at the number of hands, but was informed that most of them were passengers to the West Indies. Immediately on my arrival all hands were called to get under way, and in a few minutes we were running down the river and out to sea. I perceived that my judgment of the craft was correct, as I never before saw canvass spread on a faster sailer.

"After running a few hours, all hands were called on the main deck, and the captain, whose name was Legras—" here S. started, and laid his hand on the shoulder of the soldier, but immediately controlling himself, he said, "Did you hear a step?" Both listened, but all was silence, when the soldier resumed—"I was saying, we were all paraded upon the main deck, and the captain proceeded to harangue us. 'Now my lads,' said he, 'we are fairly launched, and well at sea, and our voyage is before us; this craft, you are

aware, is a kind of a privateer; we shall not hoist the flag of any nation, but shall have one of our own, and consider all men our enemies. As our craft is not large, and our stores considerable, we cannot accommodate many prisoners, but shall send them on a furlough. We shall soon look more like self-defence, and less like peace, and as to being overhauled by any craft, let me assure you that the timber is n't yet grown that will sail with the VELOCITY. All hands dress the ship.' This short harangue was received with tremendous cheers by the whole crew. I saw at once that I was among a gang of pirates. To escape now was impossible, and my only alternative was to put on the best face I could, and at the first opportunity to run away.

"The crew immediately disappeared below, and soon returned dressed in red shirts and white trowsers, with a small Spanish cap. A brace of huge pistols and a savage cutlass completed their equipment. The hatches were then removed and our armament hoisted on deck, consisting of eight long twelves and a twenty-four pounder as a bow chase. In a very short time our little craft was transformed into as neat a specimen of an armed brig as was ever rigged, and we put away for the Spanish main.

"I will not attempt to follow that horrid cruise; would God I could forget it! my heart sickens at the recollection! For eight months that cruise was continued, and marked by blood and carnage and plunder! O, my brain burns, O God!" and the poor wretch clasped his head with his hands, and remained silent a few moments, and then resumed: "I was forced to do my part, or walk the plank with the unhappy victims.

"We at last learned that several armed vessels were out expressly after us, and our commander decided to put away to the north until the excitement was allayed somewhat. We accordingly laid our course for the coast of the North American colonies.

"One morning, when we were off Cape Cod, the look-out at mast-head cried out 'Sail ho!' 'Where away?' shouted the captain, who was on deck. 'On our weather quarter,' was the answer. All eyes were turned in that direction, and we could just make out her top sails as she was hull down.

"At this time we were becalmed very nearly, but it was evident the strange sail was bringing up a breeze with her, as her sails were becoming every moment more distinct. All sail was got upon the brig, and we soon felt a light puff of air, and began to move through the water with our head to the north-east. By this time the hull of the chaser could be seen, and our captain made her out to be a ship, and he judged, armed.

"His intention was now declared to be to head her well up north, and then, when night closed in, to get the weather gauge of her and run out to sea. We were watching the stranger with eagerness as she was rapidly nearing us, having a fine wind, when the man at mast-head again sung out 'Sail ho!' 'Where away?' was the response. 'On our weather bow,' was the reply. Our eyes were turned in that direction, and sure enough there was a ship in full view coming down directly across our bow. The glass made her out to be a frigate with English colors.

"We were now in a critical situation. We could not contend with any chance of success, and our only hope lay in escape; but this seemed almost impossible. As such was the position of the ships that we were cut off from getting to sea, and so long had we been out that our brig's bottom had become so foul that she did not sail as well as usual.

"Our brig's head was now hauled more to the north, and being before the wind, which had freshened considerably, she went off like a race-horse. Land was in sight all along on our lea beam, and it was evident we could not run far on this course without running ashore.

"The first frigate seen had been signalizing her consort for some time, and now we saw them on our bow, heading on the same course with ourselves, evidently to prevent our getting to sea, and of course to run us ashore. Our captain had some acquaintance with the coast, and now announced his intention of running into Penobscot bay, and if the frigates followed him in, of running up the Penobscot river, for as we drew much less water than either of the enemy, we could run with safety where they would not venture.

"It was now late in the afternoon, and the wind had in-

creased so that we were making ten knots per hour. As yet we had been able to keep out of the range of shot, and were now within the bay, and were skimming over this beautiful sheet of water. When we made the mouth of the river the frigates were not in sight. We now shortened sail and ran slowly up the river. We had little fear that the frigates would follow that night, if at all, and night coming on, we came to an anchor. The next morning we weighed, and ran up to the head of the tide waters. For the present we felt secure, but the probability was that the frigates would send their boats up to attack us if they had not missed the entrance to the river. But with our brig moored across the river, and our guns heavily charged with grape and canister we had little to fear from them.

"We had on board a large quantity of rich goods besides our *treasure;* this we determined to take on shore and bury, and if we escaped the frigates we could return and take it away.

"Accordingly, the treasure chest was hoisted out of the run and taken on shore on a point of land formed by the junction of a considerable stream with the main river, carried up the bank, and buried."

S—— became much agitated.

"Could you describe the spot?" said he.

"Yes; but let me first finish my story. We lay here a number of days, and yet no enemy had appeared. The conclusion was that not being acquainted with the coast, they missed us as night came on, and supposed we had got to sea, and then they would stand off in search of us. So plausible did this appear, that we determined to weigh and run down, leaving the money buried, and then, if all was clear, we could easily send the boats back and take it.

"The next morning we set sail and run down the river. All sense of danger disappeared as we run near the mouth of the river, and no sign of an enemy appeared. We went bowling along full of reckless mirth and cracking our jokes upon the Johnny Bulls whom we had so completely duped but a few days before. You recollect a large and high island lying just in the mouth of the river and dividing it in two parts; well, just as we emerged from the mouth of the

river, and came around the lower point of the island, there lay both frigates, with sails in the brails, and ports all triced up. Before we could alter our course a point, a line of jets of white smoke spouted from the ports of one of them, and a crash was heard on board us as if every timber head was knocked out of place, and the thunder of a broadside came upon us like the shock of doom. Our foremast went by the board, a half score of poor fellows were cut down, and we received a number of shot between wind and water. That single broadside made a wreck of us. A boat lay alongside, into which the captain, his nephew, and a few others leaped, and cutting the painter, pulled for the shore, which was distant but a few rods.

"The boats of the frigates immediately pulled for us, and resistance was useless. We were soon transferred to the frigates and put in irons, taken to Halifax and put upon trial for piracy. As my participation in the mad and diabolical enterprise was shown to be involuntary, I was admitted king's evidence and spared; the rest were executed."

"Do you suppose the money is yet buried there?" said S——.

"I do not know; as the captain and some others escaped, I should think it not unlikely that they had taken it away."

But a new light broke upon S——. He now saw what led to the location of the Frenchman on the Penobscot, and he concluded that the gold could not be far from him. At any rate, he wanted a particular description of the locality, concealing from the pirate the fact of the existence of Legras.

"I can lead you to the spot," said he to S——. I am determined to desert at the first opportunity. You will soon return home, and then I will join you, and we will make the search." At this moment the bugle of the fort sounded the retreat, and they were obliged to hasten in to answer to the roll-call.

The next morning the mess to which S—— belonged had gathered around their repast. But while S—— was thoughtful and low-spirited, the pirate soldier was uncommonly cheerful, so much so as to attract the notice of his companions, who rallied him on the great change. He had made a clean breast, and felt relieved. As they were taking their

meal, the American battery opened their fire as usual upon the fort, and a ball from the redoubt entering the tent, struck the pirate, and the top of his head fell among the rations, followed in a moment by the stunning report. The group sprang to their feet, gazing on each other in mute horror; the pirate had gone to his account.

The time of the service of S—— and his companions had expired, and they returned home. But S. carried with him a burning passion for the buried gold. Never had he been so excited; to be rich was his sole wish. He could think of nothing else; he dreamed of it; he saw in his sleep the iron chest; he lifted the lid, and the glitter of the gold so dazzled his eyes, that a mist would come before him, and though he could feel the iron chest, he could not see the gold; and then he would awake, trembling in every joint.

He now resolved to make a confidant of one of his neighbors, and with him to share the gains of the enterprise. He recollected to have seen the Frenchman and his companion often pass up by the point in a canoe and land, but as the settlers were often passing backwards and forwards it, at the time, excited no surprise, but now he determined to watch them. Seeing them one day put off from the shore in their skiff, he secreted himself in a cluster of bushes near the bank of the river, and awaited their approach. It was not long before he saw them land a few rods above the place of his concealment, and pass up the bank to a large rock which still lies in the same place, earnestly engaged in conversation, but as it was carried on in French, he could get no clue to the character of the communications. Presently he saw the old man point to a spot near the eastern side of the rock, and addressing something to the young man, turned away; but as he did so, the young man picked up a small stone, and tossing it towards the spot, immediately followed his uncle to the boat.

S—— immediately surmised that the appearance of the English at the settlement had alarmed the pirates, and that they were about to decamp, bearing the treasure with them. It was clear, that although they might have divided the treasure with their comrades who escaped at the taking of the brig, their share was still buried on the spot.

What he did must be done quickly. Delay would be ruin. And now there was but a step between him and boundless wealth. No more of sleep until the treasure was his.

[To be continued.]

EARLY LOST, EARLY SAVED.

BY GEORGE W. BETHUNE.

Within her downy cradle, there lay a little child,
And a group of hovering angels, unseen upon her smiled;
A strife arose among them, a loving, holy strife,
Which should shed the richest blessing over the new born life.

One breathed upon her features, and the babe in beauty grew,
With a cheek like morning's blushes, and an eye of azure hue;
Till every one who saw her, was thankful for the sight
Of a face so sweet and radiant with ever fresh delight.

Another gave her accents and a voice as musical
As a spring-bird's joyous carol, or a rippling streamlet's fall;
Till all who heard her laughing, or her words of childish grace,
Loved as much to listen to her, as to look upon her face.

Another brought from heaven, a clear and gentle mind,
And within the lovely casket, the precious gem enshrined;
Till all who knew her wondered, that God should be so good,
As to bless with such a spirit, our desert world and rude.

Thus did she grow in beauty, in melody and truth,
The budding of her childhood, just opening into youth;
And to our hearts yet dearer, every moment than before,
She became, though we thought fondly, heart could not love her more.

Then outspake another angel, nobler, brighter than the rest,
As with strong arm, but tender, he caught her to his breast:
"Ye have made her all too lovely, for a child of mortal race,
But no shade of human sorrow, shall darken o'er her face:

"Ye have tuned to gladness only, the accents of her tongue,
And no wail of human anguish, shall from her lips be wrung;
Nor shall the soul that shineth, so purely from within,
Her form of earth-born frailty, ever know the taint of sin:

"Lulled in my faithful bosom, I will bear her far away,
Where there is no sin nor anguish, nor sorrow nor decay;
And mine a gift more glorious, than all your gifts shall be—
Lo! I crown her happy spirit, with immortality!"

Then on his heart our darling yielded up her gentle breath,
For the stronger, brighter angel, who loved her best, was Death

REMINISCENCES OF A PASTOR.

[Concluded.]

At this moment my sister Helen entered the room, and, perceiving me much agitated, inquired, "What is the matter, Mary?" "Nothing in particular," said I. "But I am sure there is something the matter, for you are evidently much excited." "Well, if I must tell you—brother has said some hard things to me. He is violently opposed to my receiving the addresses of Mr. W.; says that 'he is a worthless fellow, and if I do not abandon him he will disown me as his sister.' I cannot, and I will not comply with his wishes. They are unreasonable. They are founded in my brother's caprice, and certainly he has no right to make any such demands of me, and I will not comply with them if I have to endure all the consequences which he threatens. I am willing to hear his advice; but am not quite prepared to be obsequious to all his whims. What does he know of Mr. W.? Nothing personally he admits. It's all hearsay. And upon mere hearsay he convicts, sentences, and executes him, and is ready to hang me upon the same gallows with him. I ask, Helen, is this brotherly, and is there the least exhibition of reason in such a hasty decision? I am sure you will agree with me when I say that our brother John is evidently a monomaniac."

"No, my sister Mary, if I must be honest and frank with you, I must say that though brother John may have been a little hasty and severe with you, yet he is not to be blamed for his decided opposition to any particular attachment between yourself and Mr. W. To tell you the whole truth, he has obtained his information respecting this young gentleman, if I may so call him, through me. Mr. K. was a classmate with him in college, and knows all about him. He has given to me his full history. And I deem it proper that you should know the facts as they are, so that you may not throw yourself away, and be ruined, irretrievably ruined. You know that Mr. K. is a gentleman of truth, and what he says can be relied upon. I have not

told brother the worst features in his history, for if I did, I was afraid that he would treat him uncourteously before the whole subject was sufficiently explained to you. Now, sister Mary, I am prepared, if you desire it, to give you the whole story as I have received it from K. himself."

"Of course I will hear you, but pray, Helen, don't paint; tell the facts simply as they are."

"No, Mary, I will not put on one shade more than the original, and then you can judge for yourself. And I trust that, whatever may be your affection for him, you will not allow yourself to become the victim of an unworthy attachment. Remember, sister, this is not romance—it is real life—the whole life is concerned. Your destiny for this world, and, for aught I know, the world to come, is implicated in this affair. To begin: Mr. K. admits that Mr. W. is a very bright, talented young man. That he was a fair scholar—that he passed through his college course without being particularly impeached by the faculty, and that he graduated with some honor. But such was his artfulness, that the college authorities knew but little of his true character. He succeeded well in keeping the veil over their eyes, so that they saw but little of his chicanery. They knew him as a student only, and as he was generally well prepared for his recitations, he stood well with his professors. But his private character was well known to his classmates. Among them he was proverbial for his dissolute habits. He was a spendthrift, and a gambler. In one single night he has been known to have squandered away more than $100, and then to make it all right with his guardian, inform him, by letter, that he had either lost it or had it stolen from him. He was also very licentious, and so corrupt was he as a libertine that Mr. K. assured me a detail of his deeds of darkness could not consistently be ever stated to me. Withal he was a drunkard—not a common drunkard, but he would often become so intoxicated as to be unable to walk without assistance. That at such times he was exceedingly abusive and quarrelsome. On one of these occasions he fought with one of the students much like himself, but being a little more drunk than his antagonist, was severely beaten, and for a whole week was

unable to go out of his room. He excused himself to the faculty—said that a horse had run away with him, thrown him out of a gig, and injured him very severely. This last feature in his character is worse than all the rest. He is a drunkard. He has been a drunkard for years. He is one still, and he will probably die a poor miserable inebriate. Think of this, my sister Mary. How would you feel to have your husband come home drunk and abuse you—perhaps unmercifully beat you? Let me forewarn you, that if you ever marry him you will know what this means to your sorrow. My advice therefore is—escape for your life—dissolve all connection with him at once, and determine not to sacrifice yourself by becoming united to such a heartless and corrupt person as Mr. W. evidently appears to be."

I must confess, at this very candid recital I was for a few moments somewhat alarmed and shaken. I had confidence in Mr. K. He afterwards married my sister, and is now a clergyman. For a moment my judgment seemed to triumph, and I thought if this be true I will be advised—but this rational view of the subject was but transient. My affections soon predominated, and I was ready to excuse him, and hope for better things for the future. I sat mute for some time. At length the feelings of my young and romantic heart, rather than sober reason, prompted me to speak. "Sister Helen, all this may be true, and the consequences which you prophesy never take place. Don't you know it is a common proverb that 'everybody must at some period of their lives sow their wild oats?' May we not reasonably suppose that he has been 'sowing his wild oats,' and if so, is it not better now than when he gets older? He has probably got about through by this time. And may we not hope that he will soon settle down, and become a steady, and influential man in society?"

Helen replied, "As to the proverb you name, it is an excuse for immorality only to be found in works of fiction, with which I fear you have been too conversant. Man is a creature of habit. Bad habits early acquired, generally grow with our growth, and strengthen with our strength. If they be 'wild oats' when 'sown' the harvest that follows is still 'wild oats,' with a terrible increase. You know the Bible

says, 'Be not deceived, whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap.' Now as a proof of this, from some inquiries which I have lately made into the private character of Mr. W., I learn from undoubted authority that his bad habits are awfully increasing upon him. That he secretly mingles in that kind of society for which gamblers and drunkards only would feel an affinity. His having money will only increase his means of dissipation, strengthen its incentives, and hasten his ruin." So saying, Helen left the room with a request that I should ponder well upon the subject, and write to Mr. W. a decided dismission.

I confess that I was overcome by the arguments of my sister, and finally concluded that if my father was of the same opinion with my brother and sister, I would make the sacrifice whatever it might cost me. My father had heard the statements of Mr. K. but had not expressed any opinion, and therefore his mind was not yet known to any one but himself. I knew that whatever his decisions were, I should be obliged to submit to them, and I therefore felt great solicitude to know what they would be. But days passed away and not a word was said. Indeed, my father seemed to studiously avoid every allusion to the subject. And I was much perplexed to know what it all meant. In the mean time I wrote to Mr. W., informing him of the objections which my brother and sister had urged against him, and requested him not to visit me again until I obtained the opinion of my father. At this Mr. W. was enraged, and became more fierce than ever to accomplish his purpose. He employed a lawyer of known respectability to see my father, and while he allowed his friend to acknowledge that he had been a little wild in his boyish days, declared that now he was as steady and uniform in his life, and upright in his morals as any young man to be found in the city; that every report to the contrary was false and slanderous. Strange, indeed! My father, though a very judicious and careful man, and though he loved me tenderly, listened with complacency to all this, and fully believed it. His mind was made up, and unfortunately for me it turned in favor of Mr. W.

Soon after this he called me into a private room—said

that he had "some important communications to make to me." I well knew what they were. I trembled lest I should feel the withering force of his veto. He began by asking me some questions—"How long have you been acquainted with Mr. W.?"

"About seven months."

"Has he ever expressed a desire to make you his wife, and while he has offered you his pledges, has he solicited yours?"

"He has."

"Are you mutually pledged one to the other?"

"With your permission sir, we are."

"Is that the condition, and the only condition?"

"It is, sir."

"Well child, you know, and I know how decided is the opposition from your brother and sister. But I have been at some pains to search out this matter, and have come to the conclusion that their information as to his present character is erroneous; that he is a worthy and excellent young man; that his prospects for this world are very fair, and that his moral principles are not corrupt. You are therefore at liberty to act your pleasure with regard to the fulfilment of your pledges to him; only be discreet, and prudent, advising me of your wishes from time to time."

At this unexpected decision of my father a thrill of joy went like electricity through my young and susceptible heart, and filled me with ecstacy I was sure I was right. My father was on my side, and I cared not who else was against me. I had a feeling of triumph which raised me above the opinions of others. I was perfectly independent, and reckless of the frowns or smiles of my brother and sister, and I was not backward in exhibiting all I felt in my deportment toward them. Whenever they mentioned Mr. W.'s name to me, I treated all they said with perfect contempt. They soon became conscious that they had lost their influence with me, and let me alone.

I wrote to Mr. W. and informed him of the cordial feelings of my father toward him, and invited him to visit me whenever it suited his convenience. It was not long before he renewed his visits, and my father received him with pater

nal affection. My brother and sister treated him as they would any stranger, without any marked attention; but nothing was said. A few months passed away, and the bridal day arrived. The wedding party was select, though not large—and when the clergyman solemnized the nuptial ties, my brother and sister could command their feelings no longer. They were sitting side by side, looking solemnly and most intently upon us; but when the sealing words of the covenant were repeated, "I pronounce thee husband and wife together in the name of the Father," &c., the tears gushed from their eyes in spite of every effort to repress them. They abruptly left the room, and we saw no more of them that night. Mr. W., who by no means felt himself inferior to them, was inspired with indignation, which made his face for a moment of a scarlet hue, and I can assure you that I fully sympathized with him. Shortly, however, my feelings were calmed, my spirits buoyant as ever in the recollection that now I had secured the object of my supreme affections. Mr. W. never spoke to them afterwards except upon business, nor they to him. Thus we were severed, and so have remained to this hour. These facts, dear sir, will explain to you the reason why I have studiously avoided giving them any information respecting my present situation.

The remainder of the story is soon told. Mr. W. went into business. He opened a large mercantile establishment, fixed our residence in the most fashionable part of the city, where we lived, like many of our wealthy neighbors, in a style exceedingly gratifying to my pride and vanity. Here I imagined myself the happiest of mortals. My husband was kind and affectionate, all my wishes were gratified, and almost anticipated. Emphatically I lived in pleasure. Present possession, and future prospects were so brilliant to my warm and youthful imagination that I fancied that what I had supposed to have been the fabled history of the fairies might have been a reality, and the fantastic paintings of romance the sober truth. I was intoxicated with earthly bliss, and verily thought that heaven itself could not very far exceed that happiness which I really enjoyed.

For two years nothing of importance occurred to interrupt my joy or to excite my fears, to lessen my hopes, or becloud

my prospects. And I still believe that Mr. W., during this time was quite a reformed man. Though still fond of pleasure, yet, as far as I could learn, he did well in all his business transactions, and was rapidly growing in the confidence of the mercantile public.

But, alas! how did my joys begin to wither, my hopes to fade away, my spirits to sink, when for the first time my suspicions were confirmed that Mr. W. not only took the friendly glass, but was really intoxicated. At first I thought it might have been an inadvertence which would not be repeated. But in this I was mistaken. It was repeated—not every day—but frequently evenings after the business of the day had closed, and on public occasions. To my sorrow I saw that my husband was a drunkard. Not generally known as such—but it was enough—aye, it was too much for me—I knew it. About this time my dear father died, and I had no relative with whom to counsel. My husband was going rapidly to destruction—I saw it—knew it—and deplored it. But what could I do? Tears and entreaties were in vain His character was changing. His looks—his actions, were all different from what they used to be. His face was bloated, and I knew the cause. At one time he would appear exceedingly simple, and at another morose and severe with his family.

In short, he soon seemed more like a stranger than the husband and head of his family. A few years—and what I feared, I was brought to realize. He became a bankrupt. His property was sold by his creditors, and he was a degraded drunkard Just as my furniture was to be sold, and while the red flag of the auctioneer was hanging out of my window, Mr. W. expired, a raving maniac.

With this relation Mrs. W. was quite overcome—and she wept. Poor woman! I could but weep with her. After recovering herself a little, she said, "Sir, God has been good to me, and I am thankful to him for the gracious manner in which he has dealt with me. It has been the means of bringing me to himself. I had no earthly friend to whom I could go, and therefore went to God by prayer unceasing. I trust that he gave me repentance unto life for my sins, and spake peace to my troubled conscience. The peace of God has been for the three last years of my life my constant and

never failing support. God has been my friend, and I put my trust in Him. His love inspired my heart, and I could say 'Abba Father.' The Bible has been my constant companion, and its sweet promises my only solace. And I can say that 'all things work together for good to them that love God.' I am poor in this world, but I often think I am 'rich in faith.' The widow's God is my God, and the orphan's God the God of my children."

I was delighted to hear that Mrs. W. in all her sorrows had sought and obtained comfort from above. I saw that she had come forth from this furnace, a bright and decided Christian, though she was not a member of any Christian society. I determined to introduce her to some of the most influential and pious females of my church, which I did a few days afterwards. Through their influence she removed her residence to one of comfort; and some benevolent individuals helped her into a small business, which, by industry, so far increased, that she not only supported her family respectably, but increased her capital. She became a member of my church, and an efficient Sabbath School superintendent. At length she was married to a most excellent, and influential Christian—her children have been well educated. Mary is now the wife of a devoted clergyman—Samuel a Sabbath School teacher and a member of the church. In short, the whole family are happy and prosperous. A reconciliation nas been effected between her and her brother and sister, and the smiles of heaven and earth seem to be resting upon them all.

COUNSELS FOR THE YOUNG.—Never be cast down by trifles. If a spider breaks his thread twenty times, twenty times will he mend it again. Make up your minds to do a thing, and you will do it. Fear not, if a trouble comes upon you; keep up your spirits though the day be a dark one.

"Troubles never stop forever,
The darkest day will pass away."

If the sun is going down, look up to the stars; if the earth is dark, keep your eyes on heaven. With God's promises, a man or a child may be cheerful.

"Never despair when fog 's in the air,
A sunshiny morning will come without warning."

Mind what you run after! Never be content with a bubble that will burst, or a fire-work that will end in smoke and darkness. Get that which you can keep, and which is worth keeping.

"Something sterling that will stay
When gold and silver fly away."

PLEASANT THOUGHTS.

TO A CHILD.

THERE are pleasant thoughts in thy mild, meek eye,
Thou beautiful and fair!
They are soft as shades of the twilight sky,
Or breath of summer air.

Ah! how bright the hours of thy mirthsome glee
Have sped their swift-winged flight!
And thy spirit now, roaming "fancy free,"
Blends with the calm of night.

Art thou wondering why the bright butterfly
Has folded now his wings?
Dost thou list again for the red breast's cry,
Whose voice no longer sings?

Have thy thoughts away to thy mother flown,
Whose words are all of love?
Dost thou feel her kiss by the soft winds borne
To thee, her bosom's dove?

Have they travelled far to "that better land,"
Of which thy mother tells?
Art thou roaming now with those angel bands
Beside the "crystal wells?"

Ever there, fair child, may thy young hopes bide,
Fixed on thy God and heaven!
Till thy soul in Christ is all purified
For Him by whom 't was given.

May no darker cloud ever dim thy brow,
Marking thy woman's lot,
Than the clear, calm light which is on thee now,—
The light of pleasant thought.

[*Ed. of Magnolia.*

SACREDNESS OF TEARS.—There is a sacredness in tears. They are not the mark of weakness but of power. They speak more eloquently than ten thousand tongues. They are the messengers of overwhelming grief, of deep contrition, of unspeakable love. If there were wanting any argument to prove that man is not mortal, I would look for it in the strong, convulsive emotion of the breast, when the soul has

been deeply agitated, when the fountains of feeling are rising, and when tears are gushing forth in crystal streams. O, speak not harshly of the striken one—weeping in silence! Break not the deep solemnity by rude laughter, or intrusive footsteps. Despise not a woman's tears—they are what made her an angel. Scoff not if the stern heart of manhood is sometimes melted to tears of sympathy—they are what help to elevate him above the brute. I love to see tears of affection. They are painful tokens, but still most holy. There is pleasure in tears—an awful pleasure! If there were none on earth to shed a tear for me, I should be loth to live; and if no one might weep over my grave, I could never die in peace.—*Dr. Johnson.*

EDITOR'S TABLE.

We do not like to commence our new career with many promises; they are easily made, but the performing them, —"ay, there 's the rub." We do not like either, to say much of our inabilities; our readers will find those out soon enough. We can say, however, that we mean to do our best to make the Magnolia an entertaining and welcome periodical. To be sure, our best efforts may not amount to much, and we freely admit that we rely chiefly upon our contributors for the interest of our publication. Several friends, whose names are in themselves a host, have promised us their aid, and our readers may have high expectations from them without fear of disappointment.

The short time given us for preparation must be our excuse for any deficiencies in the present number. As for a lack of editorial, we are sure a *discerning* public will never "set that down in malice" as one of our faults.

"The Almighty Dollar."—This is a phrase frequently thrown at us by foreigners. It has been often argued about, and we believe proper resentment has been sufficiently displayed. For our own part, we have no disposition to quar-

rel with it. We believe a dollar is more almighty in our beloved country than in any other on the face of the earth. A dollar bestowed upon a poor family here can keep off starvation for a long time. It will purchase a dress for a destitute girl, that a European peasant would consider worthy to be a bridal robe. How long it would keep the hearth-stone warm for the shivering little ones! A little girl at our elbow says a dollar will buy nearly a dozen Testaments for the heathen, and she quotes high authority. What a book it will bring you! And if you economize and bestow it upon a circulating library, why, you may have an intellectual feast for the whole winter, and bards and priests and kings may be your guests. In the western country, (we presume all our readers are acquainted with the geographical description of this famous locality given by a traveller to it, who said it was within half an hour of sundown,) which everybody knows is *somewhere*, you can, with a few of these "almighty dollars," buy an estate that a family of England's poor would toil for in vain through successive generations. A New England citizen pays a dollar or two, (we do not know the exact sum,) for what is called the school tax, and his children, a round dozen if he have them, are provided with educations fitting them for almost any station in life. Who blames foreigners for talking of our "almighty dollars?"

We have several *smart* women (we use this New England word because we like it—it expresses our meaning) among our acquaintance, who boast "how far they can make a dollar go," and we venture to say they will think of a thousand things which we have omitted. And now, gentle reader, we wish to speak as modestly as possible, but we beg you just to look at our magazine. It will come to you every month, neatly covered, well printed, furnished with a piece of music and two embellishments, of which the present number gives you a specimen, for *one dollar a year*. We believe with the oft-quoted motto, that "variety's the spice of life, which gives it all its flavor;" and we intend to serve up tales, sketches of character, descriptions of places, poetry, book-notices, &c., to animate the warm summer afternoon, and cheer the long winter evening. We hope our subscribers may feel, at the end of the year, that "the dollar" has been well invested.

Three or four centuries since, a dollar would have been thought an "almighty" one indeed, which would have purchased such a work. A book then was a fortune which princes

> "———dying, mentioned within their wills,
> Bequeathing it as a rich legacy
> Unto their issue."

Had our subscribers lived in those days, they would have been favored with the Magnolia at perhaps two or three hundred times its present price. Our unpretending little periodical, then, may be regarded as one of the "proofs of the world's progress," about which people talk so learnedly. We hope the "generous public" will furnish another, in the patronage they may give us. We promise to use our best endeavors to make their dollar an "almighty" profitable one.

We see by the English papers that Miss Martineau has published a letter announcing her unshaken faith in Mesmerism, and her wonderful success in practising it on others. This subject was, we believe, introduced into this country by Dr. Charles Poyen, under the name of *Animal Magnetism*. We do not know but the term *Mesmerism* was used synonymously at the same time, but a few years since Dr. Buchanan lectured to the Bostonians upon *Neurology*, which, to our understanding, was the same thing under another name. Mr. Sunderland, who is astonishing the citizens of Boston with experiments past finding out, has baptized the power he uses, as *Pathetism*. "What 's in a name?" Let us have the thing, and we care not what name you call it. We really wish our scientific men would take hold of this subject, and let us know what to believe. The public mind has been swaying from skepticism to credulity long enough. If it is true, it is certainly a truth worth knowing.

We were much delighted by an allusion from a high literary source, in a late English magazine, to our countrywoman, Mrs. Child, of whom we are justly proud. William Howitt, the author of the article, quotes an eloquent passage from her writings, and styles her "a noble woman, one of the finest specimens of American mind."

Mrs. Cornwall Baron Wilson, a very popular English poetess, died on the 7th of January. The same papers announce on the same day, the death of the Earl of Granville. We presume many of our republican readers will lament the gifted daughter of song, to whom the name of the aristocratic lord is unknown.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—We hope to hear again from the author of the "Tale of the Reformers," in our present number. The liberty we have taken with the conclusion, will, we hope, be excused.

The lines entitled "The Dying Girl" are not quite finished enough for our pages. With a little more attention to rhythm, the writer might produce something very respectable.

We were a little surprised at the signature of the letter upon "The Weather, Times, &c.," as the writer has shown a capability for better things quite lately. There are thoughts enough, but they need finishing and arrangement. Some of the quotations display good taste. We like, especially, the motto.
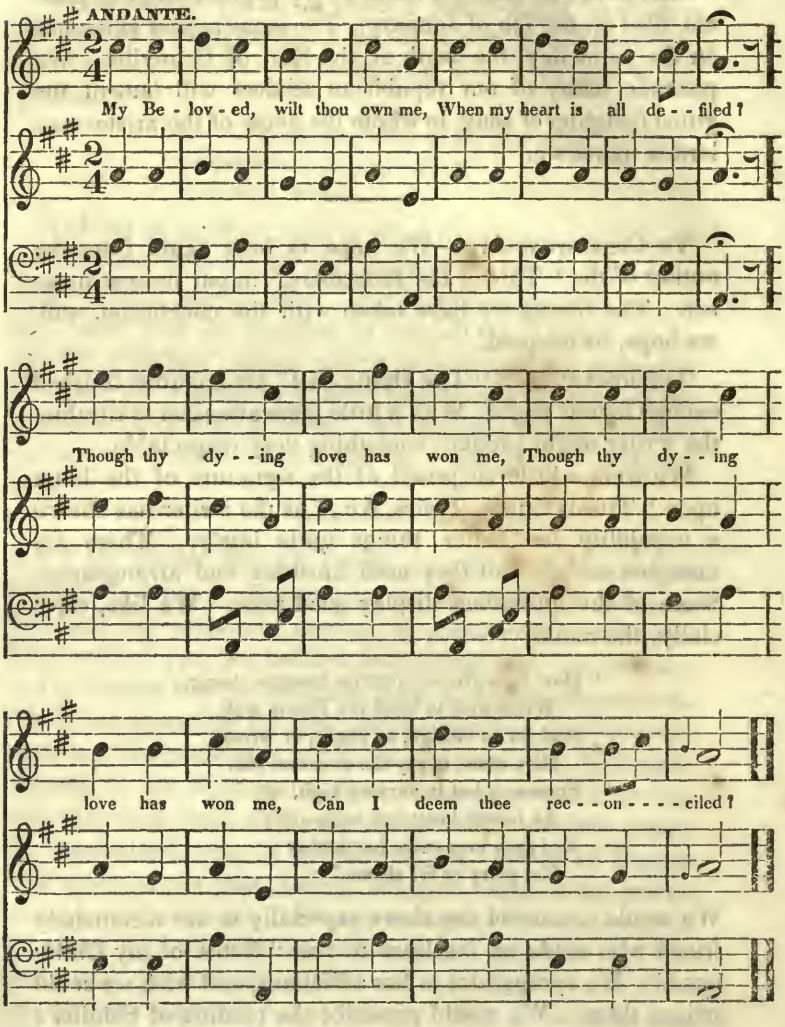
"Hew from Hope's quarries treasure strong,
Wherewith to build the Future well,
And let no change, or blight, or wrong,
Give cause to say the structure fell.
Success is but in purpose high,
An honest heart and noble aim;
And each may carve his destiny
For glory or for shame."

We would commend the above especially to our melancholy friend who sends us the lines to the "Home of my Childhood." We sympathize in her afflictions, and wish we could relieve them. We would prescribe the reading of Schiller's inimitable "Hymn to Joy." Here is one verse full of inspiration:

"Bear this life, millions, bravely bear
This life for the better one;
See ye the stars? A life is *there*
Where the reward is won."

MY BELOVED, WILT THOU OWN ME?

ENGLISH MELODY. WORDS BY MRS. DANA.



2. My Beloved, pass before me,
Never from my sight remove.
Many waters, flowing o'er me,
Cannot quench my burning love.

3. My Beloved, now endue me
With thine own attractive charms;
May thy spirit sweetly woo me;
Fold me in thy sheltering arms.

4. My Beloved, safely hide me
In the drear and cloudy day;
Ere the windy storm has tried me,
Hide my trembling soul, I pray.

5. My Beloved, kindly take me
To thy sympathizing breast;
Never, never more forsake me;
Guide me to the land of rest.



For the Magnolia.

THE STUDENT OF NATURE.

(See Frontispiece.)

Read'st thou thy lesson well from Nature's book?
Hear'st thou the voices murmuring around,
From the up-springing grass and hoary trunks
Of the proud forest monarchs? Comes it not
In sighings of the spirit-toned wind,
And in the murmur'd cadence of the stream?
What speaks that simple flower to thy heart?
List to the teachings of its voiceless lips—
Drink in its silent, breathing harmony.

Is not the lilies' cry the same, as when
The Heavenly Teacher walked upon the earth,
And eloquently read their silent speech?—
Lift they not now, as then, their lowly heads
Before the face of kings, mocking their pomp,
And hymning the same song of praise to Him
Who gave their robes, outshining royalty?

Open thine ear and heart, and there shall come
Voices of tuneful melody to thee,
Forth from the earth, and air, and the deep sea—
Thou 'lt hear their sweet, low-whisper'd words of love;
And the deep beatings of great nature's pulse
Shall shake thine inmost soul, with thoughts sublime
Of life's great mystery. That shelt'ring tree
Will whisper tales to thee, of ages gone
And ages yet to come; and thou shalt feel
Thyself a speck—an atom by its side.
Then fold that simple flower to thy heart;
Its petals, crushed and withering, shall lift
Thy thoughts and aspirations to the skies.
'T will tell thee of the grave where it was hid,
And of its upward struggles for the day,
And for its robes of beauty and of light.
Yea, it shall be the type of a new life,
In some far better land, beyond the tomb.
In perfume, shall its brief life pass away,
And its exhaling sigh shall bid thee trust
In Him who careth for the short-lived flowers.
O faithless ones! will He who sends on them
His sun and fruitful showers, not care for thee?

M.

For the Magnolia.

THE SHEPHERD.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH,

BY ANNIE T. WILBUR.

Fear not, reader, we have no intention of portraying a scene from Honoré d'Urfé, or of conducting you to the banks of the Lignon; we invoke not the pastoral shades of Estelle and of Nemarin. The Chevalier de Florian, though more modern, is as much out of date as the author of Astrea.

In the prosaic times in which we live, one may, even without quitting Paris, form a tolerably correct idea of sheep and shepherds, from the pictures of Brascassat and of Berge. Sheep are not all snow-white, nor do they usually wear pink favors about their necks; some of them are very stupid animals, covered with greasy wool, impregnated with a perspiration of a very disagreeable odor; their principal poetry consists in mutton chops. Shepherds are clowns with frizzly hair, pale and ragged, sauntering along with a bit of brown bread in their hand, and a wolfish looking dog at their heels. Shepherdesses are frightfully ugly young women,—and the variegated petticoat, corsets laced with ribbons, and complexions in which the rose and the lily are blended, exist only in the imagination. It has taken mankind more than six thousand years to make these discoveries, and to withdraw their implicit faith in poetic fictions.

Now, since we have warned our readers against any attempt at an idyl on our part, we will commence our recital; it is very simple; it will be short. We hope these good qualities will be duly appreciated.

About the middle of the summer of 18—, a little shepherd, of fifteen or sixteen years of age, but so diminutive that he did not appear to be twelve, was driving before him, with that meditative and melancholy air peculiar to people who pass a great part of their lives in solitude, one or two dozen sheep, who would certainly have been dispersed but for the active vigilance of a great black dog with long ears, who

rallied towards the principal group the lingering or the straying, by a gentle bite, seasonably applied.

Romances had not turned the head of Petit-Pierre,—it is thus that he was called, and not Lycidas or Thyrsis; he knew not how to read. Nevertheless, he was a dreamer; he spent long days in leaning against a tree, with his eyes wandering about the horizon in a kind of ecstatic reverie. What was he thinking of? He did not know himself. He watched the rising or the setting of the sun, the glancing of the light through the foliage, the varying shades in the distance, without asking himself why. He even looked upon the empire exerted over him by the waters, the woods and the sky, as a mental weakness, almost an infirmity, and said to himself: "There is nothing very curious about these; trees and ground are with us common. Why then should I linger a whole day before an oak or a hill, forgetting to eat and to drink, forgetting everything? But for Fidele, I should already have lost more than one sheep, and have been turned away by my master. Why am I not like others, stout, strong, always laughing and singing, instead of passing my life in watching the growth of the grass on which my sheep browse?" Petit-Pierre thus gently expostulated with himself for being so stupid; was he in the wrong?

You have, doubtless, already imagined that Petit-Pierre was in love; he may be, perhaps, but he is not now. Love in the country is not so precocious; and our shepherd had, yet, thought little about the fair sex. In some neighborhoods this is not remarkable, since they are distinguished by the same sunburnt complexion, broad shoulders, red hands and coarse voice of the rougher part of creation; Nature has formed the female, civilization the woman.

Having reached the shady side of a declivity covered with fine and glossy turf, and shaded with groups of trees, whose knotty trunks bore a singular and picturesque appearance, he stopped, seated himself on a rock, and, with his chin leaning on his staff, which was bent like those of the shepherds of Arcadia, he abandoned himself to the habitual current of his reveries. The dog, sagaciously judging that the sheep would not wander far from a spot where the

grass was so tender and so abundant, crouched at his master's feet, his head stretched out on his paws, his eyes fixed on those of Petit-Pierre, with that impassioned earnestness which makes a dog almost a human being. The sheep were grouped here and there in picturesque disorder. A single sunbeam glided among the leaves, and lit up with its radiance some dew-drops,—diamonds dropped from the casket of Aurora, and not yet gathered by the sun. It was a living picture, stamped with the name of its author—God.

Such was the reflection made by a young female who entered, at this moment, the opposite extremity of the valley: "What a beautiful scene for a drawing!" said she, taking an album from the hand of the maid who accompanied her.

She seated herself on a mossy stone, at the risk of soiling her white dress, about which she seemed to trouble herself very little, opened the book, placed it upon her lap, and commenced sketching with a light and bold hand. Her fine and clear pencillings were gilded by the transparent shadow of her large straw hat, as in that delicate painting by Rubens, which may be seen at the Museum; her tresses, of a rich blonde, hung in careless braids over a neck of dazzling whiteness. Her beauty was charming and rare.

Petit-Pierre, absorbed in contemplation of the chestnut tree which overshadowed him, did not at first perceive the arrival of a new actor in the tranquil scene of the valley. Fidele had lifted his nose, but seeing no cause for uneasiness, resumed his attitude of a melancholy sphynx. The aspect of this slender and graceful form troubled the young shepherd in a singular manner; he felt an inexplicable palpitation of the heart, and, as if to overcome the emotion, whistled to his dog and prepared to depart.

But this was by no means agreeable to the young lady, who was just sketching the shepherd and his flock, indispensable accessaries to the landscape; she threw aside her album and crayons, and, with two or three bounds like a pursuing fawn, had quickly overtaken Petit-Pierre, whom she brought back authoritatively to the corner of the rock on which he was before seated.

"Stay there," said she, gaily, "until I tell you to go;

your arm a little farther forward; your head more to the right."

And as she spoke, with her white and soft hand she pushed the cheek of Petit-Pierre, to restore it to its former position.

"He has beautiful eyes, Lucy, for a peasant," said she, laughingly, to her maid.

Her model once more in the right attitude, the young girl returned to her place, and resumed her drawing, which was soon finished.

"You may rise and go, if you please, now; but it is right that I should compensate you for the weariness which I have caused you, in keeping you there like a wooden image. Come here."

The shepherd slowly advanced; the young girl slipped a piece of gold into his hand.

"It is to buy a new vest when you go to the dance."

The shepherd, who had cast a stealthy glance at the half-open album, remained like one stupified, without thinking of shutting his hand, or glancing at the beautiful new piece of twenty francs; the scales seemed to have fallen from his eyes; a sudden revolution had taken place in his mind. He said, in an agitated voice, pointing out the different parts of the design:

"The trees, the rock, the dog, myself, and the sheep also, on a sheet of paper!"

The young lady was much amused with this astonishment and admiration, and showed him several sketches of lakes, castles, and rocks; then, as night was approaching, she and her maid returned home.

Petit-Pierre followed her with his eyes a long time after the last fold of her robe had disappeared behind the hill, and Fidele had in vain touched his hand with his moist nose; he could not succeed in drawing his master from his meditations. The humble shepherd had begun to comprehend confusedly the use of contemplating the trees, the undulations of the earth, and the forms of the clouds. These inquietudes, these emotions which had filled his mind were not then wasted; he was not then a simpleton. He had seen, pasted over mantel-pieces in farm-houses, pictures,

such as the portraits of Isaac Laquedem, of Genevieve de Brabant, of the Mother of Sorrows, with the seven swords buried in her breast; but these coarse engravings on wood, daubed with yellow, red and blue, worthy of the savages of New Zealand, or of the Southern Ocean, had awakened no idea of art in his mind. The designs in the album of the young lady, with their neatness of pencilling and their correctness of outline, were something entirely new to Petit-Pierre. The picture in the parish church was so black and smoked that nothing could be distinguished of it, and besides, he had scarcely dared to cast his eyes in that direction, from the porch where he usually knelt.

Evening came. Petit-Pierre shut his sheep up in the park, and seated himself on the threshold of the cabin which served him for a summer residence. The sky was of a deep blue. The seven stars of the Chariot glittered like golden nails in the depths of ether; Cassiopeia, Bootes, sparkled brilliantly. The young shepherd, with his hand resting on his dog, who was lying near him, felt himself deeply moved by the sublime spectacle upon which he gazed alone, by this splendid fête which the heavens, in careless magnificence, were giving to the slumbering earth.

He thought also upon the young female, and while he thought of that soft and white hand which had touched his hale and ruddy cheek, his heart trembled with unwonted emotion. He attempted to sleep, but tossed about on his straw, unable to shut his eyelids; finally, slumber came, though not until after much solicitation. Petit-Pierre had a dream.

It seemed to him that he was seated on the corner of a rock, with a beautiful landscape before him. The sun had scarcely risen, the hawthorn trembled under the weight of its snowy blossoms; the grass of the field was covered with pearly dew-drops; the hill appeared clothed with a robe of azure, glistening like silver. At the expiration of a few minutes, Petit-Pierre saw the beautiful lady of the valley coming to meet him. She approached him smilingly, and said: "You must not only look, but copy." Having pronounced these words, she placed in the lap of the astonished shepherd a portfolio, a beautiful leaf of vellum, and a crayon,

and placed herself opposite to him. He began to sketch some lineaments, but his hand trembled like a leaf, and the outlines became confounded. The desire of success, emotion and shame at this failure, brought the drops of water on his temples. He would have given ten years of his life to have seemed less awkward in the eyes of a being so beautiful; his nerves were contracted, and the outlines which he attempted to trace became irregular and ridiculous zigzags; his distress was such that he almost awoke; but the lady, perceiving his trouble, placed in his hand a golden pencil, whose point sparkled like fire. Immediately every difficulty vanished; figures arranged themselves, and were grouped upon the paper; the trunks of the trees stood forth in bold relief, the leaves detached themselves, the plants sprung forth with their foliage and all their graceful detail. The lady, leaning over the shoulder of Petit-Pierre, watched the progress of his work with an appearance of satisfaction, saying, from time to time: "Well, very well, that is right! go on." One curl of her hair, which floated on the breeze, brushed against the cheek of the young shepherd, and a thousand sparks flew from it, as from an electric machine; one of these atoms of fire fell on his heart, and burned in his bosom, luminous as a carbuncle. The lady perceived it, and said to him: "You have the spark—adieu!"

This dream produced a strange effect on Petit-Pierre. In fact, his heart, as well as his head was inflamed; dating from this day, he was above the chaos of the multitude; between his birth and his death there was something to be accomplished.

He took a coal from the extinguished fire of the evening before, and immediately commenced his picturesque studies; the exterior walls of his cottage served him for paper and canvass.

With what should he commence? With the portrait of his best, or rather, of his only friend, of Fidele;—for he was an orphan, and had only his dog. The first outlines of his sketch bore as much resemblance, it must be acknowledged, to a hippopotamus as to a dog; but, by dint of effacing and retouching,—for Fidele was the most patient model in the world,—he succeeded in passing from a hippopotamus to a

crocodile, then to a sucking pig, and finally to a figure which one must have been very stupid not to be able to recognize as belonging to the canine species.

To express the satisfaction with which Petit-Pierre experienced the completion of his design, would be a difficult thing. Michael Angelo, when he gave the last touch to the Sixtine chapel, and stood with his arms crossed upon his breast to contemplate his immortal work, experienced not a joy more heartfelt or more profound.

"If the beautiful lady could only see this portrait of Fidele!" said the little artist to himself.

In justice it must be acknowledged that this intoxication did not last long. He soon perceived how different this rough sketch was from the veritable Fidele; he effaced it, and this time tried to draw a sheep; he succeeded a little better, having already some experience; meanwhile the charcoal crumbled in his fingers, the rough board resisted his efforts.

"If I had paper and a crayon, I should succeed better; how can I procure them?"

Petit-Pierre had forgotten that he was a capitalist; he bethought himself of this fact; and, one day, confiding his flock to a comrade, went resolutely to the city, and entering a shop, inquired for drawing materials. The merchant, surprised, gave him paper and pencils of several sorts. Petit-Pierre, delighted at having accomplished the heroic and difficult task of purchasing so many strange things, returned to his sheep, and, without neglecting them, devoted to drawing all the time which ordinary shepherds spend in playing their pipes, carving their crooks, and making snares for birds and game.

Without calling himself to an account for the motive which guided his steps, he often conducted his flock to the place where he had sat for the young lady, but several days elapsed without his seeing her again. Was Petit-Pierre in love with her? No, not in the sense usually attached to the word. Such an attachment was impossible, since even to the humblest and most timid heart, a ray of hope is necessary. Simple rustic as he was, Petit-Pierre at once perceived that there was a great abyss between himself, a poor shepherd in rags, ignorant, uncultivated, and a young lady,

beautiful and rich. Unless one be beside himself, does he think of loving a queen? Must one be unhappy, except he be a poet, if he cannot embrace the stars? Petit-Pierre did not trouble himself about all this. The lady, as he designated her in talking to himself, appeared to him white and radiant, with a gold pencil in her hand; and he adored her with that tender and fervent devotion with which the Catholics of the middle ages adored the Holy Virgin; although he understood it not, she was for him his Beatrice, his muse.

One day, he heard upon the rocks the sound of the gallop of a horse; Fidele barked loudly, and at the expiration of some minutes, he saw the lady borne away by the fiery courser, which she was trying in vain to manage; the intractable animal, urged doubtless by fright, obeyed neither bit, spur, nor bridle, and, by a violent leap, before Petit-Pierre, who sprang from rock to rock from the top of the hill, had had time to arrive, disencumbered himself of his rider, whom he threw violently on the ground. The severity of the blow threw her into a swoon, and Petit-Pierre, paler than herself, went to dip from the hollow of a furrow, where the rain had collected, to the great alarm of a little green frog, which had established there its bathing saloon, some drops of clear water, which he threw upon the face of the lady. To his great terror, he perceived, by some red streams mingling with the blue veins of her temples, that she was wounded. Petit-Pierre drew from his pocket a poor checked handkerchief, and began to staunch the blood which was making its way through her curls. Once she came to herself, opened her eyes, and threw on Petit-Pierre a vague look of gratitude, which penetrated his very soul.

A noise of steps was heard; the rest of the cavalcade were searching for the lady; they raised her, placed her in a carriage and departed. The shepherd carefully placed in his bosom the handkerchief which had been bathed in blood so pure, and in the evening went to the city to inquire respecting the lady. The wound was not dangerous. This welcome intelligence calmed Petit-Pierre a little, to whom all seemed lost since he had seen the young girl borne away as pale and inanimate as a dead person.

The season advanced; the inhabitants of the chateau returned to Paris, and Petit-Pierre, although he had only seen afar off, and by stealth, the straw hat and the white robe, felt himself entirely alone; when he grew too sad, he took out the handkerchief with which he had staunched the wound of the lady, and kissed the spot of blood which covered one of its checks. This was his consolation. He drew industriously, and had almost exhausted his stock of paper; his progress had been rapid, for he had had no master, —no system interposing itself between him and nature; he copied what he saw. His designs were still very rude and barbarous, though full of naïveté and sentiment; he labored in solitude, under the eye of God, without counsel, without instruction, having but his heart and his sadness. Sometimes, at night, he again saw the beautiful lady; and the golden pencil with its sparkling point, still in his hands, traced wonderful designs; but, in the morning, all vanished, the crayon became rebellious, the figures disappeared, though Petit-Pierre used almost all the soft part of his bread in effacing his failures.

Nevertheless, one day he had succeeded in drawing an old moss-covered cottage, the chimney of which darted its spiral wreath of bluish smoke between the tops of walnut trees, almost despoiled of their leaves; a woodcutter, his task accomplished, was sitting at his threshold, smoking his pipe, and in the midst of the room, through the open door, one perceived, indistinctly, a woman rocking the cradle with her foot, while busy at her wheel. This was the chef-d'œuvre of Petit-Pierre; he was almost satisfied with it.

Suddenly he perceived a shadow on his paper,—the shadow of a tri-cornered hat, which could belong only to the curate. In fact, it was he himself; he observed in silence the work of Petit-Pierre, who blushed to the very tops of his ears at being detected in such flagrant designs. The venerable ecclesiastic, though not one of the merry priests so much lauded by Beranger, was, nevertheless, a good, wise, and learned man. In his youth he had lived in cities; he was not deficient in taste, and possessed some skill in the fine arts. The work of Petit-Pierre appeared to him

what it was,—already very remarkable, and promising much for the future. The good priest was touched to the heart by this solitary vocation, this unknown genius, copying, with reverence, devotion and conscience, some fragments from the infinite work of the Eternal Creator.

"My little friend, though modesty is a praiseworthy sentiment, it is unnecessary to blush as you do. It is, perhaps, an emotion of secret pride. When one has done a thing in the sincerity of his heart, and with all the effort of which he is capable, one need not fear to show it. There is no harm in drawing, especially when one does not neglect other duties. The time thus spent, you would otherwise have wasted, and idleness is bad in solitude. There is in this, my dear child, positive merit: these trees are natural, these shrubs have each their appropriate leaves. It is evident that you must have contemplated for a long time the works of the great Master, for which you ought to be penetrated with lively admiration, since, if it is difficult to make an imperfect and coarse copy, what must it have been to create all from nothing."

It was thus that the good curate encouraged Petit-Pierre; he had the highest confidence in the talent which had already carried him so far.

"Work on, my child," said he to him; "you will perhaps be another Giotto. Giotto was, like yourself, a poor goatherd, and finished by acquiring such talents, that one of his pictures, representing the mother of our Lord, was carried in procession in the streets of Florence, by the enthusiastic people."

The curate, during the long winter evenings, which left Petit-Pierre much leisure, since his sheep were warmly huddled together in the stable, taught him to read and to write, thus giving him the two keys to knowledge. Petit-Pierre made rapid progress, for it was as much his heart as his head which desired to learn. The worthy priest, though he reproached himself a little for giving his pupil instruction above the humble rank which he occupied, was pleased at seeing unfold, one after another, the calices of his soul. For this attentive gardener, this interior blossoming, of which he alone had the secret, was a most interesting spectacle.

The ice melted, the snowdrops and cowslips put forth their timid heads, and Petit-Pierre resumed the care of his flocks. He was no longer the diminutive child whom we saw at the commencement of our story; he had grown in stature, and had acquired courage. Nature had appealed to her resources to provide for the expenses of new faculties. Under the development of his brain, his forehead became enlarged. His eye, formerly downcast, had now a clear and firm glance. As in every head where thought dwells, his features reflected the interior fire. Not that he was devoured by the unhappy ardors of precocious ambition; but the wine of science, though infused by the good priest with prudent discretion, caused in his soul a species of intoxication which might have degenerated into pride.

[To be continued.]

MORALS IN RHYME.

BY MRS. OSGOOD.

If sorrow come, resist it not,
Nor yet bow weakly to it;
Look up to meet the heaven-sent storm,
But see the rainbow through it!

* * * * * *

And seek not bliss on airy heights,
Whose dizzy power doth rally!
The fragrant little hearts-ease lights
The lowliest, humblest valley.

The gem that clasps a royal robe,
The worldling's eye may dazzle,
But love will light his glow-worm lamp
In cot as well as castle.

If comes a blow from friend or foe,
With earnest good avenge it;
"The sandal-tree, with fragrant sigh,
Perfumes the axe that rends it."

Be like the sun, whose eye of joy
Ne'er on a shadow lay, love,
Be like a rill that singeth still,
Whate'er be in its way, love!

* * * * * *

If once a purpose pure and high
You form, for naught forego it!
"The mulberry leaf to silk is changed,
By patience," says the poet.

For the Magnolia.

A TALE OF WRONG AND REVENGE.

The shadows of the palm trees fell cool upon the golden sands along the beach of one of Africa's rivers; the green turf was enameled with flowers, and the birds there pouring forth music, wore the brilliant colors of the sunny tropics. The spicy air breathed that enervating power which relaxes the mind and inspires a dreamy, thoughtless mood, causing care to flee to a colder region for a resting-place. It was such a spot as the laughing pleasures seek out, and the grove echoed with the mirth of their votaries. A circle of dark-browed children were dancing their wild steps, and singing with a glee unwonted even among that light-hearted people. The king's daughter had that day joined their sports, and her bright glances seemed the source from which they caught the inspiration. The slight girl appeared of princely birth, as she stood in the midst, her long plaited hair and chiseled features contrasting with the curled locks and thicker lips of her companions. She was crowned with a chaplet of flowers for the nonce, and her subjects willingly bent the knee before the mimic queen. The servants of Latha, for that was the bright one's name, lay under the shade of the tall palm; they had been sent to watch that no harm befell their young mistress, and they regarded the group with pleasure, sometimes chanting the songs of their nation, while flying feet kept time to the rude measure. The river, delighting to prolong the sound, bore it down on the dark current, and the white man caught it as he stealthily plied his Christian oars under cover of the vines that skirted its banks. Woe for the dark sons of Africa! theirs is a bitter cup, and faithfully is it drained. So the boat was moored close by the palm grove, and the white men sprang from their hiding place, seizing alike servant and youth, till the boat was filled; then, with rapid strokes of the long oars, they shot toward the open sea. The deed

had been one of a moment, and while the captives still gazed at each other in utter dismay, Christian chains were binding them fast to an inexorable slavery. The proud Latha was chained with one of her servants; she exchanged her bracelets of gold for a coarser material, and the irons clanked around her ankles. Tears were on her cheeks, but they were not tears of weak sorrow; they were such as degradation, not pain, extort from a noble soul.

Day grew dim as the boat neared a ship from whose mast-head floated the banner of a mighty nation. As her sails were spread to the breeze, every eye sought a farewell glance at the land of home. The hold of a slave ship furnished a poor resting-place for limbs accustomed to repose on the soft skin of the leopard, and Latha pressed her head upon her small hands in pain, as she sat shuddering in the dismal place. She heard the waves dash against the planks, and she longed to feel the ship sinking into the cool depths, where the water spirits wander through their halls of coral and amber, binding pearls in the locks of the good, who find their graves in the ocean's bed. Hour after hour wore away,—it was horrid,—every minute was an age. The groans of some poor victim froze the blood in her veins, as one after another slowly died. The thick air was loaded with pestilence; hardly could one draw a breath in the loathsome enclosure. The rats spared the living only because the dead were easier prey. Latha heard them at their banquet from night till morn. Wet, weary and terrified, she begged for death, but though he came so near, it was not to call her. Fatal disease crept over her faithful servant; he knew he must die; only for Latha's sake he could wish to live. He bade her not fear him, for his spirit should never harm her, and lest she should be more terrified, he hushed his last groan, and held his gasping breath. Poor Latha! when she knew she was bound to one from whom life was gone, a strange sensation came over her—everything faded from her sight, and a happy unconsciousness possessed her. When she revived, she was lying on the deck of the vessel, far out on the blue sea. The sky above was mild, and the water below was calm, but they seemed to mock her grief. One

little bird, that had followed them from land, fluttered about the rigging, dispirited and alone,—with that she claimed a sympathy; daily, as she came upon deck,—for now the captives were suffered to breathe the pure air,—she watched the bird, and called it to her. She reserved a part of her scanty allowance of food for the lone one, and found some solace in her little friend. One day they were not allowed the deck, and Latha feared as she heard the cry, "Land ahead!" She dreaded parting with her bird,—so much does the heart attach itself to some living thing. After the ship was moored, the anchor dropped, and the captives called up to be carried to the slave-market, Latha almost forgot herself in watching for her favorite. It seemed to have an instinct that they were about to part, for, chirping mournfully, it dropped from the mast and lit on her shoulder. She raised her fettered wrist, and taking it in her hand, concealed it in her bosom. A kind of triumph lighted her eye as she was lowered to the boat, for she had something to love. The slaves were marched toward their market, and exposed for sale. Latha employed herself in devising means to conceal her treasure, and so successful was she, that her purchaser did not discover her secret. She was sent to her master's plantation, and tasked to labor in the field. The rays of the hot sun, and the drops of cold rain, fell alike upon her head. Her hands were all unused to labor, and scarcely could she grasp the rude implements of agriculture. Many an angry word and heavy blow had she received for her remissness; but while her bird lived, she bore all with a seeming indifference, which well became the king's daughter. Like her, it pined for freedom; it drooped, and one day she sat down under the corn, and wept for her dead bird. From that day her eye grew sad, and a mournful expression came over her beautiful face,—for notwithstanding the ebon hue of her skin, she was very beautiful, and many wondered at the plaited hair and chisseled lips of the young slave.

Autumn had come, and her master's only child was to return home. He was daily expected, and Latha heard on every hand his praises. All consented that he was *once* kind to the slaves, and wondered if, in his long absence, he had learned tyranny and cruelty. Some spoke of his pride;

Latha's royal blood pleaded its gracefulness. Her heart told her kindness was a rare virtue among a Christian people; she longed that one sweet word should fall upon her ear.

Welheim came home, and went out to see his father's plantation; he greeted the old servants in a kind voice, and glanced admiringly at the lovely Latha; but he passed without speaking, and she sighed. Why did he not speak to *her;* none loved *her;* and the tears stood in her soft, black eye. Her task was unfinished at night, and the morning's threat of punishment was about to be executed, when Welheim chanced to pass by. His heart revolted to see the slight form drawn to its fullest height, the arms crossed on her breast, and the proud lip curled in scorn at the thought of pain. He interfered, and bade the girl be dismissed to her cabin. Again the tears hung on her long lashes, as she lifted her eye to thank her young master. Welheim watched her, as with a light step she crossed the field, and the next day he stood beside her asking her name. The kind tone won her from grief, and throwing aside the hoe, her silvery voice said, "Latha." A sunny smile it was that beamed on her dark face.

Day after day her task was lightened, till she was free to stay in her little hut as it pleased her. The cabin itself assumed a look of luxury. Latha's self-taught taste festooned the flowers over the walls, and trained the vines across the rude window. And Latha *forgot* she was a slave, while she wreathed the bright blossoms among the braids of her hair, or watched *his* coming at her door. He was her god. She knew no other, and her worship was wild and perfect. While she sprang with child-like joy to meet him, or twined her slender fingers among his curls, and praised their beauty, or sang to him the melodies of Africa, or fixed her bright glance on his face as he played to her on his bugle, the young man felt that she was very dear to him. He lingered by her side till he forgot she was less fair than himself, and would almost have called her his bonny bride, but pride forbade. So he taught her to read, and to call the flowers by their right names, and to tell the stars, as they look down so kindly from their celestial

abodes. She quickly learned the lesson from a teacher so beloved, and thus years glided by, but she scarcely knew the flight of time. He was her dial, and it had been mid-day ever since he whispered "Latha" softly by her side. The little Ulia shared her care and clapped her tiny hands in glee, at the presence of the planter's son. The fair child was wondrously like him,—scarcely could Latha distinguish between them, as Ulia sportively mingled their raven curls. Welheim had long been on the eve of departure for Europe. Unwillingness to part from Latha had delayed him, till all excuses had long been exhausted,—he could offer no reason for not complying with his father's importunities, and at length reluctantly yielded. The moon shone soft, as he kissed the white cheek of the dreaming Ulia. Poor Latha! she felt that he never more would visit her little cabin,—his arm was around her for the last time, and bitter were the tears she shed as she *remembered* she was a slave. He told her he would come again, but she mournfully shook her head, knowing he would come no more for her.

Years passed on; they seemed long to the watcher; the shadow on her dial had declined since he had gone. She was treated kindly, for so he had bade it be. Ulia grew beautiful and proud, for the white man's soul was hers, and she had companionship with none but the king's daughter. At length Welheim's father died, and after a few months, a rumor of the young master's return reached the ears of Latha and Ulia. The slave shook like an aspen leaf, for she knew he had forgotten the light love of youth; but Ulia was certain he could not help remembering how much her curls were like his own. He *had* come, but he had brought a gentle lady with him, and Latha was once more compelled to labor in the field. It appeared to her the inhuman driver intended to repay himself for her lost time,—many a long scar marked her back, and the stones cut her tender feet. She hid Ulia from the storm, and deigned not to complain. One day, the planter's wife crossed the fields, leaning on her husband's arm. She was very fair, and Latha trembled as she watched their steps. He saw nothing except the angel at his side, and Latha felt sick as she pressed her hand slightly upon her head. Her heart was broken, but no

thought of revenge crossed her pure spirit; she worshipped still, though her god had turned away. As Ulia grew toward womanhood, her heart swelled at every stroke of the lash; her eye flashed when she saw her master's children caressed; they had stolen her birthright, and she felt the captive's lot in all its bitterness. Thus they lived on,—the broken heart, the haughty young spirit, and the planter's happy family. Latha's strength wasted away, till she could hardly perform her daily work. Lacerated by the driver's whip, and weary of life, she sat down in sullen despair. She was ordered to the place of punishment for the last time, and with a martyr's heart, Ulia stood beside her mother. She counted each stroke, and when the last was told, she clasped the mangled form; but the soul had fled, and the trusting heart was free to plunge in the boundless ocean of a spirit's love.

That night Ulia strewed roses over the grave of the king's daughter, and pledged all her wild young nature to win revenge. She loved her master, for she could recall kind words spoken long ago, and he was all she had in the world toward which one emotion of affection existed. But for those she deemed had stolen the love which should have been hers, what word can express the deep detestation she felt? Equally fair, and more beautiful than they, why should she be robbed of his love? This was the one idea of her mind, and she grew frenzied in feeding upon its bitterness. She would lay down her life for one fond caress, lavished so plentifully upon them. The slave knew no law, save that of her untamed soul, and she thought that if they were gone perhaps he would remember her.

She was returning to her deserted cabin after her daily task was done, when she met her master's son. He raised his little whip to strike the slave, but something in her glance arrested his hand, and Ulia persuaded him to go with her to pick berries upon the hill. True, she knew if he eat them, he could never return; but why should he retain what rightfully belonged to her? The sun had gone down and the planter's boy felt tired and sick; he bade Ulia take him to his mother. Marking his pale face and unsteady step, she led him still away from his home, till he could go no farther;

then she left him in the field with some berries beside him, to tell half the story of his death, and sit upon her mother's grave till the dawn streaked the east. Great was the distress when the planter's boy was found cold and stiff among the rocks; they laid him in a shady spot, and placed a marble monument at his head. Ulia saw well the distinction between the coffinless resting-place of the slave, and the carved marble of the white man's tomb. One kind word would have calmed the raging storm in her breast,—it was not said, for when she crossed the planter's path toward the cypress trees, and looked so imploringly in his face, rude was the tone that drove her away, and goaded her on to madness. Why need they have wondered so greatly, when, long months after, Ida fell into the stream, along whose margin she was playing, and took her sunny smile from the planter's now childless hearth! Ah! none knew the thorn which rankled in Ulia's bosom; none imagined such "daring deed" could proceed from a despised slave. So mourning was again in the planter's home, and it was doubly sad. The stricken mother was lying on her couch, watching the setting sun; dark clouds were hovering along the horizon,—all emblematical of her brief existence, whose light was going out in sadness. She was counting the last hours, and calmly, as that great luminary, went down the sun of her life. The white mother lay beside her children, under the mournful cypress.

One evening, as was his custom, the planter went toward his loved ones. Ulia resolved, he shall own me now, or I will die. She stood before him and said,

"They slumber softly, grieve not for those who sleep, but for the tired watcher, my father."

"Who taught the child of a slave to claim kindred with me? I tell you begone!"

The high brow flushed not, nor did the dark eye fall before the angry gaze of the planter.

"Yet I *am* your daughter, neither am I less fair than she who is hid from your sight."

An expression of grief softened the sternness of his glance, and the passionate girl flung herself before him; her soft curls, like his own in all save their floating length, fell

around her like a veil; her delicate hands were clasped tightly as she begged,—

"O, call me your own sweet Ulia but *once*, as you used to do when I was a little child; say you love me, but once, *only once*, and I will never come again."

Perhaps a softer cord had been touched, for he paused a moment, but if so, pride forbade its expression, and he sternly answered,—

"Ulia, if that be your name, know that I loathe your presence, and if you dare cross my way again, you shall die; or rather, if you go not this moment, you shall perish," he added, drawing a dagger from his bosom.

He had roused his own proud soul. Ulia sprang to her feet with flushed cheek and flashing eye; she tossed back her clustering locks, folded her beautiful arms, and made reply,

"Death would be sweet, if the blow came from my father's hand. What cause have *I* to live? And that you may not fail to give me rest, know, haughty man, it was the despised Ulia who drew your son from his home, and gave him the fatal fruit,—who enticed your Ida to the edge, and thrust her forward to the stream. They had stolen my birth-right, and I resolved they should die."

A convulsive motion passed over the planter's face; his hand moved swiftly, and a crimson flood stained the dress of Ulia. She did not shrink, but turned her eyes upon him, and murmured,—

"I bless you, my father; I shall sleep softly beside Latha, and death is only dear to the tired one."

Did the spirit of his early years come back over his soul, or was it that mind must ever acknowledge kindred with its own resemblance, and as he saw the beautiful slave dying like a hero beneath the stroke, he bowed to the romance of real life? His rage dissolved beneath that mournful gaze, and kneeling beside her, he strove to staunch the tide with which that young life was fast ebbing away. With a last effort, Ulia laid her hand on his, and whispered,

"It is useless, dearest father; Ulia is happy now. See, Latha sits by the dark stream, all lovely. Hark! she says,

'Tell him Latha forgives, and watches for him still till he comes.'"

The whisper died away; the long lashes drooped over her cheek; the crimson flood was stayed, and she breathed no more. The planter gently brushed the hair from her cheek, and looked long at the face on whose lineaments death had left a smile. He dashed a tear from his eye. Perhaps he felt his punishment just; perhaps he wondered he could have wronged one so perfect in loveliness. Whatever was his thought, he never smiled again; and often he was seen to bend over the lowly graves of Latha and Ulia, the king's daughters. NELLER.

For the Magnolia.

THE TWO SONGSTERS.

BY ANNE T. WILBUR.

There is in Maryland, the land of generous hospitality and warm welcome of the stranger, a very sweet home called Woodbury, a paradise of happy faces and loving hearts. In the tall trees which surround the white dwelling, the birds make their nests and dwell undisturbed. One into whose ear and heart these melodies sank not so deeply as the music of well remembered voices, in the serene twilight of a summer eve, thus commemorated them.

A BIRD in the locust tree all day long,
Chants in my ear the self-same song;
Warbling, and praising from morn till night
Some being unknown, whom he calls "Bob White."

And what is Bob White, little bird, to thee,
That his name should thus echo from tree to tree?
Was he a hero of olden time,
Whose name was forgotten by bards sublime?

Was he a friar of orders grey,
Shut up in a cloister night and day?
Or a huntsman bold, with his hounds and horn,
Away to the chase at the peep of dawn?

Was he a minstrel of low degree,
Loving a lady of dignity?
Or a noble knight with an armed band,
Bound for the wars of the Holy Land?

Or was he hung for some dreadful crime,
And his name handed down to the latest time?
Did he drink too much, and abuse his wife,
And lead his children all sorts of a life?

Was he a pirate who roamed o'er the sea,
And buried his booty beneath yon tree?
But the plaintive note of thine altered song
Tells me I 'm doing thy friend much wrong.

When the last faint ray of the setting sun
Tells that the day is nearly done,
When the breeze dies away, and the leaves are still,
You may hear the song of the Whip-poor-Will.

And who is Will, my poor little bird?
For his other name I have never heard;
And why, as you seem to pity him so,
Can you wish me to strike so cruel a blow?

Say, is he brother to that Bob White,
Who sings in the locust from morn till night?
And what has he done, that thy plaintive hymn
Ne'er swells on the ear till the twilight dim?

Hast thou lost, poor Will, thy worldly wealth,
Of fame, or fortune, of friends or health?
Has thy mate deserted her leafy home,
Afar in some sunnier clime to roam?

Thou art poor indeed, if the voice of love
Has ceased to resound in the silent grove;
And lone is the greenest and loveliest spot
Where the voice of affection is murmuring not.

Then alter thy song to the forest trees,
And fling its notes on the evening breeze,
Ever warbling thy plaintive tune,
In the mellow rays of the silvery moon.

For what to the lonely are sunshine and flowers,
Or the song of the birds in the summer hours?
The glory and beauty of nature and art,
Like the wealth of a loving and trusting heart?

THE MONEY DIGGERS; OR, THE FATAL PASSION.

[Concluded.]

As soon as night approached, S—— jumped into his skiff and pulled across to the settlement. Knocking at the door of a man by the name of D——, whom S—— had resolved to make a confidant of, and telling him he wanted to spend a few moments with him alone, they retired to the edge of the forest, and seating themselves, S—— proceeded to give to his companion a detail of the whole matter, not excepting his suspicions that the pirates intended to decamp soon and take away the treasure.

D—— was horror-struck at the thought of having lived so long in immediate proximity with pirates; but he agreed with S—— that they had as good claim to the buried gold as the pirates themselves. And they determined the next morning to make an examination of the premises, and at night remove the treasure. As they rose to return, the sharp report of a musket, in the direction of the dwelling of the Frenchman, broke upon them. And as they reached the door of L.'s dwelling, the young Frenchman came rushing up in the greatest agitation and alarm, crying out, in imperfect English, "Indians, Indians!" and laying hold of them, he pointed to his dwelling.

The neighbors were immediately aroused, and with lanterns and arms started for the Frenchman's cabin.

As they approached, one picked up a bunch of furs, and soon the glittering blade of a scalping knife was observed by another. "The red skins have left their marks," said one to another. On going into the hut, a horrid spectacle met the eyes of the party. On a bed of skins lay extended the body of the old pirate captain, his brains literally blown out, while a tomahawk was buried to the eye in his broad chest. Everything in the house was in the utmost confusion; clothing and arms and skins strewn about in perfect disorder, made it clear to the minds of the party that it was the work of a band of the Tarrentines.

After leaving a party to watch with the young man, who appeared greatly alarmed, S—— and D—— started to return.

"Well," said D——, "the old pirate has met the end to which he has sent so many; but is it not strange that, abroad as we were, and so near the cabin, we neither saw nor heard the Indians?"

"Not at all," answered S——, "for the best possible reason—none have been here."

"How, none?"

"Not an Indian; did you ever hear of an Indian committing murder without plunder? Did you not see that all the property was safe? And then, how did the young man escape safely giving no alarm until after the deed? And then, these men and the Indians have been on the best of terms, as the French and Indians always are. No, no; depend upon it, those skins and that knife came from the cabin; that young pirate's hand dealt that blow."

"It surely looks like it," said D——.

"And now," resumed S——, "he intends to possess himself of that treasure and fly. In his own country it will make a noble of him."

Little could D—— sleep that night. What with the excitement of the murder, the money and the suspicion which, in his mind, fastened upon the young man, sleep was banished from his eyes.

With the greatest impatience, he awaited the appearance of the first pale thread of light in the east, and then hastened to join S——. Together they passed up the bank of the river to the point from which S—— had witnessed the last interview between the two pirates; but on looking carefully around, they discovered two or three places where the soil seemed to have been broken; but the rock tossed by the young man was a guide to S——, and they soon fixed upon the spot where the treasure was supposed to be buried.

And now how they longed to open that spot, but it would have been a hazardous operation for the day time, and especially in the excitement of the village from the murder just committed. They might be missed, and this would lead to suspicions. It was finally concluded to postpone the search until that night at 12 o'clock, when, after the burial of the pirate, it might be safely done.

The hours passed slowly to the money diggers. The

funeral of the pirate captain occupied a part of the day. It was the first death in the infant settlement; a death of violence, and the victim a stranger. And sadly and sorrowfully the little group followed the remains of the old man to the grave, and deeply did all but two feel for the apparently grief-stricken nephew, who seemed smitten down with his loss. It was the determination of S——, as soon as he had taken possession of the treasure, to denounce the young man as the murderer, knowing that the circumstances would be sufficiently strong to convict him. And, indeed, such was the fact; when the excitement was allayed, and the settlers came to look at the circumstances, all were convinced of his guilt.

But the day passed away at last, and night, dark, quiet, solemn, settled upon the earth. D—— and S—— sat in the cabin of the latter, maturing plans and feeding hope with bright promises. S—— was most excited, for D—— had not yet entered so fully into the subject. D—— would occasionally express doubt, but S—— was sanguine; he saw no room for doubt. As sure as the morning sun should rise, so surely would his hopes be realized. He talked of his plans; he intended to return to his old home—to seek civilized society again. He was intoxicated with excitement.

Twelve o'clock came at last, lagging as though it grudged them the pleasure it was to bestow, or—would spare them the disappointment they were to suffer.

Lighting a dark lantern, and furnishing themselves with spade and pick-axe, they silently left the cabin, and stepping into a canoe ready at the beach, they quietly paddled down the bank of the stream, and then turning short around the point, pulled up the northern bank of the river. As they struck into the river, D—— said,

"Hark! I thought I heard the sound of an oar in the water."

S—— leaned over the gunnel, and laying his ear as near the water as possible, listened a moment.

"I seem to hear," said he, "the murmur of voices, and the dropping of oars or paddles into the water. It is a party of Indians who have been down to the salt water and are returning. I often hear them passing in the night."

A few moments and they landed, and passed up the bank

of the river to the spot they had visited the day before. The night was very dark, but with the aid of the lantern, they soon reached the location, and, as the light streamed upon the spot, what was their astonishment to see before them a mound of fresh earth; and running forward, they saw the very spot marked had been opened, and in the bottom of the excavation was the impression of an iron chest, the rust still adhering to the earth; and plainly to be seen was its track left upon the earth and stones as it had been dragged to the water and carried away.

Words cannot depict the shock which poor S—— suffered at that moment; he sank down upon the ground in a swoon, from the reaction of his excited feelings. D—— was more calm. He had not had much faith in the project until now; but the story of the pirate soldier was true. He called to mind the sounds they had heard when coming to the place, the murder of the old man; and he came to the conclusion that the young man had confederates who had assisted in the murder and in bearing away the secreted gold. No doubt it was their boat he had heard retreating down the river.

Poor S—— suffered so intensely, that he was thrown into a fever, and when he recovered he was insane—a victim to the *fatal passion.*

EDITOR'S TABLE.

Fontenelle said that "women have a fibre more in the heart, and a cell less in the brain than men." The witty editor of the Chronotype summarily remarks upon this, that "some of them have, and some have n't." For our own part, we readily allow the lords of creation their extra cell, and claim our additional fibre in the heart. Our assertion may prove the truth of the quotation, at least, to that class of whom Dickens' "strong-minded woman" is the representative, but "what is writ is writ." We have very comfortable opinions of the capabilities of our sex, but we think our cause is very little strengthened by lengthy arguments or high-

sounding pretensions. Time will render us a righteous verdict. It is for us to

"Act, act in the glorious present,
Heart within and God o'erhead."

It is very evident that the stronger sex believe us possessed of almost unlimited capacity. Do they not show this in their instructions to us? Since the Mahomedan doctrine, that women have no souls, first began to be questioned, have we not been taught that it was our duty to be perfect; in fine, that we have great reason to be ashamed of ourselves if we are not as faultless as the angels? Have we not in many cases, been *called* angels, in order to excite an ambition which has only to exert itself to equal these pure beings? Would these "knowing ones" exhort us to strive for what is unattainable—to be, what they believe it is impossible for us to be? The idea is absurd.

Scores of books are published every year, instructing us in our duties. Magazines discuss our rights, and the newspapers follow us up, with all sorts of hints about what is expected of us in every possible situation of life. We heard a sensible young lady remark, a short time since, that it was high time for some one to look out for the rights of the gentlemen. She feared they would be entirely lost sight of in the crusade for woman's improvement.

Grant Thorburn, whom we presume most of our readers are acquainted with, through Galt's "Lawrie Todd," seems to have come to the conclusion that something may yet be done for the other sex. He has lately written an article entitled "Hints to Young Men who expect to become Merchant Princes for the next generation," which is full of the strong Scotch common sense, for which he is so remarkable. We wish we could give the entire piece, but it exceeds our limits. The object of the writer is to instruct his own sex in what might properly be termed domestic tactics. And we feel ourselves bound to present some of the points of attack, in order that ours may not be *taken* unprepared, though we by no means recommend "a vigorous resistance." We are sure the following remarks upon courtship, &c. will make a favorable impression upon the ladies, and perhaps

find their way to the ear of some one to whom it was addressed :—

"There is nothing to be gained by dangling after a sensible woman for a twelvemonth, talking unmeaning stuff; words without knowledge. You mistake the sex if you expect to gain their favor by this means. While you think they are laughing at your small wit, they are only smiling at your *great folly*. Their modesty makes them retiring; but let me tell you, there is more wit in the little finger of most of the women with whom I have come in contact, than is to be found in the empty skulls of a whole generation of those black-whiskered would-be lords of creation. *I speak advisedly*, for in the line of my profession, as *High Priest* in the temple of *Flora* for nearly half a century, I have had abundant opportunities to note the disposition of the various worshippers, who are chiefly among the weaker sex. If you wish to gain the affections of a sensible woman, after a few weeks' personal conversation, tell her your intentions in *plain Scotch* at once—speak like a man, not like a wimpering school-boy. If you are pushed out from the door, just creep in by the window; thus, finding you are in earnest, she will be yours before another month goes round.

"Having now got married, devote your leisure hours to nourish and cherish your wife—leave politics to the pure democracy. If your circumstances are easy and you are fond of out-door amusements, let your wife be your constant companion. It 's unkind, unmanly, and impolite to leave her moping alone, while thou art abroad finding thy own pleasure.

"If it is thy lot to earn thy bread by the sweat of thy brow, when the labor of the day is past, devote thy evenings to the company of thy wife. If there are no extra cares to prevent it, take a walk in the fields or call on a friend. If thy wife is engaged in repairing thy garments or smoothing thy linen, then sit by the table, (one candle will serve both,) and read to her the news of the day or from some useful and entertaining book. If there are children to be cared for, stay at home and do your part. If one is fretful take it on your knee and sing to it 'Auld Lang Syne.' If the other stirs in the cradle, put your foot on the rocker. This will lighten the cares of thy partner and bring a smile on the face thou art wont to admire. Verily, in this house there is peace. I speak from experience."

We commend the following remarks upon home extravagances to all women of sense; and we sincerely believe that no one possessing a spark of that commodity, could remain "fire-proof" to the management here recommended. We verily pity the wife who would not "surrender at discretion" under such an appeal.

Caudle says, in his breakfast talk,

"There you are! Crying again! That 's the mean advantage you women always try to take of your husbands."

Now, just listen to "the New York Seedsman" on the same subject, and say if he don't deserve to be styled the New York sage.

"Perhaps your wife meets a tea-water-company at the house of Mr. Van Pelt. Mr. Van Pelt is an old-established, thriving trader—on the table is a silver tea-pot, a silver milk-pot, sugar-bowl, and tongs. At 9 P. M. you go to see your wife home; she looks sad, and on the way never opens her mouth. Having got home; she takes her stand at the looking-glass while untying her hat; her little pretty face is now as long as a bean-pole—you are distressed on her account—in the most soothing manner possible, you ask, 'What 's the matter with you, dear Maria, to-night?' She looks as if she had lost all her friends; for one minute she won't speak, and, perhaps, she begins to cry. Now be easy, cool, and acquit thyself like a man; these tears are the grape-shot which the ladies always carry in the fountain of their sparkling eyes; with this shot they mow down the men as fast as did the Invincibles of Bonaparte on the plains of Wagram. We have whole-hog, half-alligator, and half-horse men in Tennessee and Kentucky; they will stand before Colt's six-barrel revolving pistols, but there are not ten men between Plymouth Rock and the shores of the Pacific, who can stand before the shot from a woman's eyes. As I advised above, keep cool for a space, and be silent; perhaps on the next five minutes may hang the happiness or misery of your future lives; the scales are in thy hand. Place your chair by the table near which she sits, cover your face with your hands, whimper and cry a little, just by way of galvanic sympathy; with thy first sigh her tender heart will relent, and instantly become thy comforter. Now you will hear that all this *Muckle adae ab'ut na'thing* was only a storm in a tea-pot—this hateful tea-pot, and sugar-bowl, and milk-pot. 'I am sure, Mr. Jenkins, you can afford me a silver tea-pot as well as Mr. Pelt does to his wife,' &c.—Now another crystal tear is rolling across her beautiful eyes—don't look at them—you will be shot; for her sake, for your own sake, and for the sake of the next generation, 'don't give up the ship.' Draw closer your chair, commence a mild and soothing speech, sprinkled now and then with some of the elegant extracts, metaphors, and love-epithets with which you were wont to address your Maria three weeks before marriage. Begin the exordium as follows: 'You know, my dear, that Mr. Van Pelt has been long established in a profitable and certain business—has made a fortune—and is just on the point of retiring; whereas we are only beginning with a small capital; I cannot conduct my business without borrowing from the bank (bank discount.) When I borrow $ 100 from the bank, I pay seven dollars every year for interest; were we to get this silver tea-pot, milk-pot, sugar-bowl and tongs, they would cost nearly, or perhaps over, three hundred dollars. Now the interest on this sum is twenty-one dollars per annum; this would buy for you a good summer and a good winter hat; a thousand times rather would I look on thy pretty face, under a handsome bonnet, than to see thee pouring tea from a silver pot, to wet the mouth

of some envious neighbor, who might go home and laugh at what they would call our extravagance.' I know your wife is a woman of sense: she relents at once. In this way a woman may be *led*—she was not made to be *driven*. No young merchant should purchase plate, till once he can carry on his business without bank discounts."

Now that we have fairly introduced the subject, we may as well "say our say." There are some hints in the following scrap from the Saturday Evening Post, which may not be unimportant.

"All men depend for happiness quite as much on little things as on greater ones; and few but are even more tenacious of trifles than of matters of larger moment. It annoys many a man more to sit down to a bad dinner, than it would to discover that his wife was extravagant; and we have seen some little oversight in etiquette make a woman angry quicker than it would have done to have told her a falsehood. To see a wife badly dressed when you would have wished her to look well—to have her sick and complaining when you desired to go on a party of pleasure—or to find her away on a visit, leaving word for you to come for her when you go home at evening, tired and worried, try a man's patience exceedingly; and many a wife finds she has unconsciously put her husband into an ill-humor by some such trifle, when he would have borne heroically an assault on his purse, or a skilful, and therefore concealed, opposition to even a favorite scheme. It is in understanding these whims on the part of the husband —for all men are not alike, and their whims are as different as they are ridiculous—that a woman is to evince her good sense and display her tact.

"This requires some knowledge of character. Now, we do not mean to say that a wife should *manage* a husband, or that the husband should *command* the wife, though both are done daily, quite innocently, by persons who little suspect they are doing so. But you know your friend's foibles, and have charity for them, nor do you think the less of him for these little weaknesses which he has in common with all mankind. So it is with wife and husband. Each may love the other very dearly, yet each may have whims and prejudices the other does not approve of—how, indeed, could persons, educated so differently, be otherwise? But they do not love each other the less. On the contrary, affection teaches them, as by a sort of instinct, to avoid doing or saying things that the other disapproves of, until finally, what was policy at first, becomes habit, and people, from seeming to be like each other, become really what they affect."

We close our long tirade, and we hope the importance of the subject will excuse our prolixity, with the following fine extract from "An Address delivered before the Ladies' Mutual Improvement Association of Newbury Seminary, upon the Benefit and Danger of Society."

"That woman, more than man, is exposed to this enthralling agency of society, is obvious, both from her mental structure and her social allotment. She has *her* kind of superiority, man *his*. These differ no less than the spheres in which they were respectively created to act. If he excels much in thinking power, she does more in mental activity. Her keenness of perception is no less wonderful than his argumentative strength. It required the barbarism of a midnight age to deem her a flower whose fragrance is wasted in a day;—a rose, whose only beauty is in its morning blushes. Not only is her mind stamped with the undying life which belongs to man's, but it was cast in a much finer mould than his. Its superior delicacy is to be sought in its exquisite finish. Hence her sensibilities are stronger, tenderer, more uniform. Her Creator has formed her to be a kinder companion, a more confiding friend,—a tenderer parent, and a more ardent Christian. But in these very excellences originate greater susceptibilities of becoming a slave to the social sway. Besides, the sphere fitly assigned for the scope of her powers, is peculiarly favorable to this servitude. Her family is her society, her home is her dominion, her neighborhood is her world. Most with whom she associates are equally circumscribed in their sphere."

We copy the following joke, which we think too good to be lost, from a contemporary journal. It is entitled, "Self-Esteem of an Artist."

As the Duke of Clarence was one day sitting to Northcote, he asked the artist if he knew the prince regent.

"No," was the brief reply.

"Why," said the duke, "my brother says he knows you."

"Oh," answered Northcote, "that's only his brag."

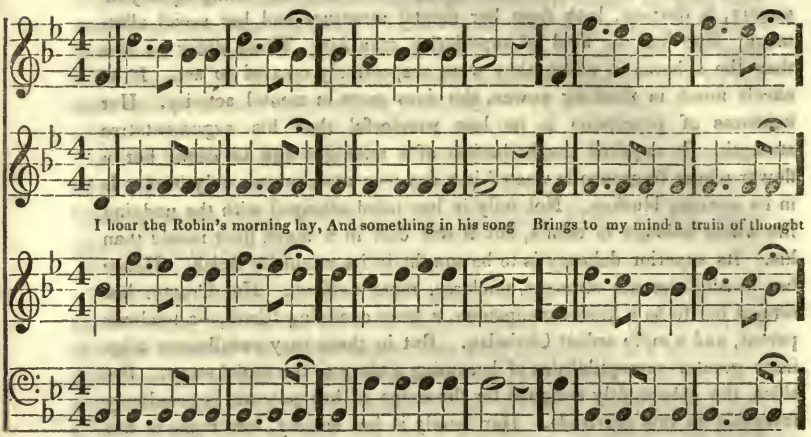
To Correspondents.—We hope to hear from "Neller" again.

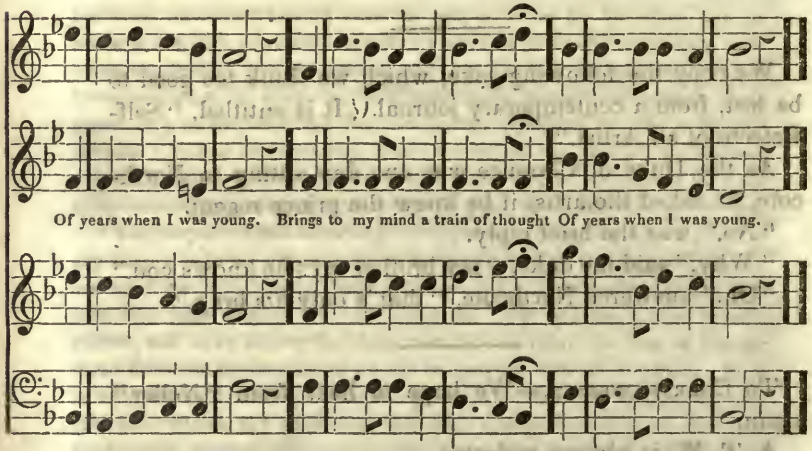
A. T. W. is always welcome.

We would suggest to those who furnish tales for the Magnolia, the propriety of condensing them sufficiently to have the whole inserted at once. Readers who have strong curiosity are very apt to skip stories with a "to be continued" at the end.

We regret that the letter from our European correspondent must be deferred till the next number.

I HEAR THE ROBIN'S MORNING LAY.





The mountain's bluff, the valleys low,
The murmuring stream along;
The frequent range and ramble round,
In years when I was young.

The distant horn, the sounding flail,
The flocks and herds in throng;
I recollect those rural scenes
Of years when I was young.

The circling round of youthful friends,
As vines with clusters hung;
The fire that in their bosoms glowed
In years when I was young.

Sweet little Redbreast, how I love
Those warblings of thy tongue,
And all the retrospect they bring
Of years when I was young.

But scenes and friends of earlier days
With time have rolled along;
And memory only calls to mind
The years when I was young.

Life with its varied scenes have changed,
I feel it in my song;
But Robin warbles just the same
As when I once was young.

SAREPTA.

[See Plate.]

This place is mentioned in the seventeenth chapter of the first of Kings, where it is called "Zarephath, which belongeth to Sidon." It is again mentioned in the New Testament by St. Luke, as "Sarepta, a city of Sidon." Josephus says it was situated between Tyre and Sidon. Some ruins still exist, which mark the site of this ancient city, and their situation near the sea, agrees so accurately with the descriptions given of it by Josephus, and other early writers and travellers, that its identity is almost unquestionable. It is memorable as the spot to which the prophet Elijah was directed to flee for refuge, by "the word of the Lord," during the terrible drought in the reign of Ahab. Here were performed those two interesting miracles, for the poor but compassionate widow, so simply and touchingly recorded in the word of God. These associations have rendered Sarepta holy ground. As the eye glances over its ruins, the mind wanders back to those hallowed days, when men enjoyed the sublime and holy privilege of direct intercourse with the High and Holy One, who inhabiteth Eternity. Mysterious and terrible communion! elevating its favored possessor almost above the level of mortality! At the bidding of "the word of the Lord," the God-inspired messenger stands before kings, who tremble and pale at his fearless denunciations or terrific prophecies. At the voice of the Heaven-gifted One, the departed soul returns to its former tenement of clay. A word from the prophet, and the cruise of oil and handful of meal are rendered inexhaustible for the supply of the poor widow, her son, and the man of God.

An Arab village, about a mile from the former site, preserves yet the name of Zararafet. M.

For the Magnolia.

THE SAVIOUR'S MISSION.

BY MRS. M. H. MAXWELL.

Mild as the balmy air of spring,
Calm as the breath of summer morning,
Soft as the light that star-rays fling,
Night's sable robe with gems adorning:
Thus o'er the dark and stormy sea,
Thus o'er the waves of Galilee—
A Saviour's voice, a Saviour's word,
Swept like the gentle viewless motion
Of Eden's bright aërial bird,
And hushed the night-storm's dread commotion.

Death rode upon the noxious air,
The bright and beautiful were dying,
And hope was yielding to despair,
Where faint and by the wayside lying—
The sick were on their couches brought,
And with uplifted hands besought
A single glance from that blest eye,
Which everywhere was mildly turning—
Before whose light diseases fly,
Like night before the day-star's burning.

But hush! the voice of frantic grief—
Tones fraught with sad, with fearful meaning,
Sorrow that mocks at all relief,
More bitter even than its seeming!
Shriek after shriek, both loud and long,
Comes wildly through the hurrying throng;
The breathless multitude, aghast,
Murmur like many waters flowing—
And as the fearful vision pass'd,
Ask whence it came, and whither going.

A widow from the land of Nain,
Her only son in death reclining
Upon that bier, o'er which in vain
The mother bends in deep repining;
But Jesus passes by that way,
Touching the bier whereon he lay—

The mother raised her tearful eye,—
  Fear not, said He, but be believing!
Her hopes revive, her tears are dry,
  And lo, the dead again is living!

The night is dark on Olivet,
  And hushed is Kidron in its flowing,
And flowers, with heavy night-dews wet,
  Reclose their buds so lately blowing;
And sadly wave the olive trees,
As faintly moans the evening breeze;
But calmly sweet the voice of prayer,
  With soft Siloa's murmurs blending,
Like incense on the midnight air,
  Its heavenward pathway swiftly wending.

Coldly the tide of human scorn
  O'er Him of Nazareth was sweeping,
Betrayed, deserted, and forlorn,
  Watched with a vigilance unsleeping
By those dark spirits, one and all,
Who, thronging Pilate's judgment hall,
Gaze on with cold malicious eye,
  Or raise the voice of bold blaspheming;—
Madly intent to crucify
  Him who but seeks a world's redeeming.

The night has pass'd—another day
  On proud Jerusalem is dawning,
But some dark wing has swept away
  The brightness of that radiant morning.
For lurid clouds, like purple gore,
The blushing sky is veiling o'er;
Amid the crowd appears the form
  Of Jesus, in its god-like bearing,
Decked with a crown which bitter scorn
  Platted of thorns for Jesus' wearing.

And up that wildly rugged steep,
  With faint and weary steps ascending,
True to the last his charge to keep,
  His Father's holy will defending.
Not *mine* but *thine* be done, He said,
And bowed to death his willing head!
The sun refused his wonted light,
  Night's sable wing his covert making,
And shrouding in Egyptian night
  That city, to its centre shaking!

Within that sepulchre so cold,
Silent in death the Lord is sleeping,
A stone upon its portal roll'd,
And cherubim the night-watch keeping.
But brightly glows the dawn of day,
The sacred stone is rolled away;
The angel-watch with plumed wing
Forsake their lone, deserted prison,
And heaven's high arch with anthems ring,
For lo! the Lord of Life is risen!

For the Magnolia.

THE SHEPHERD.

BY ANNIE T. WILBUR.

[Concluded.]

Fortunately, Petit-Pierre was without spectators. Trees and rocks are no flatterers. The immensity of Nature, with whom he was on daily terms of intimacy, soon restored to him the consciousness of his own insignificance. Abundantly furnished with paper and crayons by the curate, he had completed a large number of sketches, and sometimes, even in his waking hours, seemed to hold in his hand the golden pencil with its sparkling point, and to hear the lady, leaning over his shoulder, say,—"Well done, my friend. You have not allowed the spark which I placed in your heart to become extinct; persevere, and you shall have your reward." Petit-Pierre, having acquired a more accurate perception of forms, began now to understand how surpassingly beautiful was the lady of his visions. Now and then he drew out the chequered handkerchief, upon which the spot could still be distinguished, saying: "Happy blood, which has flowed in her veins, which has mounted from her heart to her head."

With the same sincerity which induced us, previously, to acknowledge that Petit-Pierre was not in love, we must now confess that he was so, and with all the energies of his soul. The adored image never left him. He saw it in the trees, in the clouds, in the sparkling foam of the cascade. Thus he had already made great progress.

An event, apparently very simple and not at all dramatic, happened, to change the whole current of Petit-Pierre's life.

The deputy of the department had obtained from the minister of the interior, a picture for the church of * * *; the artist, careful of his works, accompanied his painting that he might himself choose the spot where it would appear to the best advantage. He very naturally called at the Rectory, and the curate did not fail to mention a young shepherd in the neighborhood, who had much taste for drawing, and whose sketches displayed great talent. The portfolio of Petit-Pierre was emptied before the painter. The youth, pale as death, pressing his hand to his heart to check its tumultuous beatings, remained standing by the side of the table, awaiting in silence the sentence of condemnation, for he could not imagine that a well-dressed gentleman, with a red ribbon at his button-hole, the author of a picture set in a golden frame, could find the least merit in his rough sketches on gray paper.

The painter turned over several drawings without uttering a word; then his brow lighted up, a slight flush overspread his cheek, and he exclaimed, as if to himself, in the language of the studio: "How happy! how natural! not the least defect! Corot himself could not surpass this! Here is a sketch which Delaberge might envy; this sleeping lamb is exactly in the style of Paul Potter."

When he had finished, he rose, walked directly to Petit-Pierre, took his hand, shook it cordially, and said to him:

"Though it be not very creditable to us professors, my dear boy, you know more than all my pupils. Will you come to Paris with me? In six months I will teach you the general principles of our art; afterwards you can go on by yourself, and I think I can safely predict that you will attain to eminence in the profession."

Petit-Pierre, well fortified with chapter and verse against the dangers of the modern Babylon, set out with the painter, accompanied by Fidele, from whom he was unwilling to part, and whom the artist allowed him to take, with that delicate kindness of soul which is always associated with talent. Only Fidele would not allow himself to be placed on the imperial, and followed the carriage in profound

astonishment, but reassured by the face of his master which now and then smiled at him through the door.

We will not trace day by day, the progress of Petit-Pierre, since that would lead us too far. The works of the great masters, which he visited assiduously in the galleries, and of which he made frequent copies, placed at his disposal a thousand methods of expressing his ideas, which he never would have divined by himself. He passed from the boldness of Guaspre Poussin, to the luminous softness of Claude Lorraine, from the savage wildness of Salvator Rosa, to the accuracy and finish of Ruisdael; but he copied no particular style; he had an originality too strongly marked for that. He had not, like ordinary painters, commenced in the studio and then left his visiting card with Nature in excursions of six weeks, only to paint afterwards by the fireside, rocks from armchairs, and cascades from water poured artificially into a basin by a complaisant servant; but impregnated with the aroma of the woods, his eyes full of rural scenes, at the close of a long and observant familiarity with nature, he had taken first the crayon, afterwards the brush. The assistance of art had reached him soon enough to prevent his losing time in the pursuance of a wrong course, late enough to preserve his simplicity.

At the end of two years of persevering labor, Petit-Pierre had a picture admitted to, and noticed in the Louvre. He had earnestly looked for the lady of the golden pencil, but though he had watched attentively in his walks, at the theatres, at the churches, every woman who bore the least resemblance to her, he could not discover one trace of her. He was unacquainted with her name, and knew nothing of her, excepting her beauty. Nevertheless, a vague hope sustained him; something whispered to his heart that destiny had not entirely severed them. Though modest, he was conscious of his talents; he was soaring heaven-ward, and the impossibility of attaining to the star of his visions diminished daily. From time to time, our young painter walked about in the neighborhood of his picture, leaned over the railing, or affected to be looking attentively at some microscopic frame near his canvass, that he might gather the opinions of the spectators, and then said to himself, and

not without reason, that the lady who drew so well, and who was so fond of landscapes, could not fail if she was in Paris, of visiting the exhibition. In fact, one morning before the fashionable hours, Petit-Pierre saw a young female clad in black, advance towards his picture; he could not at first see her face, but a little portion of the white neck, which shone like an opal between her scarf and the edge of her bonnet, enabled him to recognize her immediately, with that certainty which habit gives to painters. It was in reality herself; the mourning which she wore, served to enhance the fairness of her complexion, and, contrasted with her black bonnet, her pure and fine profile had the transparency of Parian marble. This mourning troubled Petit-Pierre.

"Whom has she lost? her father, her mother, or, is she free?" said he to himself, in the most secret recess of his soul.

The landscape represented by the young artist, was the exact scene drawn by the lady, and for which, Fidele, himself and his sheep had sat. Petit-Pierre, inspired by love, had chosen for the subject of his first picture, the spot where he had received the first idea of painting. The grassy declivity, the groups of trees, the gray rocks piercing here and there the green carpet of turf, the grotesque trunk of an old oak, which had been struck by lightning, all were there with scrupulous exactness. Petit-Pierre had painted himself leaning on his stick, with an air of reverie, Fidele at his feet, and in the position which the lady of the album had directed.

The young lady remained a long time in contemplation before the picture of Petit-Pierre; she examined attentively all its details, advancing and receding, the better to judge of its effect. One thought seemed to occupy her; she opened the catalogue and looked for the number of the piece, the name of the artist and the subject of his work. The name was unknown to her; the book contained only the word, "*A Landscape.*" Then, seeming to be struck by a happy remembrance, she said a few words in a low voice to the young lady who accompanied her.

After having looked at some other pictures, she went away.

Petit-Pierre, attracted by a magical power, and fearing to lose this trace so fortunately recovered, followed the young lady at a distance, and saw her enter a carriage. To throw himself into a cabriolet, and to tell the conductor not to lose sight of the blue carriage with the chamois liveries, was the work of a minute with Petit-Pierre. The coachman energetically whipped his sorry steeds, and set off in pursuit of the equipage.

The carriage entered the court of a handsome house, Rue ——, and the gate closed upon it. Here then dwelt the lady. To know the street and the number of his ideal, was something; with less than this, many would have pushed the adventure to the utmost; but Petit-Pierre was not very courageous.

He must now ascertain the name of the lady of his thoughts, be introduced to her, make himself loved by her; three little formalities by which our ex-shepherd was much embarrassed.

Fortunately, chance came to his assistance, and the means which he sought, presented themselves to him. One morning, his servant Holofernes brought him, delicately balanced between his finger and thumb, a little oblong note, which he was smelling at with contractions and dilatations of the nostrils, as if it had been a bouquet of roses or of violets.

By the graceful and spirited handwriting of the address, it was evidently from a lady, and a well educated one. It was couched in these terms:

"Sir,—I have just seen a charming picture of yours at the Louvre; I am very desirous to possess it for my little gallery, but fear I am already too late. If it still belongs to you, have the goodness to promise not to dispose of it to any one, and send it, at the close of the exhibition, to Rue St. H——, No. ——. Name your own terms.

G. D'ESCARS."

The street and the number coincided perfectly with that where Petit-Pierre had seen the carriage enter. He was not mistaken; Madame d'Escars was in reality the lady of his visions, who had given him the louis, with which he bought his first drawing materials; a drop of whose blood he still so carefully preserved on his chequered handkerchief.

Petit-Pierre called upon Madame d'Escars, and they were soon on terms of intimacy. The upright simplicity, at once enthusiastic and intelligent, of Petit-Pierre, whom we shall continue to call thus, to the end of our story, in order to conceal a name now become celebrated, delighted Madame d'Escars, who had not yet recognized in the young artist, the little shepherd who had served as a model, though she had from his first visit, a vague recollection of having seen his countenance elsewhere.

Madame d'Escars had said nothing to Petit-Pierre about her own drawings, for she was in no haste to display her talents. One evening the conversation turned on painting, and Madame d'Escars acknowledged, what Petit-Pierre knew very well, that she had executed some sketches, which she should have shown him before, had she judged them worthy of such an honor.

She placed her album on the table, turning the leaves more or less rapidly, as she thought the designs worthy or unworthy of examination. When she reached the page containing the sketch of Petit-Pierre and his little flock, she said to the young painter:

"This is nearly the same spot represented in your picture, which I bought in order to see my own ideas fully carried out. The coincidence is singular. You have then visited S——?

"Yes, I have spent some time there."

"A charming country; retired, yet comprehending beauties which one would go far to see; but since I have taken my album from its case, you shall not escape with impunity. Here is a blank leaf; please sketch something upon it."

Petit-Pierre drew the valley where Madame d'Escars had fallen from her horse. He represented the lady thrown upon the ground, and supported by a young shepherd who was bathing her temples with a wet handkerchief.

"What a strange coincidence!" said Madame d'Escars. I fell from my horse in a similiar spot, but there was no witness of the accident, excepting a little shepherd boy, whom I vaguely saw on my recovery, and whom I have never since met with. Who related this to you?"

"I am Petit-Pierre, and here is the handkerchief which

wiped the blood from your temple, where I perceive the scar of the wound under the form of a white ray."

Madame d'Escars extended her hand to the young painter, who kissed it tenderly and respectfully, then, with an agitated and tremulous voice, he related to her all the occurrences of his past life, the vague aspirations which had troubled him, his visions, his efforts, and finally his love, for now he saw clearly into his own soul, and if at first he had adored in Madame d'Escars the Muse, he now loved the woman.

What shall we say more? The conclusion of this story it will not be difficult to divine, and we promised at the commencement, that there should be no catastrophe—nothing surprising. Madame d'Escars became at the expiration of a few months, Madame D——, and Petit-Pierre had the rare fortune of espousing his ideal, and of seeing his visions become reality. He loved beautiful trees—he became a distinguished landscape-painter. He loved a beautiful woman—he married her; happy man! But what will not pure love and perseverance accomplish?

For the Magnolia.

THE LOVED AND LOST.

BY REV. M. TRAFTON.

All pale she lay and panting
When I reached her cottage door,
And I longed again to see her,
And to hear her speak once more.
We had been friends, and strong the bands
That bound our hearts together;
We did not dream that even death
Such holy cords could sever.

When last I saw her youthful form,
When last I pressed her hand,
The rose was on her rounded cheek,
Her smile was fresh and bland;
Her step was light as forest fawn's
Upon the yielding moss,
Her mild blue eye had love's bright beam,
Her curls, the raven's gloss.

I knew her in her infancy,
I loved her when a child—
So matronly her maiden mien—
So pure, so kind, so mild!
To me she was a sister—I
To her a brother seemed,
And of this painful parting, we
Had never, never dreamed.

How often in the twilight hour
We wandered o'er the green,
Nature's sweet music heard with joy,
Her rarest beauties seen.
And as the stars came smiling out
In heaven's blue arch above,
We talked of dwelling in that world,
Blest state of primal love.

But O! we scarcely yet had thought
Of the long dreary way
Which leads from this lone world of grief
To that of endless day:
The deep, wide gulf that lies between,
Crossed by the "bridge of sighs,"
Or then despair had filled our hearts,
And tears had filled our eyes.

But she was smitten—when I heard
That sad and startling word,
I flew, as flies to meet its mate
The home-returning bird;
I saw her once again, but O!
What havoc there was made!
So changed I scarce should know her, on
That snow-white pillow laid.

The rose had left her sunken cheek,
The red had passed away
From lips I had so often kissed
In childhood's joyous day.
Quenched was the light of those bright eyes
By her hot gushing tears;
She seemed to have been toiling through
A score of scathing years.

She smiled, as smiles the setting sun,
Faint through a silvery shower,

As in my bosom lay her head,
That stricken, faded flower.
She whispered—" O, I knew you 'd come,
Last night I dreamed, with you
I wandered by the flowing stream,
Where perfum'd violets grew.

" Again we sat within the bower
With vines and ivy hung,
You bade me sing again the song
For you so often sung.
And then methought a glorious bird
Poured forth such melting tones,
We listened both, so charmed that I
At last seemed there alone.

" And then I slowly upward rose,
Up through the balmy air,
While the music of that wondrous bird
Above me murmured there.
Higher I rose, and higher still
That charming songster flew ;
So filled my soul with that rich strain,
I thought not then of you.

" Still brighter then my pathway led
Through fields of golden light,
Such glories as eye ne'er had seen
Burst on my ravished sight.
When, in the distance, such sweet chords
Upon my spirit fell,
As oft we heard at day's calm close,
In the low curfew's swell.

" But oh ! just then methought I heard
Your voice loud on me call,
In tones of choking grief it came,
I well remember all.
I turned—I woke—and then dissolved
That vision quite away,
And much I wept that I could not
In that blest region stay.

" Keep me not back, for through the day,
Oft as my eyes I close,
I see again that golden bird,
And rich his music flows.

Ay, now within the room I hear
That smiling chorus band,—
I come,"—she upward turned her eye,
And waved her faded hand.

Silent and still upon my breast,
With transport in her eye;
A smile lay on her parted lips,
As spring's sweet snow-drops lie.
But her heart was still—I felt the chill
Of death upon her brow;
Her spirit with those *harpers*
She heard, is singing now.

Cambridge, April, 1846.

For the Magnolia.

SKETCH OF THE EMPRESS JOSEPHINE.

The island of Jamaica boasts a higher honor than the sea-washed shores of Corsica, though the latter will ever be associated with the name of the greatest of modern conquerors. But the former was the birth-place of the good, the benevolent Josephine, whose life was spent in diffusing blessings on all around her.

The island of Jamaica was the place of her nativity. Little is known of her parentage, but it is reputed respectable. Being early left an orphan, she was adopted into the family of her uncle, a wealthy planter residing on the island, who gave her at her baptism, the name of Marie Joseph Tascher. Respecting the juvenile part of her life, historians and biographers say but little. An incident related by herself to Madame de Staël, refers us to the fifteenth year of her age. "One day," said she, "when approaching a group of my uncle's slaves, who were dancing around a gipsy fortune-teller, the old woman suddenly uttered an exclamation of surprise, as if she saw in my destiny something very wonderful. When urged to relate the cause of her singular appearance, she said, 'You will soon be married to a foreigner, and go with him to a foreign land. In this union you will be unhappy; you will be a widow while young; you will marry again, and be afterwards Queen of France; but you will die in an hospital.' Strange as this

prophecy would have seemed to the superstitious and romantic, Josephine appears to have attached little importance to it, though, that she remembered it, is known from the fact, that when a prisoner in the Luxembourg, she mentioned the circumstance to her fellow-prisoners, and with a mixture of playfulness and seriousness, chose some of them to be her maids of honor. A portion of this prophecy was verified. In her sixteenth year, a gentleman from France, on an embassy to America, stopping at Jamaica, formed an acquaintance with her, married her, and conveyed her to France. With Beauharnois (for such was her husband's name) it seems she lived happily for a time; but at length being convinced of his inconstancy, she took her two infant children, Eugene and Hortense, and returned to Jamaica. Many years after, when the ladies of her court were admiring her jewelry, she observed to them, that all the gems she possessed, never afforded her half the pleasure she experienced on receiving a pair of shoes for Hortense, while making this voyage to Jamaica. An old man who sailed in the same vessel, solicited Hortense to dance, and she complied until her feet were worn and bleeding, upon which occasion he presented her with the shoes, of which Josephine retained so grateful a remembrance.

After remaining two years in Jamaica, she became reconciled to her husband, and returned to France. About this time the war broke out, which was to deluge all Europe in blood and carnage. Beauharnois was a radical, and consequently incurred the suspicions of Robespierre and his party, who caused him to be arrested and tried. The proceedings of the civil tribunals of France were mere mockeries of law and justice. To be suspected was to be convicted. His children, then at the ages of ten and twelve, were privately interrogated, by unprincipled and designing men, desirous of drawing something from their childish replies, to condemn a beloved father. What must have been the feelings of Josephine, as she paced to and fro, in an adjoining apartment, scarcely able to control her emotions? Her husband was the victim of cruel suspicion, his judges the most ignoble in the land. What could she hope? Well might she pray "temper the wind to the shorn lamb."

With a settled conviction of the fate that awaited them, she sent her children to reside with an aunt in the country, and delivered herself into the hands of the administrators of justice. Madame de Staël, who was one of her fellow-prisoners, says, that she was uniformly cheerful, and spoke of the future, even at this dark hour, with hope. On that fatal morning, when the streets of Paris were flooded with the blood of its best citizens, Beauharnois was guillotined; his wife would have shared the same fate next morning, had not the timely death of Robespierre prevented.

When she first became acquainted with Napoleon, he was an officer in the army, whose star of fame had just begun to glimmer in the horizon. The sword of Beauharnois was in his possession, and the means she used for its recovery, led to their first interview, which finally resulted in their union. At this period of her life, we scarcely know whether her situation is enviable or not. Her husband's rising fame, and subsequent glory, must have yielded her no small degree of satisfaction. But hers was an ardent temperament, easily repulsed, delicate, and sensitive. His was haughty, stern, abrupt, fitful, and commanding. With woman's tact, she sought to conform to his taste, to study his character, and anticipate his wishes; yet often was she compelled to feel that ambition had defaced his better feelings, that while her love was all devotion, there was much of selfishness mingled with his. Her letters, when he was absent, breathed warm affection, and seem at times to have afforded him much pleasure. But like the world in general, in prosperity she was forgotten, in adversity remembered and loved. In his exile and disgrace, he realized a little of the mortification and chagrin he had occasioned her, and perhaps he yearned for the sympathetic heart he had forever cast from him.

On the 6th of December, 1804, Napoleon and Josephine were crowned Emperor and Empress of France. Her honors she seems to have borne, with equal dignity and grace. The nobler impulses of her nature were never marred by prosperity; she was always kind and liberal to the needy, and ever counselled on the side of clemency. The career of Bonaparte, for six or eight years, was one of continued triumph, and Josephine enjoyed, perhaps, as

much happiness as commonly falls to high stations. But a blow awaited her that was to destroy her peace—to crush her hopes, and separate her forever from the idol of her heart. When the Emperor's prime minister first intimated to her the necessity of divorce, she could not believe it was the wish of Napoleon, and when, at their next interview, she mentioned it, and besought him in all the impassioned eloquence of grief not to cast her from him, she found it was his will, and in a burst of agony, she threw herself on the bed and wept. From this time she appears to have maintained a stern control over her feelings, worthy of the Empress of France. When she found it was her fate, she yielded to it in a manner that did honor to her sex and station. A beautiful situation at Versailles was assigned her, where she gathered around her a few choice friends, in whose society her life glided tranquilly along. From this period Bonaparte's fortune waned. When he was on the Island of St. Helena, Josephine wrote to him that she would join him, if she had the *right* to do so, and if it would not mar the glory of his name; and she offered to part with her jewels, to obtain money for him.

And here we find it almost impossible not to cast a glance at the character of Marie Louise, as it appears contrasted with Josephine's. Whatever may have been the nature of the Austrian princess' regard for Napoleon, or her motives in marrying him, she failed to manifest for him that affection and devotion which were shown by Josephine. She seems to have loved her kindred and home among the Austrians, better than the society of the exiled monarch.

Josephine, happily, did not long survive the Emperor's defeat at Waterloo, and banishment to St. Helena. Through life she had been like the willow, that bows to the storm but lifts its head to the sunshine. A well disciplined mind and cheerful temper, enabled her for a time to support her adverse fortune, but they were not proof against the heart-breaking disappointment inflicted by that last blow.

The sensation created by her death, was a more eloquent eulogy upon her character, than could be written in words. Her remains, while lying in state, were visited by 20,000 of the French people, and followed to the humble tomb in the

village church of Ruel, by 2,000 of the poor, who voluntarily closed the procession. The spot is now marked by a monument of white marble, representing the Empress kneeling in her imperial robes, and bearing only the simple but touching inscription, EUGENE ET HORTENSE A JOSEPHINE.

For the Magnolia.

THE ACHING HEART.

"Oh! that my life were as a Southern flower!"

I 'm weary of this weary world—I 'm weary of its grief;
My sickened spirit turns away, and vainly seeks relief;
In vain, in vain I seek for bliss, in vain I pray to know
If pure unsullied happiness dwells in this vale of woe;
My wounded soul can find no joy, no healing balm to stay
The deep and fearful gush of grief that on my spirits weigh.
On, through the dim, dark dreariness of coming, shadowy years,
My fancy roves, and meets a waste, a wilderness of fears,
So dark, so drear, that death's dread vale would be to me more sweet,
And all the terrors of the tomb, I would not fear to meet.

One voice is wanting to my ear, one deep, low, silvery voice,
To breathe its tones of music out, and bid my heart rejoice;
One glance forth from that flashing eye, to chase away my night,—
One glance of love!—oh, would it not o'erwhelm me in its light!
To hear love's own sweet language fall from his dear lips on me!
Peace! peace, my fondly picturing heart, it is but mockery.
It cannot be—it may not be—for "*woman's* lot" is thine;
Concealment shall feed on thy cheek, and thou in sorrow pine.

Can I not bid my heart be free? Will not my woman's pride
Come now in its o'ermastering strength, my wasted love to hide?
Shall all the gushing tenderness which others sought to wake,
Come rushing from unfathom'd depths, with its own weight to break?
I will not yield me up to dreams, my spirit shall not bow
In tame submission to a spell *his* heart can never know;
I will awake my slumbering soul, I will again be free,
And change into forgetfulness, all my idolatry;
No flush shall deepen on my brow, no trembling seize my frame,
When from the gay and heartless throng I hear his own loved name.

'T is vain!—I wreath my face in joy, and teach my lip to smile,
But oh! my aching, saddened heart seems bursting all the while;
For sorrow's wasting blight has found its way into my heart,
And now hope's budding visions fade, youth's morning dreams depart;
And the bright sunny smile of joy, that on my cheek should bloom,
Has given place to sorrow's sigh, the gushing tear of gloom;

And joyous glances of the eye that once could flash with mirth,
Have gone, and tell in quenched beams, how fade the joys of earth.

They tell me I am beautiful, and speak to me of love;
But life too early lost its charm—*their* praises cannot move;
I listen to the honied words they breathe into my ear,—
They fall like Afric's parching sands on the wild desert drear;
I listen—and I smile perchance, or wipe a tear away;
But the blest hope of that bright world, unsullied by decay,
Buoys my sad soul above its gloom, above its earthly strife,
And bids me plume my fainting wings, for realms of endless life.

MINA.

THE AVALANCHE.

The beautiful rivers with which this country abounds add greatly to its interest and utility. Some of them are long, and navigable for many hundreds of miles, and upon their bosoms glide boats of almost every description, teeming with multitudes of human beings, and freighted with the rich products of our fertile soil.

The banks of these rivers furnish some of the most eligible locations for cities, to be found in this or any other land. Every few miles, the traveller is surprised and delighted with a city breaking upon his view, in all the freshness of youth, and evincing all the energy of matured manhood; with its thousands of inhabitants, with all the appendages necessary to accommodate and sustain them, surrounded by the most delightful scenery, and combining the privileges of the populous town and the healthfulness and luxury of the country, with its pure and bracing atmosphere neutralizing the dense and sickly vapors of the crowded mart.

An affecting incident which occurred by an avalanche of a hill, in the rear of one of these cities, is what I intend more particularly to detail. If the reader is curious to know where the following event took place, he will readily see by turning to his map, and as he casts his eye over the different arms of "old ocean," he will see one in the *axilla* of which, stands the largest city in North America. The arm is to the north, and upon it hang hills, mountains, and cities; it is more than 150 miles long, and near its wrist is the capital of the *empire state.* Still further towards its

fingers is to be found the very city where the incident took place which I am about to relate. This city is long and narrow, rendered so by the river on the west, and a mount which extends quite its length on the east; this, however, is no deformity; but, on the contrary it gives to its appearance additional beauty, and on many accounts is really an advantage to it. Though the mount is steep, yet there are streets winding about on its sides, and here and there a beautiful cottage overlooking the city, whose inhabitants enjoy all the pleasures of rural life, living quite above the turmoil and bustle of the noisy world below their feet, and yet permitted to sympathize in its transactions and stirring scenes.

Near the southern extremity of this mount, two avalanches have occurred within the last twenty years. The first one, which took place without any previous warning, came down with a dreadful crash, breaking and sweeping before it every house in its way, and burying the inhabitants beneath their ruins. Some were rescued alive, many were found dead, and others again were never disinterred. They were buried beneath the mountain, never to come forth, until He who shall awake the dead, shall summon the slumbering nations to judgment.

For a number of years after this awful calamity, not a house was erected in its vicinity; but a new set of inhabitants came in, and buildings began to be reared; one after another went up. At first their site was cautiously selected; but at length some reckless adventurers fixed upon the very spot most exposed to danger, and upon it built their houses. Some who recollected the former catastrophe, and others who had heard of it, thought there was danger, but the fearless ones said "it might not occur again in a thousand years—perhaps never, and they were not afraid." Time passed on, and all things continued as they were. The hill was there—the houses were there, and the people within them felt safe. But ofttimes we are in the greatest danger when we feel ourselves the most secure. Another huge body of the mountain at length broke loose; it began to move—its own weight giving it fearful momentum—there was no escape; men, women and children found

a common grave, and many of them were hurried into eternity with terrible violence; others were buried beneath the ruins of their dwellings, maimed and mangled, to linger and die, and a few were saved alive.

In the cellar of one house—a house of infamy—there were seven persons drinking and carousing; one of the number providentially stept out just in time to make his escape; all the rest were overwhelmed and suddenly hurried from their cups and their carousals, in this den of death, into an awful eternity.

In another dwelling, a part of the family were absent, leaving a niece and a little son. This house was buried beneath the mountain; but by great labor they dug down to its ruins. The mother and sister were waiting the result of the search for the bodies of the young lady and their beloved Joseph—a little boy five years old. The timbers of the building were piled in one promiscuous ruin. Broken boards, smashed timbers, bricks and stones, which lay in heaps, had to be carefully removed. Many hours were occupied in this work. They could scarcely hope to find either alive, and dreaded lest they should find their bodies horribly mangled, as some of their unfortunate neighbors had been. It was indeed affecting to hear the cries of the sister and mother, as the workmen progressed in their fearful enterprise; sometimes, fancying they were within speaking distance, the sister would call in trembling accents, "My dear Jane, are you yet alive?" The mother, overwhelmed with agony, with all the intensity of maternal affection, hoping against hope, in tones of heart-rending distress, would cry out, "Joseph, my dear little Joseph, are you yet alive? Speak, my boy—if you cannot speak, groan—your mother will hear you." But all was silent as the house of death. The workmen proceeded, and finally arriving at the main body of the rubbish, told the friends that the bodies could not be far off. At this the mother became frantic in her cries—"Joseph, my son Joseph!" At length, beneath some of the heaviest timbers, the workmen thought they heard a child's voice. The mother, nerved with almost supernatural energy, put her face quite down between the timbers, and screamed, "Joseph, Joseph, Joseph,"—then waiting a moment to listen if there was any sound, to the surprise of all

present, the answer came. It was plain and audible: "Mother, I am here—take me out—I can't move—aunt Jane has me in her arms, and she can't move; do, mother, help me, I can hardly breathe." Excited, overstrained nature, could endure no more; the mother fainted. Soon the dear little boy was found locked in the cold arms of his dead aunt; her head had been smashed between two large timbers, under which little Joseph had been preserved alive, with death threatening on every hand.

Was this all chance, dear reader? There is a watchful Providence over us, and that Providence, for inscrutable reasons, saw it most fitting to shield little Joseph, and to summon the affectionate aunt, whose arms encircled him, into eternity. I knew this young lady well; she had often felt the importance of the one thing needful; the Spirit had striven with her much; but, alas! it is to be feared that she grieved its holy influences from her heart, when, without a moment's warning, she was called to her account. Let us, then, be warned, and be always ready.

Fitchburg, April, 1846. R.

WE SHALL BE HAPPY YET.

BY MRS. JAMES GRAY.

Fear not, beloved, though clouds may lower,
Whilst rainbow visions melt away,
Faith's holy star has still a power
That may the deepest midnight sway.
Fear not! I take a prophet's tone,
Our love can neither wane nor set;
My heart grows strong in trust—Mine Own,
We shall be happy yet!

What! though long anxious years have passed,
Since this true heart was vowed to thine,
There comes, for us, a light at last
Whose beam upon our path shall shine.
We who have loved 'midst doubts and fears,
Yet never with one hour's regret,
There comes a joy to gild our tears—
We shall be happy yet!

Ay, by the wandering birds, that find
A home beyond the mountain wave,
Though many a wave and storm combined
To bow them to an ocean grave—
By summer suns that brightly rise
Though erst in mournful tears they set,
By all Love's hopeful prophecies,
We shall be happy yet!

JOHN POUNDS AND HIS SCHOOL.

"Don't pray stop to look in shop-windows," said the beauty at our side, as we hurried along Washington street, one cold uncomfortable morning. We begged for "just one moment," for we must confess to the same failing described by the writer of the following article—an unconquerable passion for picture-shop windows. It was reluctantly granted, and we found ourselves before the most interesting picture it has yet been our lot to look upon.

We gazed with feelings of pride, a short time since, upon the beautiful portraits of our statesmen, which our countryman, Healy, has recently finished for the King of the French —but we never stood before a work of art, which called up so many unutterable thoughts as we found crowding upon us, while we looked upon the picture of "John Pounds and his School." It was a colored engraving, perhaps a little more than a foot square, in a plain mahogany frame—we do not intend, however, to describe it—the article we present our readers has done it for us.

We glanced at the face of our gay friend as we turned for another lingering look, and the expression of those beautiful features spoke eloquently of its effect upon the heart. In truth, it was a life's lesson. We bent our steps homeward, inwardly resolving some day to become the owner of that silently teaching picture. It shall be framed in massive gilt, and it shall be the first object upon which our opening eyes shall rest, and the last to which they shall close in slumber. We are sure our readers will appreciate the interest with which we perused the following from Chambers' Edinburgh Journal:

"One day, in passing along the streets of London, I was arrested by a crowd at a print-shop window. It is perhaps not altogether 'respectable' to be seen forming one of such assemblages; but every man has his failings, and one of mine is, to take a peep at any very nice-looking prints which the sellers of these articles considerately put in their windows for the public amusement. On the present occasion,

in taking a survey of the printseller's wares, I was much interested in observing a print which differed considerably from anything else in the window. Hanging between an opera dancer and a general—both pets of the public—was the representation of an old cobbler sitting professionally in his booth, with a shoe in one hand and his knife in the other, while, with spectacles turned up over his brow, and head averted, he was apparently addressing a ragged urchin who stood beside him with a book. In the back-ground was a miscellaneous collection of books, lasts, old shoes, and bird-cages, interspersed with the heads and faces of a crowd of children—the whole forming an unique combination of a school and cobblery. Beneath was the inscription, 'John Pounds and his school.' I was, as I have said, interested, and I resolved to know something, if possible, of John Pounds and his seminary. On making inquiries accordingly, I discovered, through the agency of a little pamphlet, (sold by Green, 50 Newgate street,) who John Pounds was, and what kind of a school he conducted.

"John Pounds was born of parents in a humble rank of life, in Portsmouth, in the year 1766. In early life, while working with a shipwright in the dockyard, he had the misfortune to have one of his thighs broken, and so put out of joint as to render him a cripple for life. Compelled, from this calamity, to choose a new means of subsistence, he betook himself to the shoemaking craft. The instructions he received in this profession, however, did not enable him to make shoes, and in that branch of the art he was diffident in trying his hand. Contenting himself with the more humble department of mending, he became the tenant of a weather-boarded tenement in St. Mary street, in his native town.

"John was a good-natured fellow, and his mind was always running on some scheme of benevolence: and, like all other benevolent self-helpful people, he got enough to do. While still a young man, he was favored with the charge of one of the numerous children of his brother; and, to enhance the value of the gift, the child was a feeble little boy, with his feet overlapping each other, and turned inwards. This poor child soon became an object of so much affection with

John, as thoroughly to divide his attention with a variety of tame birds which he kept in his stall. Ingenious as well as kind-hearted, he did not rest till he had made an apparatus of old shoes and leather, which untwisted the child's feet, and set him fairly on his legs. The next thing was to teach his nephew to read, and this he undertook also as a labor of love. After a time, he thought the boy would learn much better if he had a companion—in which, no doubt, he was right, for solitary education is not a good thing—and he invited a poor neighbor to send him his children to be taught. This invitation was followed by others: John acquired a passion for gratuitous teaching, which nothing but the limits of his booth could restrain. 'His humble workshop,' to follow the language of his memoir, 'was about six feet wide, and about eighteen feet in length; in the midst of which he would sit on his stool, with his last or lapstone on his knee, and other implements by his side, going on with his work, and attending at the same time to the pursuits of the whole assemblage; some of whom were reading by his side, writing from his dictation, or showing up their sums; others seated around on forms or boxes on the floor, or on the steps of a small staircase in the rear. Although the master seemed to know where to look for each, and to maintain a due command over all, yet so small was the room, and so deficient in the usual accommodations of a school, that the scene appeared, to the observer from without, to be a mere crowd of children's heads and faces. Owing to the limited extent of his room, he often found it necessary to make a selection, from among several subjects or candidates, for his gratuitous instruction; and in such cases always preferred, and prided himself on his taking in hand, what he called "the little blackguards," and taming them. He has been seen to follow such to the town-quay, and hold out in his hand to them the bribe of a roasted potato, to induce them to come to school. When the weather permitted, he caused them to take turns in sitting on the threshold of his front-door, and on the little form on the outside, for the benefit of the fresh air. His modes of tuition were chiefly of his own devising. Without having ever heard of Pestalozzi, necessity led him into the interrogatory system. He taught the children to read from

handbills, and such remains of old school books as he could procure. Slates and pencils were the only implements for writing, yet a creditable degree of skill was acquired; and ciphering, the Rule of Three and Practice were performed with accuracy. With the very young especially, his manner was particularly pleasant and facetious. He would ask them the names of different parts of their body, make them spell the words, and tell their uses. Taking a child's hand, he would say, "What is this? Spell it." Then slapping it, he would say, "What did I do? Spell that." So with the ear, and the act of pulling it; and in like manner with other things. He found it necessary to adopt a more strict discipline with them as they grew bigger, and might have become turbulent; but he invariably preserved the attachment of all. In this way some hundreds of persons have been indebted to him for all the schooling they have ever had, and which has enabled many of them to fill useful and creditable stations in life, who might otherwise, owing to the temptations attendant on poverty and ignorance, have become burdens on society, or swelled the calendar of crime.'

"Will the reader credit the fact, that this excellent individual never sought any compensation for these labors, nor did he ever receive any? Of no note or account, his weather-boarded establishment was like a star radiating light around; but of the good he was doing, John scarcely appeared conscious. The chief gratification he felt was the occasional visit of some manly soldier or sailor, grown up out of all remembrance, who would call to shake hands and return thanks for what he had done for him in his infancy. At times also he was encouragingly noticed by the local authorities: but we do not hear of any marked testimony of their approbation. Had he been a general, and conquered a province, he would doubtless have been considered a public benefactor, and honored accordingly; being only an amateur schoolmaster, and a reclaimer from vice, John was allowed to find the full weight of the proverb, that virtue is its own reward. And thus obscurely, known principally to his humble neighbors, did this hero—for was he not a hero of the purest order?—spend a long and useful existence; every selfish gratification being denied, that he might do the more

good to others. On the morning of the 1st of January, 1839, at the age of seventy-two years, when looking at the picture of his school, which had been lately executed by Mr. Sheaf, he suddenly fell down and expired. His death was felt severely. 'The abode of contented and peaceful frugality became at once a scene of desolation. He and his nephew had made provision on that day for what was to them a luxurious repast. On the little mantelpiece remained uncooked a mug-full of fresh sprats, on which they were to have regaled themselves in honor of the new year. The children were overwhelmed with consternation and sorrow; some of them came to the door next day, and cried because they could not be admitted; and for several succeeding days the younger ones came, two or three together, looked about the room, and not finding their friend, went away disconsolate.' John Pounds was, as he had wished, called away without bodily suffering, from his useful labors. He has gone to await the award of Him who has said, 'Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, ye did it unto me.'"

The term Lady.—The term lady is very significant, and the woman who is indeed worthy of this distinguished title, will appear from the following, which, so far as we can learn, is the true etymology of the term lady. The word originally was *leafdion*, from *leaf* or *laf*, which signifies a *loaf of bread;* and *dion* to serve. The word was afterwards changed into *lafdy*, and at length into *lady*. Thus you perceive that the true meaning of the term is, *one who distributes bread*. From this exposition, have we not reason to fear that many, who have endorsed themselves *ladies*, must give up all claim to so honorable a title? In times of yore, women of the very first rank applied themselves with admirable alacrity to the business of seeking out the *poor* and *needy*, of ministering to their necessities, and hence they were by way of *distinction termed ladies*. My *fair reader*, would you be a *lady*, not only in name but in *reality?* Go thou, then, and do likewise. O forget not the *desolate widow*, the *lone orphan!* Feed the *hungry*, clothe the *naked*, warm the *aged*, comfort the *afflicted;* then shall thy praise be known in the *gates*.

For the Ladies.—*A new way to make Calicoes wash well.*—Infuse three gills of salt in four quarts of boiling water, and put the calicoes in, while hot, and leave it till cold. In this way the colors are rendered permanent, and will not fade by subsequent washing. So says a lady who has frequently made the experiment herself.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

We were so much interested in the following fragment in a foreign periodical, that we translate it for our readers. It is entitled

THE THREAD-MAKER OF LESBOS.

"My child, I have finished my task; let us repose a moment from our labors. Come to me, sad one."

"Ah, I remember, you promised me a story."

"It is true; I will tell you a dream, a beautiful dream, which I had;" and the good woman laid aside her distaff and spindle, and commenced, while the young Lesbian opened her large eyes with curiosity.

"Ah, yes, it was such a beautiful dream! I was young, as young as you are; my beauty and my wit were the theme of every tongue. I was the hope of my poor father, the pride of my poor mother; for my beloved parents were poor, as poor as we are, my daughter. They dwelt in an humble cottage like this; they labored for their daily bread like us; but how happy I was!"

And the old woman heaved a sigh, long and deep. She sat immovable, with fixed eyes, and an indescribable look of intensity, cast into the dim and shadowy past.

"Continue, my mother," interrupted her youthful companion; "for, poor orphan that I was, you have been a mother to me."

"Mother! mother! I was once a mother! O my God! Oh my Saviour! forgive me. Girl! if you have any pity for a wretched woman, never pronounce that word to me."

"Alas! I have grieved you; tell me what troubles you. Does not the good God bless our labors? I sold our thread well, to-day, at Mytelene; I brought back the money for you, and as we have many skeins already spun, I shall go again to-morrow."

"Ah, my good girl!"

"Do not afflict yourself. But this dream, tell it to me; it will relieve you; you will forget, for a moment, the sorrows which you refuse to confide to me. How gladly would I share and lighten them."

"Generous girl! you do not know that there are sorrows

for which this world has no balm. There are memories which are like vultures, tearing their prey.

"I dreamed, then, that I was a young and beautiful girl, adorned with roses, gathered on the banks of the Eurotas. I went with my companions to dance upon the summit of Itome, and all said, as they saw me pass, 'How beautiful she is!' When I sang with the choirs of young girls of my age, the descendants of Homer would have taken me for one of the divinities of Olympus. One day a beautiful young man, clothed like the ancient gods of Athens,—like their Apollo, the god of light,—all sparkling with gold, with purple and diamonds, seated in a magnificent chariot, glittering with gold and jewels, drawn by superb coursers, covered with gilded harnesses, dismounted before our humble dwelling. Distinguished by his elegance, even in the midst of his splendid court, the noble young man advanced towards my aged father, who was tranquilly sitting at his door, on the bench where his forefathers had sat. The brilliant visitor bowed respectfully before the poor old man, who arose, stupefied with the unaccustomed pomp which met his eyes.

"'Athenian,' said he, 'your daughter is the most beautiful of all the women of Greece. She shall be the star of the East, the pearl of the imperial crown. My father, who is the master of the world, and you, who are only a poor man, you shall both take her by the hand,—you shall conduct her to St. Sophia; she shall there kneel before the altar, and receive the blessing of the patriarch, and I will lift up my voice and say, Christians! behold your future empress,—for from this hour she is the wife of the heir of the empire.'"

"Did it end there?" inquired her young auditor, as the narrator abruptly stopped.

"No, I continued to dream."

"Nay, leave your distaff, my friend; continue your relation; it rejoices me so much to hear you."

"I was empress," resumed the thread-maker, with a deep and solemn voice, and raising herself on the low stool where she sat, as if from the height of the Eastern throne, she quelled the rebellions of Iconoclaustes; drove back the northern barbarians, and placed a barrier to the progress

of the Saracens in Asia; or rather, as if she held a treaty of peace and of war, with the generals of Aroun el Raschid, or gave orders to her ambassadors, to bear words of amity and alliance to Charlemagne, the great and magnificent emperor of the West.

"I see yet my imperial chariot, drawn by four white horses, caparisoned with silk and purple, four patricians on foot, superbly clothed, guiding them by their jeweled reins. I seem still to traverse the adorned streets of Constantinople, surrounded with all the powers of the Christian world, in the midst of the acclamations of a people transported by enthusiasm. I still hear the shouts of admiration, which had delighted me when a simple young girl, before my father's cottage. How beautiful she is!"

The aged thread-maker here fell into a moody silence.

"It is a great pity," said the artless Lesbian, "that it was only a dream."

"What do you say, young girl! You do not know how terribly this dream ended! A change came over everything; this prosperity, this grandeur, of which I was so vain, was darkened by an impenetrable cloud. Grief arose in my soul, like the Simoom of the desert. The diamonds of my coronet, became living coals which burnt my brow, and made me weep for the sweet flowers that adorned my head, when a simple young girl. The ermine on my shoulders became like the robe of Dejanize; it was drenched with blood. Oh, do you see that ghastly phantom, how it menaces me! Blood flows from his hollow eyes;—do you hear his terrific cries? He springs furiously towards me, tears my royal robes, dashes my diadem beneath my feet, and snatching the sceptre from my hand, he beats me and curses his guilty mother."—

The innocent young girl sprang terrified to the farthest extremity of their little room. The unhappy woman with a strong effort, calmed her agitated features, made the sign of the cross, and seated herself resignedly to her distaff and spindle. The Lesbian approached her, regarded her intently, embraced her, and silently resumed her task.

The thread-maker of Lesbos, was Irene, Empress of the East.

BOOK NOTICES.

We received too late to be noticed in our May No. a copy of "Gathered Leaves," from the gifted and accomplished author. Miss Hannah F. Gould is, undeniably, the very best of our female poets. There is a freshness, an originality about her verse, and, beneath all her sprightliness, a deep, earnest tenderness, which marks everything she writes more unmistakably than her signature. We never read anything from her pen, which did not contain some original and beautiful thought, worthily expressed. Her discrimination in the use of words is peculiarly felicitous. Everybody is familiar with the frost-piece and the verse so often quoted, as displaying this characteristic:—

> "He crept to the cupboard, and finding there
> That all had forgotten for him to prepare,
> 'Now just to set them a thinking—
> This basket of fruit I 'll bite,' said he,
> 'This costly pitcher I 'll burst in three,
> And the glass of water they 've left for me
> Shall *tchick* to tell them I 'm drinking.'"

The present volume is not an *annual*, as might be supposed from some of the newspaper notices of it. It is emphatically a book for all seasons. It is a collection of beautiful fragments of prose and poetry, original and translated.

We believe with a friend of the author, that the best way to notice the book favorably, is to quote largely from it. We wish our limits allowed us more scope for this,—but just listen to her reflections upon a humming-bird, with its wing fettered by a cobweb.

"It may be, that some bright, aspiring genius, that would mount to the empyrean, and bless the world with its divine fire, caught from the pure element of the sun and stars, is hampered and kept down by pecuniary embarrassment, which the fine sensibilities of its nature forbid it to make known; but which is a sure and invisible bondage, borne in silence and outward serenity, like that of the brilliant humming-bird; when the liberal-minded, full-hand patron of genius and friend of mankind, could remove the difficulty

as easily as a cobweb, and would most readily do so, could the true state of the case be made clear.

"It may be, that native timidity and diffidence is the tie; and the richly endowed mind has its priceless, precious talents buried to society, shut up by fear and trembling, while a little kindly influence alone is needed to bring them forth in peerless beauty. Yet, still this spider-net is bound about its pinion, as sure a stay as prison-grates, which it may look through, but cannot break nor pass."

We have received from that indefatigable caterer for the public, J. K. Wellman, several numbers of the *Literary Emporium*, the *Literary Messenger*, and the *Young People's Magazine*. The first of these periodicals has reached its third volume. The second is an interesting family newspaper; and of the last, a fine monthly for juveniles, it is sufficient to say, that it is edited by that universal favorite of boys and girls, Seba Smith.

To Correspondents.—We shall commence a new semi-yearly volume with our next number. We have deferred the first of our Letters from Europe, in order that subscribers who commence with the new volume, may have the series unbroken.

We shall also commence in our next a sketch of John Wesley, furnished by our friend Rev. D. Wise, which will not fail to interest our readers.

A. L. D., arrived too late for the present number.

The articles upon the sciences, suggested by our Lowell correspondent, will be very welcome, provided they are brief and presented in an interesting manner, not merely abstracts from text-books. We believe with our friend that "nothing is more beautiful than the truth;" but we like her in beautiful garments, that all may appreciate her charms.

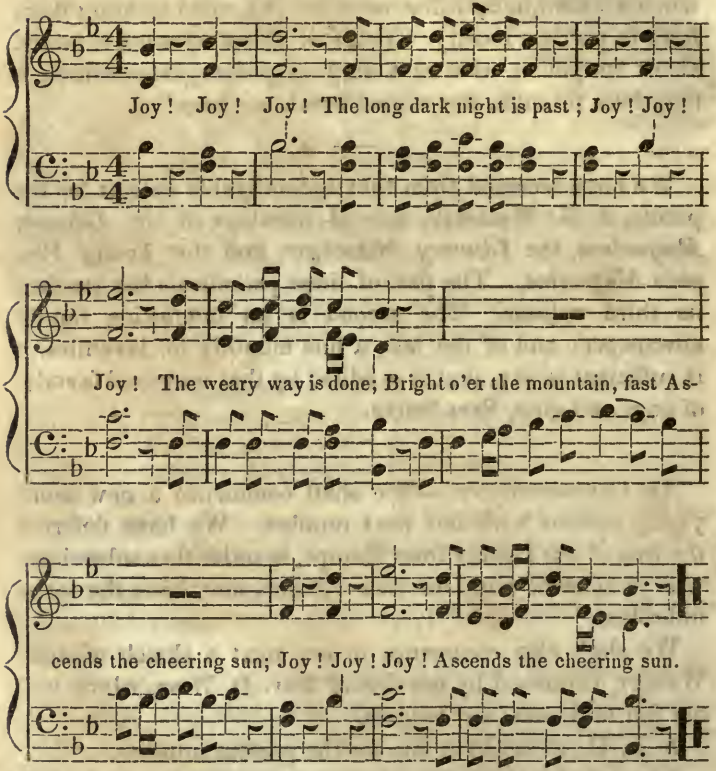
There are some pretty thoughts in "The Dahlia and Forget-me-not," but the measure is imperfect, and the writer has made use of some "licenses," not allowable even in poetry. We should be obliged to re-write it entirely, to make it suitable for our columns.

THE COTTAGER'S RETURN.

QUARTETT. WORDS BY PERCIVAL.

MUSIC COMPOSED FOR THE MAGNOLIA

BY J. N. METCALF.



Joy! Joy! Joy!
My heart revives again;
Joy! Joy! Joy!
My soul new lights its fires;
I speed along the plain,
With hope that never tires;
Joy! Joy! Joy!
With hope that never tires.

See! See! See!
The well-known hill is nigh;
See! See! See!
The spiry poplars rise;
The brook is winding by;
There still my cottage lies;
See! See! See!
There still my cottage lies.

Hark! Hark! Hark!
What welcome sounds of home!
Hark! Hark! Hark!
I know their meaning well;
Far, far my foot may roam,
Yet deep and strong their spell;
Hark! Hark! Hark!
Yet deep and strong their spell.



GET WISDOM.

For the Magnolia.

GET WISDOM.

[See plate.]

The sun had set on Gibeon, and midnight brooded o'er
The thousand smoking offerings, yet reeking with their gore;
The youthful king of Israel in sleep had bowed his head,
When by his side there seemed to stand a form of fear and dread.
The King of kings and Lord of lords beside him seemed to be,
And to the sleeping prince he spake, in tones of majesty,
And said, "What wilt thou, Solomon? What blessing from my hand
Wilt thou that I on thee bestow? Thy God thou mayst command?"

Then answered Israel's king, and said, "Thou didst my father bless,
As he before thee strove to walk, in truth and righteousness;
And now this kindness to my sire thou hast in mercy shown—
This day, as Thou didst promise him, his son fills David's throne.
O Lord, my God! e'en as a child before Thee am I now,
Unknowing how to walk aright, to Thee I humbly bow;
For the uncounted multitudes who wait my sceptre's sway,
Give me an understanding heart, that I may Thee obey;
Give me in justice strict and firm o'er all to watch aright,
That nought be done on Israel's throne displeasing in thy sight."

His words well-pleased Jehovah heard, and forth he spoke again:
"Now shall the prayer thou offerest, not uttered be in vain.
Thou hast not asked for gold of earth, nor yet for length of days,
For vengeance on thy enemies, for honor, nor for praise.
The wisdom deep, the knowledge vast, which thou wouldst fain possess,
Lo! it is thine, and through thy life shall it thy people bless.
And though for wealth or worldly fame thou hast not asked of me,
These shall be thine, exceeding far what has, or yet shall be."

The vision paused, the king awoke, and lo! it was a dream,
But round about his royal couch a radiance seemed to stream;—
Was it the pure and lambent light of Wisdom from on high,
Or a reflection left behind of brightness from the sky?

Fair maiden! hast thou turned thee from the gay and giddy crowd?
And searchest thou for Wisdom's gems? hast thou thy spirit bowed
To Him who talked with Solomon in visions of the night?
Nay, fear thee not, He will be found of all who seek aright.
And thou shalt know, e'en for thyself, what he of old thus sought—
The gift of Wisdom from above—of pure and heavenly thought.
Then seek, as sought king Solomon, with God and thy own heart,
And light, as from the "shining ones," shall ne'er from thee depart;
And thou shalt find, when this brief life and all its troubles cease,
True Wisdom's ways are pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.

M. O. S.

For the Magnolia.

SKETCH OF JOHN WESLEY.

BY REV. D. WISE.

NO. I.

STATE OF ENGLAND AT MR. WESLEY'S BIRTH.—HIS ANCESTORS.

Great men never die. They possess a two-fold immortality; one on earth, another in the spirit land. As, when, in the body, their mighty energy of soul moves multitudes to sympathy and action, with their wills; so, for ages after, their *influence* lives and acts in determining opinions and forming characters. Thus, Moses, the greatest legislator and moralist of antiquity, lives among the Jews to the present day. Luther, the great genius of the reformation, lives in the spirit of the present century. The religious revolution now progressing with such moral grandeur in Germany, is the struggling of Luther's mighty spirit. Ronge and his noble coadjutors are the instruments of action; the inspiration is that of the Wittemberg monk.

If thus to enjoy an earthly immortality is a mark of greatness, then was the subject of this article, John Wesley, a *great* man. It is true, that little more than half a century has passed since the cypress tree waved over his grave; but the freshness and vigor, the increasing extent of his influence, show that his memory is only in the youth of its immortality. Even now the call of the Wesleyan class roll is like the beat of the British drum—it never ceases; like the waving of the British flag, upon whose lion the sun never sets, it is all over the world. In America, the West Indies, the islands of the Pacific, of the Southern Ocean, New Holland, the East Indies, Southern and Western Africa, in Continental Europe, in England, Ireland and Scotland—over two millions of persons are in fellowship with his societies, believing his doctrines, observing his rules, walking by his directions, and animated by his spirit. Besides these, there are at least four millions more, who attend the ministry of his societies, revere his name, and respect his opinions. Surely this fact alone is sufficient to establish his claim to

greatness, if, indeed, greatness consists in the influence which one mind exerts over other minds.

THE MEN OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

I will not say that John Wesley was THE man of his age, for he was born in the most brilliant era of British history—the beginning of the eighteenth century. Brilliant, alas! not for its piety and morality, but for its achievements in war, in science, in literature. It was the age of Marlborough, the victor of Blenheim; of Newton, the profound explorer of Nature; of a splendid galaxy of orators and politicians; of Addison, Pope, Swift, and others, those accomplished writers, the classic elegance of whose productions gave their age the reputation of being the Augustan era of English literature. In this century, also, flourished the metaphysical and learned Butler; the pious Watts; the learned, though heretical, Dr. Samuel Clarke; the erudite Whiston; the eloquent Whitefield, and others, whose names live, and will live forever.* While, therefore, in presence of all these great cotemporaries, we dare not pronounce John Wesley the only MAN of his age, we do place him among the chief, if not the chief, of the mighty spirits that swayed the destiny of England and the world, during the eighteenth century.

MORAL STATE OF ENGLAND.

But glorious as was England in war, science and polite literature, at the commencement of this century, she was fallen desperately low in morality and religion. Infidelity, that huge dragon from the land of darkness, was belching forth ruin and death, in the form of the writings of Hobbes, Blount, Shaftesbury, Collins, Woolston, and others, and, at a somewhat later date, those of the speculative Bolingbroke. As might be expected, the state of national morality was deplorable, and religion was nearly banished from the country.

As this fact is important to a proper estimation of Wesley and his coadjutors, I beg leave to sustain my averment by

* See Jackson's Centenary of Methodism.

the testimony of a few unimpeachable witnesses. Let us listen to Bishop Gibson, in his pastoral letters. He says, "Profaneness and impiety are grown bold and open; in late writings, public vices have been openly recommended to the protection of government, as public benefits; great pains have been taken to make men easy in their sins, and to promote atheism and infidelity.

Bishop Butler, in his preface to that invaluable book, his Analogy, second edition, says, "It is taken for granted, by many persons, that Christianity is not so much as a subject of inquiry, but that it is discovered to be fictitious. And they treat it as if this were an agreed point *among all people of discernment*, and nothing remained but to set it up as a subject of mirth and ridicule."

Archbishop Secker, in his "Eight Charges," says: "An open and professed disregard of religion is become the distinguishing character of the present age; it hath already brought in such dissoluteness and contempt of principle, in the higher part of the world, and such profligate intemperance and fearlessness of committing crimes in the lower (classes) as must, if this torrent of impiety stop not, become absolutely fatal."

That this sad picture of immorality and irreligion is correct, is confirmed by the concurrent testimony of Bishop Burnet, Dr. John Guise, Dr. Watts, Rev. Abraham Taylor, Dr. Woodward, and many others of equally high authority, who, in terms equally as strong, publicly lifted up their voices against the alarming progress of evil and infidelity.*

MR. WESLEY'S RELATION TO HIS AGE.

Such was the *hour*. Dark, gloomy, portentous. It foreboded confusion, anarchy, rebellion. These results were worked out in France, in her fearful and bloody revolution; where infidelity trampled on Christianity, and vindictive passion sat gory and ghastly in the halls of legislation, and on the seats of justice. Such inevitably would have been the fate of England. The "hour" foretokened it; but for this hour God had "the man." That man, before all others, was John Wesley! He spread a religious revival over Eng-

* See Jackson's Centenary.

land, and that reformation saved the country. Vice fled before it; virtue lifted up her desponding face; infidelity skulked into obscurity; calm sobriety succeeded to boisterous passion, and that proud and glorious England gained a reform, without bloodshed, which will slowly, but surely work out a perfect freedom for all her children.

MR. WESLEY'S BIRTH.

John Wesley was born at the village of Epworth, Lincolnshire, England, on the 17th of June, 1703. He was the second son of Rev. Samuel Wesley, who, for the long period of forty years, was the rector of Epworth.

Although it is of small importance to a man's reputation whether his ancestors were of noble pedigree, or he the first of his family, since many a feeble scion has sprung from a stately stock, yet, as it is a question always asked by the curious, I devote a few words to Mr. Wesley's ancestors.

THE ANCESTORS OF JOHN WESLEY.

Of the origin of the Wesley family, nothing is certainly known. That it existed at a very early period of British history, is proved by the escallop shell in the family arms, which is conclusive evidence that some of the family had either been engaged in the crusades, or had been on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land. Of its high respectability, so far back as it can be traced, there is abundant proof. The *great*-grandfather of Mr. Wesley, was the Rev. Bartholomew Wesley, sometime rector of Catherston, in Dorsetshire. He was a member of the University of Oxford, where he studied both physic and divinity. He was expelled from his living, 1662, by the operation of that unrighteous law, well known to all the readers of English history, as the "Act of Uniformity," passed on the restoration of Charles Stuart to the throne, after the death of the Protector Cromwell. By this infamous act, Mr. W., with thousands of high-minded and independent clergymen, was driven from the ministry, and compelled to support himself by the practice of physic. He died shortly after this cruel and summary ejectment.

Mr. Wesley's grandfather, Rev. John Wesley, was also a

student of Oxford, where he gained considerable honor for his extensive acquaintance with the Oriental languages. In 1658, he became Vicar of Winterborn, in Dorsetshire, from which, like his father, he was ejected by the aforenamed act. After his ejection, he continued to preach in various places, and subsequently became pastor of a dissenting congregation, in the town of Poole. He was sorely persecuted, suffered fines and imprisonment, for conscience' sake, and died at the early age of thirty-five.

Mr. Wesley's father, the Rev. Samuel Wesley, was rector of Epworth, in Lincolnshire. He was born 1662. His father intended him for a dissenting minister, and placed him at the academy of a Mr. Morton. But being invited to write an essay in favor of dissent, Mr. Wesley, while studying for this purpose, saw reasons to induce him to embrace high church principles. Accordingly, he entered himself a student of Exeter college, Oxford. He was ordained the same year, and was shortly after presented with the curacy of South Ormsby. He figured largely as an author, both in prose and poetry. Having written a History of the Life of Christ, the reigning queen, (Mary,) was so pleased with his talents and learning, that she presented him with the rectory of Epworth, which he retained until his death, which happened April 25, 1735. He had the honor of dedicating three of his works to three queens of England.

Such were Mr. Wesley's ancestors. All uncommonly learned, pious, independent men; bold thinkers; ready to *do* whatever an enlightened conscience dictated, without regard to the pains and penalties liable to be inflicted by a corrupt public opinion, or infatuated partisan malice. As the falling mantle of the ascending Elijah enveloped his faithful successor, Elisha, and inspired him with the unconquerable spirit and zeal of its former owner, so did the spirit of John Wesley's ancestors rest upon him. We shall see, hereafter, that he inherited the unbending conscientiousness of his great-grandfather, Bartholomew; the indomitable perseverance of his grandfather, John; the steady, laborious zeal of his father, Samuel, and the unquenchable love of learning, common to all of them.

For the Magnolia.

THE BOY AND HIS ANGEL.

MARQUERITE O. STEVENS.

A GENTLE boy, fatigued with play,
Retired to rest, and forgot to pray;
But, after hours in sleep had sped,
He called his mother, and sweetly said,
"I went to sleep in sunset light,
And now, dear mother, 't is calm, still night;
But, mother dear, I cannot lay
And cannot sleep, till I rise and pray;
For while I slept, a lady fair
Has come to waken my heart to prayer;
Her form was robed in spotless white,
Her brow was wreathed with a crown of light,
About her lip was a gentle smile,
She spoke with words all so sweet the while,
That, mother dear, I cannot lay
And cannot sleep, till I rise and pray."

The gentle boy his young head bowed,
In simple faith, pouring forth aloud
The evening lay of praise and prayer
His lips had learned from his mother's care;
Again he lay on his quiet bed
And sweetly slept, for *his prayer was said.*

His words sunk in the mother's breast,
As calm he lay in his balmy rest;
She wondered if an angel bright
Had watched her boy in the calm, still night;
Then thanked her God for the angel's care
Which waked his heart unto praise and prayer.

I heard that mother's words of love
Poured out to Him who heareth above,
And thought, as with uplifted eyes
She sought a blessing from the skies,
That *every* mother who prays, may seem
An angel bright, to her child's young dream.

Perchance, as falls the hand of time,
The boy's soft heart may grow hard with crime;
The mother's words may be forgot,
Her sighs and tears be remembered not;
But grief, nor crime, nor years shall tear
From memory's waste, that mother's prayer.
Her voice shall come at midnight's hour,
And stir his heart with an angel's power.

For the Magnolia.

THE BROKEN HEARTED.

"You know, Ida, I cannot endure the thought of leaving you alone in the world, in utter poverty too. I could die quite happily, if I could see you in a home which you might call your own."

"Blest mother, can you for an instant doubt that I would give my *soul* to purchase your happiness? It shall be as you desire; Mr. Laurens has always been kind to me, and since dear father died, I have almost learned to regard him as another father. It was very thoughtful in him to make me his wife, so that I might have a home, was it not?"

The still youthful mother sighed, as she gazed anxiously at the enthusiastic child, bending over her couch; for a moment she felt that it was a fearful experiment to bind that ardent young soul with *such* a bond, to one on whom she could look in no other light, than as a father; for a moment she hesitated to decide the destiny of her child. It was but a moment, for she saw in fancy the lovely orphan all friendless, and at the mercy of every wind. She trembled at the thought; to her no evil seemed so great as this, and convulsively clasping the cool hand to her hectic cheek, she replied, "Bless you, dearest Ida, you *must* be happy, for Heaven will reward so dutiful a child."

One week from that night, the slight girl, over whom scarcely fifteen summers had passed, knelt before the altar by the side of the stern philosopher—she pronounced the words, of whose life-long import she had never thought, and again stood beside her mother. As Ida caught the fond gaze, which had watched so tenderly over her childhood, she rejoiced that she could thus sweeten the last drops in the cup of life, for one whose existence had been crushed by bitter sorrow. Day by day, she sat in the darkened room; night after night, she watched by that bed of death, till sleep made the long fringes droop over her soft cheek. They could not persuade her to leave one so dear, and when

death had sealed the mother's lips in silence, who could tell the lone one's grief, who repeat the adjurations which strove to recall the idol to its forsaken shrine? Poor Ida! thou wast indeed alone, more lonely, than if thy gentle mother had left thee in freedom, to draw around thee love and beauty like thine own; since in the exquisite chemistry of the heart, these have a power of attraction, surer far, than may be found in a coarser laboratory.

Mr. Laurens, the wise philosopher, looked with the same calmness on the placid features of the departed, and the bitter sadness of the living. He felt that a fettered soul had sprung up to glorious freedom; he reasoned that the anguish of the child would be softened as time passed on,—so why should he be moved? He provided teachers, and books and pleasures, such as childhood requires, and returned to his studies; buried in those, he seldom saw his "little pet," as he termed his girlish bride, except at the stated hour allotted for her daily visit. Yet he loved Ida; perhaps she was as essential to his happiness, as if she had been his hourly companion. He watched her growing beauty, calmly as he looked on the opening rose. Time rolled on; the philosopher was right, for Ida's grief at the loss of her mother, had nearly dispelled itself—it was only seen now, in the slight shade of sadness that softened her sparkling grace, or by the thread of melancholy, woven in the golden fabric of her imagination. She was a glorious being; wealth scattered its gifts all around her—teachers delighted to search deeper the springs of knowledge, that they might quench the thirst of the lofty mind so eager in its flight—music and song floated around her. Was she, on whom every eye looked with envy, every heart with rapture, was she *happy?* Ah! you may surround a fond heart, like hers, with all the appliances of wealth—you may bring every pleasure of the world and lay before it—but if you deny the boon it craves the most, it turns sadly away. If it finds no friend in whom it may confide, on whom it may pour forth the tides of love pent up in its depths, happiness can never be found. Ida pined for sympathy and affection; she would willingly have resigned her station to the child of poverty, whose labors were cheered by the sweet glances of kindred; she

shrank with instinctive delicacy from the honeyed accents of flattery, and found no companionship of soul. How could she? Her own thoughts were wild and free as the eagle's course, and what caged prisoner could reach her daring height? *She* despised the iron bonds of custom. What fellowship could exist between the votary of fashion and the worshipper of nature?

She grew to womanhood, with such a beauty as you could no more describe, than you could paint the rainbow or describe the colors of the kaleidoscope, ever changing, yet always the same. The philosopher marked not the effect of time; so gradual had been the growth from the child to the woman, that she still seemed to him the same as when, in obedience to her mother's request, she laid her girlish hand in his, and pledged her faith to words she could not comprehend. He still called her his pet, he still provided her with childish recreations. In vain she would try to convince him of her capacity for higher things—he was blind to all her attempts. She strove to school her heart to its lot, but she could not; tears of shame and indignation would spring to her dark eyes, at hearing infantile epithets of endearment applied to *her*, before whom others bowed with passionate reverence. Had he permitted her to be the companion of his studies, perhaps she might have loved him; but he regarded woman as an inferior order in the creation of mind; he dreamed not of the electric swiftness with which she would have comprehended his thoughts—of the ardent fancy which would have assisted his deeper research. He knew not the value of the gem entrusted to his care. What others almost regarded as a divinity, *he* trifled with as a thoughtless child. Ida looked upon the tie which bound her as an iron chain of slavery; for him she entertained a feeling of aversion, all attempts to soften which, were fruitless. She turned to the world and implored forgetfulness; she strove, in a constant round of gay assemblies, to extinguish the thought of her fate; while the star of every eye, she scorned the sordid souls of her admirers, and tried to repress the wild beating of her heart at the sight of reciprocal affection. Ida knew love was not for her; she studied indifference to its fascinations—but it was as if an Æolian harp should

strive to restrain its music, when the wind passes over its delicate strings.

It was a lovely spring evening, when one of the most splendid mansions in —— Square, was sparkling with wit, fashion and beauty. Ida held her place in the gay circle, till the soft strains of music brought the moisture to her dark eyes. It recalled the memory of her infant days, when a father's and mother's love left her nothing to wish. She stole out upon the balcony and leaned against a pillar, around which the woodbine was already throwing its mantle of green. The soft light of the moon revealed the tear weighing down the silken lashes, and the dark hair that hung around her in caressing curls; her head rested lightly on a hand of exquisite symmetry. At that moment, Ida Laurens looked like a heroine of romance, or a painter's ideal—at least so thought Clarence Kinsmore, as he gazed on her with that breathless admiration we experience when, after having sought some coveted treasure till we despair of its possession, it suddenly bursts upon us in all its loveliness. Clarence had long been an admirer of female beauty—not alone that of the sparkling glance and graceful form, but beauty of soul. The one he had found, the other he believed to exist only in fancy. Though the fairest gems of foreign lands had passed before him, he silently acknowledged, that he had never met one so faultless and fair. He watched the tear that stole down upon her polished arm, and caught the sigh that escaped her lips. An enthusiastic lover of nature, he sympathized with her as she raised her face toward the stars and murmured to them her prayer for peace; she gazed on them, weaving their mysterious dance, till she caught a faint reflection of their eternal calmness. A smile played on her cheek, as she turned again to catch the thrilling notes of song. Her steps were followed by one, whose soul had once been pure and noble like her own. The world had cast a stain on his character, but had left unchanged his passionate worship of beauty. As their glances met, mutual sympathy seemed at once established; the invisible chain that links heart with heart, bound them together. He spoke; the manly tones that stooped to no frivolity, fell gratefully on the ear so long

wearied by the senseless folly of fashion. That night, when he assisted Ida to her carriage, he promised to visit her home, and as he heard her musical "good night," turned away in bitterness. He had often tried to love, but had seldom seen one he did not scorn; to Ida his heart had bowed, yet he knew she could never be his. And what thought she of the elegant stranger, whose eye seemed at once to read her soul? She threw herself on a couch in her dressing-room, and unconsciously recalled every word and look which had fallen on her, so new, and yet familiar as "household words" they seemed. She was not aware of arranging the folds of her morning dress with unwonted care, and was certainly ignorant of the joy gleaming on her countenance, as Clarence was announced. He talked of the things Ida loved, and she sang his favorite songs. An hour passed and still another, they scarce remembered they had ever been strangers; and, as Clarence left her door, he felt she was all his wildest dreams had ever fancied. He thought what *might* have been, had she been free; how he would have guarded her even from the winds of summer; how he would have worshipped till the very place where she stood should be sacred, since her feet had pressed it; how she should have been his gentle guide, from the darkness in which he strayed, to worlds on high; he thought, till almost wild with the picture, he dared look on it no longer. Let those who believe not in such love, throw aside these pages and pursue their grovelling race after power or wealth. *Had* Ida been free, his visions had been realized; but such love was not for her, so she regarded Clarence as a brother, or imagined she did; a new life opened before her, for she had found sympathy. He was her daily companion; it was for him she played or sung, danced or read; with him she gazed on the stars, or watched the lightning's play, or listened to the sounds of the air as it stole through the trees. Imperceptibly he became master of her thoughts; if she read a volume, it was because Clarence had pronounced it a favorite; if she credited a new theory, it was because he advised the belief; if she wore a particular dress, it was that he admired it. Could *he* be unconscious of his power over the beautiful young creature,

thus submitting to his guidance? Oh, no, he could not; he read it in the color that deepened on her cheek, at his unexpected approach,—in the face so radiant with joy in his presence,—in the tone so soft as she repeated his name,—in the thousand acts which revealed to him the secret she knew not herself.

The philosopher, coolly reasoning on the phenomena of nature and mind, knew nothing of the eloquent man who was capturing the soul of his "little pet." He saw her daily, but, strange infatuation! he could only see in her graceful height, the child of his departed friends. Even had he been aware of the almost constant presence of the stranger, his thoughts were so little upon the common subjects of life, that no danger would have been feared. Ida was humbled to a plaything by the one, and exalted to an angel by the other; the one she hated as her tormentor, upon the other she had poured forth all the amassed tenderness of years. But she could not always remain in ignorance; the thrill which ran along every nerve when he sometimes laid his hand on hers, the flush that crimsoned her face when she saw his fond gaze resting on her, the restlessness in his absence, all conspired to unfold the truth. We do not know how it all revealed itself to her; the secret springs of the heart have never unfolded themselves to human sight; but we do know that the finest touch, often has electric power to summon the mightiest energies from their sleep.

As the full conviction of all her unbounded love for Clarence came over her, Ida felt as if some blow had stunned her, and taken away the power of motion; she pressed her hands to her throbbing temples and tried to summon her reason. The thought which was uppermost, was, "does *he* dream of this?" and a blush of shame crimsoned her fair brow; almost as quick came the consciousness that he too loved, and with it, a fear that he was aware of her affection. Regret for the past, terror for the future, and a feverish pain as she endeavored to mark out her future path, made the time pass unnoted by. Morning dawned on her pale cheek, and as the accustomed hour of Clarence's visit drew near, she endeavored to appear as usual. She gained as she thought a wonderful degree of composure, although, as

she heard his step on the stair-case, her heart beat so that every pulsation was audible, and her cheeks burned as though they were on fire; still she hoped, if she seemed *very* natural, he would not notice her emotion. One glance at her downcast eye and restless action, sufficed for the accomplished reader of hearts. If he at first revealed his knowledge to her, it was only by the deeper tone and the almost tearful eye with which he regarded that flower of earth, over whose darkened sky he had cast a deeper shade. How could he leave her with all the wild idolatry of his love so returned; or how persuade her to cast a blot on her spotless fame, to seek with him an exile's home,—a thing of scorn? Both were silent, and while Clarence pressed his hand on the swollen veins of his forehead, he almost resolved to dash the cup of happiness from his lips, to bid farewell forever to his idol; he turned to Ida with the word trembling on his lips; the tears started to her eyes; and Clarence knelt at her feet, and quickly told her all his worship. He told her, he would carry her to some sunny island of the sea, where they would live only for love; he blessed her for all her angelic beauty, and implored her with that passionate eagerness which never falls unheeded on woman's ear, to leave the fettered circles of fashion, and go forth with him to a life of freedom and bliss. It was a fearful struggle—her hand was clasped in his, and their dark locks almost mingled as he drew her towards him. She was drinking his intoxicating words, when suddenly her youthful mother's dying bed seemed to stand before her; she heard the mild blessing so different from the stormy passion of the lover; she felt the cold pressure of the hand so often laid caressingly on her infant head. Her pulses almost ceased to beat; springing up, she stood by his side, and calmly bade him rise and look on her now;—he did gaze astonished, but with all his knowledge of her soul, he could not comprehend the change. She was very pale, and there was a firmness on her countenance he had never seen. She said, "I was an orphan with none to love; my dying mother bade me wed, child as I was; it was wrong in her; but, O Clarence! if I tear out every fibre of my heart, a mother's last blessing shall be sacred, long as life remains,

that I may hope to meet her on high. You *know* too well, that I love you." She spoke so low, Clarence held his breath to hear; "but if I die to-morrow, I will never see you more. I will pray, as I have never yet prayed, that our souls may at last mingle in some home of the bright angels, where nothing may part us more, too much loved Clarence." Her hand had rested in his while she spoke, and now he pressed it with fervor to his lips. There was breathless silence for a moment; it was broken by Ida's low but firm "farewell forever," and the next moment Clarence Kinsmore was alone.

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Two years passed away, and beneath the arched ceiling of an Italian chamber, by a window overlooking the Bay of Naples, sat a man in middle life, on whose features was an expression of sorrowful regret, which softened their sternness. The other window of the apartment opened on a terraced garden; and there on a low couch near him, reclined the stricken form of the lovely Ida, for it was *she* they had brought to die amidst the myrtles of Italy. Her long curls were floating over her pillow like masses of silk, the veined lids were closed, the delicate hands were folded on her bosom, and on her countenance was a look of repose, which the sorrows of life had never permitted till now.

She moved restlessly, as though in pain, and rising from his seat, the philosopher bent over her couch. His hands were pressed tightly together, while he gazed on the drooping lily, till tears started from eyes unused to weep. He shuddered to see her passing away like a flying dream, and kneeling beside his gentle wife, he bitterly exclaimed, "Oh, had you but told me all, you should have been freed from the irksome tie which bound you to *me*."

Ida unclosed her eyes and soothingly replied, "It is better *thus*, for I might never have known your goodness. I bless you, my friend. Be calm, for must not the sun set upon us all? but glorious will be the opening dawn above." Again all was silent till the sufferer spoke. "I can almost see the sunny homes of the angels; hark! the swelling music, softer than the distant echo, it breathes of boundless love. Bring my harp quickly, for I shall never sing again in this world;

and turn my couch so that I may see once more the blossoms I have loved so well. Ah! they bloom fairer along the banks of the crystal river *there*,"—she pointed her slender finger towards the halls of the west, which the departing sun lit up, with all the enchantment of Elysian fields. While her mild eye rested earnestly on the scene, a glorious inspiration illumined her brow; her face beamed with a heavenly light, and grasping her harp, such tones thrilled from it, as if an angel's hand had lightly swept the chords; it stilled their pulses to hear, and undulated on the air, till it seemed alive with the heavenly music. A string broke under the pressure of Ida's fingers; she lifted her eyes once toward the glorious scene, then her long lashes fell forever, and as the last echo of the sweet strain died away, her spirit shot upward toward the distant skies.

One moon after another had glistened on the dew-drops, which fell like tears over the grave of the departed one; beneath the marble stone, bearing the simple inscription—"Ida," the beautiful still slept on. The dark-eyed Italian maidens, who paused to tell their beads beside the mound, often spoke of a harp, mellow and sweet as an angel's; they could not tell whence it came, and perchance it was only the wind, murmuring among the dark cypress leaves.

Early one summer's morning, a stranger was found cold and stiff on the green turf; his face was care-worn, like one whose heart had been wrung with sorrow, yet a smile, which told he had at last won some healing gift, rested on his icy lips; a dew-drop stood on his brow, such as a seraph might shed on the head of a repentant mortal, dying thus alone, in the solitude of night. No trace of his name or home was ever discovered; but enclosed in a golden locket worn next to his heart was found a silken curl carefully folded with a rosebud, and "Ida" was written beneath them. The villagers reverentially unclosed the grave, and carefully laid a second wanderer there. They strewed roses over the green sods, and many a legend was told of the stranger's resting-place. NELLER.

For the Magnolia.

SOLITUDE.

[From the French of Lamartine.]

BY MISS ANNE T. WILBUR.

Happy is he, who, leaving haunts of men,
Conceals himself in Nature's solitudes,
Effaces, living yet, his trace from earth,
And buried in the depths of forests wild,
Is fed on hope, and drinks oblivion's wave.
Like unseen spirits hovering in the air,
He tranquil witnesses earth's shadows pass,
Forever shielded from the storms of fate.
He sees the passions, on a troubled sea,
With stormy breath inflate the human sail;
Inconstant winds disturb not his repose;
He rests on God, whose being knows no change.
He loves to contemplate His noblest works,
Those mountains triumphing o'er age and storms,
Where, on the venerable and solid rock,
God has engraved eternity and strength.
When morn's first ray beams on their summits high,
Touching with silvery light the loftiest peak,
Upspringing from his couch of moss and leaves,
He climbs exulting o'er the laughing hills,
Which cluster round the hoary mountain's base;
And pierces through the gloomy forest depths,
Where dark pines lift their tall stems to the sky;
Here, the dry bed of torrents is his path;
Now, shattered cliffs hang threatening o'er his head,
Or, suddenly suspended on their edge,
Astonished he recoils; his startled gaze
Turning with horror from the wildering sight,
Long views the whirl of the abyss beneath.
He mounts—the horizon in his sight extends—
He mounts—immensity before him lies;
While, beaming in the light of new-born day,
At every step new worlds are still revealed;
Till on the mountain top the enchanted eye
Has conquered space and roves at liberty.
So, when the soul aspiring to her source
Forever quits this low terrestrial vale,

Each stroke that raises towards heaven her wing
Enlarges the horizon to her view;
Her flight dissolves the mysteries of worlds;
While, still discovering, she unceasing mounts
To those high places where the seraph's eye
Explores the regions of unbounded space.

All hail! bright summits! fields of snow and ice!
Ye who of mortal step preserve no trace!
Ye on whose peaks the eye scarce dares to dwell!
Works of the primal day! ye pyramids august,
By God himself on solid bases fixed!
Walls of the Universe, which from that hour
Have never yet your form or contour changed;
In vain the muttering cloud sweeps o'er your heights;
The swelling torrent ploughs your gulfs in vain;
Your hardened fronts in vain the thunder strikes;
Those awful forms a moment hid from view,
O'er us like night a gloomy shadow throw;
Then letting fall afar their sombre locks,
Triumphant o'er the tempest's wildest shocks,
To Him who formed them say—Behold us still!

Upon the mountain's top I stand alone,
Beneath my feet the quivering lightnings fly,
And, swept by wings of stormy winds, the clouds
Mingle with them in furious whirlpools vast:
Like ocean's billowy surges lashed by storms,
They endlessly unroll in shoreless beds,
Till neath vast rocks that check their wild career,
Against the cliff incessantly they break.
Yet while beneath its feet dark chaos rolls
Eternal glories crown its rocky brow;
From that bright hour when Sol's returning car
Glows mid the splendors of the orient sky,
To the soft evening, when his fading beam
Slowly descends into the western wave,
His light unclouded lingers on its heights,
And gloomy night her mantle throws o'er earth,
Ere to those mountain peaks he bids adieu.

Here, while in streams of purest bliss I float,
In the celestial air my soul breathes free,
And finds her long lost glory and her peace—
Yes—in this clime of heaven. earth's dull cares
No longer drag my soaring spirit down,
And scarcely of this world she bears a trace.
But, Lord, thine image in these glorious works

To the expanded vision shines more clear:
As to the priest who dwelt in holiest courts,
Each step reveals thee to the lonely soul;
Silence, and night, and deepest forest shades
Sublimest secrets murmur in his ear,
And, while he listens, far from earth-born sounds,
In desert wilds he hears thine oracles.

I've seen the ocean's agitated waves,
Like fiery coursers hurrying o'er the plain,
Unfolding at thy voice the dripping mane,
Leaping o'er rocks that stay the furious tide,—
Then, suddenly recoiling at thy nod,
Roaring, return into the deep abyss.
I've seen the streamlet through its flowery banks,
Gliding in rippling waves from grove to grove,
And on its bed, by shade and freshness veiled,
With gentle murmurs rock the fisher's bark:—
I've seen the shaft from the dark thunder-cloud,
A fiery serpent, darting o'er the wave;
And heaven's veil of azure, lightly swept
By gales celestial, redolent of flowers:
I've seen the dove, on timid foot half poised
Brush from her humid wing the sparkling dew,
Then cleave in measured flight the airy wave,
And panting fall upon the rocky shore:
I've seen the mountains nearest thine abode,
Upon whose heights, amid eternal snows,
Aurora's hand her earliest roses sows;—
Thy winter treasures, which by many a maze
Through withered fields their silent course pursue,
Till forth in purest crystal springs they burst,
And of the dying verdure quench the thirst.
These streams, that weep from the o'erhanging rocks—
These torrents, roaring through the riven cliffs,—
These peaks, where Time has lost his victory,—
Blend in one glorious anthem, Lord, to Thee.

Value of Time.—Napoleon Bonaparte having one day visited a school, said to the scholars, on leaving them, "My lads, every hour of lost time is a chance of future misfortune." One of his biographers, Bourrienne, adds that these remarkable words afford the maxim which formed, in a great degree, the rule of his conduct. Well did he understand the value of time; even his leisure was attended with some exertion of mind.

If this *soldier of the world* found, as he did, numerous advantages resulting from a careful use of time, should not the Christian soldier obey the injunction of his Master—"*Redeem the time?*"

For the Magnolia.

LETTERS FROM EUROPE —NO. I.

London—its "Lions"—Moral aspect—Contrast with Paris—The cause—Queen Victoria—Prince Albert.

My dear M.,—We have been a week in this great Babylon, and yet have not sent you a letter. When you visit London yourself you will learn how to excuse us. It is the maelstrom of the civilized world; we live in an incessant tumult, receiving and returning visits, planning and executing excursions, walking, riding, sailing, seeing sights, hearing concerts, and a thousand et ceteras. During this one week, we have seen Westminster Abbey, (work enough for a week,) been through the labyrinth of curiosities at St. Paul's and the Tower, the Parliament House, several of the palaces, the British Museum, the Royal Society Rooms, the Observatory at Greenwich, the Parks, &c. &c. You ask, dear M., for a "minute description of everything interesting:" this glance at the catalogue will doubtless appall your patience and incline you to more moderate demands. Nevertheless, I shall say something hereafter about many of these "Lions." I write now only some cursory sentences to assure you that amidst all the "confusion confounded" of the week you are not forgotten.

You cannot conceive the relief—the real delight we felt on hearing once more our good and hearty old English speech ringing everywhere around us, after the babel babblings of French, Spanish, Italian and German, on the continent. The first being that spoke to us on landing at London was an emaciated beggar, and his feeble accents were like a strain of music to my ears. I felt like leaping among the groups of dirty little urchins in the streets and screaming with them in loud merry English, as in days of yore.

And yet a sense of sadness and even distress comes over an observing mind in this vast capital—an impression that cannot be dissipated by the curiosities or gaieties which abound in it. Much as I love our parent land, I am com-

pelled to say, that in no city of the continent have I witnessed in one week such proofs of moral and physical wretchedness. London is a pandemonium. There may be more virtue in it than in Paris, but there must also be in it more vice. Female vice especially has more effrontery in London than anywhere else in the old world; wretched women literally throng some portions of the city. Drunkards meet you at certain hours at almost every corner, and (as might be expected) loathsome looking beggars of all ages and sexes appeal to your sympathies at every turn. The heart sickens, and one hastens to his home to escape the sight. You may spend a week in Paris without seeing an open display of vice. You cannot spend an hour in London without seeing a score such instances. There is a reason for the difference, and perhaps it is in favor of the English. In England vice and virtue are demarked by broad distinctions; hence the victim of guilt (especially if a woman) is cut off at once from the virtuous classes. The vicious form a vast class of their own; they are bound by no fastidious considerations which intercourse with the better society might impose; they give themselves up therefore to thorough abandonment. In Paris vice has little of dishonor associated with it; it reigns in all departments of society, holds up its head proudly, is fashionable, fastidious and even elegant; hence the *apparent* difference of the two capitals. You cannot estimate the demoralization of French society by its appearance; you might over-estimate that of English society by the same criterion.

You inquire about the Royal Family. We have had scarcely a momentary opportunity of seeing the Queen. I confess I was a little disappointed at her majesty's appearance; her equipage was grand—a richly gilded and glazed carriage, drawn by eight white horses, the finest I ever beheld, with a lacquey to each of them; guards splendidly appointed; a magnificent cortege of nobility in carriages; an immense throng of cockneys vociferating as if they would split the welkin and make the very angels come down to witness the sight, and amidst them all a little and doubtless very amiable woman, who could be eclipsed in beauty and (if you can judge from appearances) in good sense by five

hundred of the belles of the Lowell factories. I don't mean to say she is ugly, but she is further from being beautiful than from the reverse. Her contour is round, her complexion fair, with the usual red tinge of English women, her expression amiable but in no wise intellectual. I thought she seemed either slightly embarrassed or vexed by the demonstrations around her. Her whole face and neck were repeatedly suffused with red blushes. Her chief pretension is her domestic character, and this (between you and I) is the highest honor of a true-hearted woman. Since her accession the English court has been a pattern of virtue. She follows in the steps of the excellent and still lamented Princess Charlotte, whose domestic life, you will recollect, is so beautifully painted in one of Dick's volumes. Prince Albert sat by her side in the procession to Parliament the other day. He compares well with his royal lady; has an honest, benign, youthful face, rather pale, with no strong characteristic features. He is evidently in delicate health and looks "consumptive." Adieu, dear M. Take the above as a little introductory gossip; before long you shall hear from us more fully. J.

PRIDE *versus* TRUTH.—There is no single obstacle which stands in the way of more people in the search of truth than pride. They have once declared themselves of a particular opinion, and they cannot bring themselves to think they could possibly be in the wrong; consequently they cannot persuade themselves of the necessity of reëxamining the foundations of their opinions. To acknowledge and give up their error would be a still severer trial. But the truth is, there is more greatness of mind in candidly giving up a mistake, than would have appeared in escaping it at first, if not a very shameful one. The surest way of avoiding error is, careful examination. The best way of leaving room for a change of opinion, which should always be provided for, is to be modest in delivering one's sentiments. A man may, without confusion, give up an opinion which he declared without arrogance.

A TRUE COMMONWEALTH.—Milton with equal truth and nerve observes that "a Commonwealth ought to be as one huge Christian personage, one mighty growth and stature of an honest man, as big and compact in virtue as in body; for look what the grounds and causes are of single happiness to one man, the same ye shall find them to a whole state."

A heart dead to the claims of man cannot be alive to the claims of God; and religion cannot flourish on the ground where humanity withers.

For the Magnolia.

"Take therefore no thought for the morrow; for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself." Matt. vi. 34.

I would not turn aside the veil
That hides the future from my eye,
And through the mists of distant years
Discern my coming destiny;—
I would not know
If joy or woe
Shall mark the moments as they fly.

By memory's aid I backward glance,—
And as I view my past career,
And mark the contents of its page,—
A varied picture meets me there.
In light and shade
It stands portrayed,
Here bright with joy, there dark with care.

And thus shall be my future life—
A cup of mingled grief and joy;
A child of earth can never find
Pure happiness without alloy:
Our strength is frail,
And pleasures fail,
And soon the wearied mind will cloy.

I know my fate is in His hands
Whose wisdom guides the rolling year,
Whose power upholds Creation's plan,
Whose mercy saves from dangers near;
In His control
I leave my all,
Safe in his love, why should I fear?

Ada.

For the Magnolia.

LEAVES FROM THE NOTE BOOK OF A GOVERNESS

BY LAURA LOVELL.

Woodvale! What a host of sweet recollections does the name awaken. I see the gate, venerable in its antiquity,

which, opening on the public road, warns the passing traveller that beyond "the dark pine grove" there lies a home. Once more I follow the windings of the green and shady lane, and emerge at length before the grassy lawn and the white mansion over which the clustering multiflora has flung its clasping tendrils. I see the tall locusts before the dwelling, the little garden opening from the lawn, the pastures in the distance, the various forms of animal life which people the scene. Come, and let us go into the little garden and see the blossoming trees and the rose bushes. Then we will wander down the oak grove behind the house to the spring. But see, on the hill where the grove is thickest, how profusely the dead autumnal leaves lie scattered. And beneath them, in a corner far removed from the sound of childish mirth or the hum of busy labor, are the graves of the family. There, side by side, sleep the aged grandfather, —a man of God, gone to his reward—the father and mother, the eldest and youngest of their lovely children—within six months consigned to the grave. Consumption fastened upon that sweet blossom in early womanhood—beauty, accomplishments, earthly affection could not save it from the destroyer—and the opening bud left in a bleak world without the support of the parent stem withered too and died ere its blossoming—withered?—ah no! in all its freshness and promise it was transplanted to bloom with the dear ones gone before, in the Paradise of God. Four orphan bereaved ones are still left to mourn. They have clung together through all their trials; the oldest a lovely girl of eighteen, and the youngest a little fairy of five years. I see now before me that sweet innocent face, that gentle and artless smile, those winning ways that so touched the heart of the stranger. Ye are scattered far and wide, away from the home of your childhood, the hearth of your ancestry—Nay more! that home must pass into the hands of strangers—and now ye take of the happy haunts of your early years, of the graves of your kindred, a final farewell.

Not long since I received a letter from Sophia, in which she says, "I have a favor to ask of you—write me a 'Farewell to Woodvale.' We are about to part with our dear sweet old home, and I cannot leave it without taking my farewell

in verse." I could not do otherwise than comply, though I felt inadequate to the task—and so I have written a

FAREWELL TO WOODVALE.

Green wave the oaks around thee, home beloved,
Where oft in infancy our footsteps roved;
Bright glow the roseate clusters of the vine,
Whose clinging tendrils round thy casements twine;
Sweet is the murmur of the summer breeze,
Which softly sighs amid the waving trees;
Over the green-robed lawn, returning spring
Shall bid the locusts their white blossoms fling;
Still shall the birds their joyous music wake,
From every waving bough, and spray, and brake;
Yet to each shady nook and quiet dell,
Sadly we bid a long and last farewell.

Farewell, green haunts of careless infancy,
Where glad hearts wandered forth with steps as free,
Ye are not changed; round each familiar spot,
Cluster sweet memories ne'er to be forgot;
The music of loved voices still we hear,
Forms well-remembered to our sight appear,
Each verdant dell, green tree, and grassy knoll,
Hath its own secret history to the soul,
Filling our eyes with tears, as now to you
Beloved home, we bid a last adieu.

Beneath the shadows of the tall oaks lying,
In quiet slumber those who loved us rest;
When 'neath autumnal skies the foliage dying,
Hath strewn with its bright leaves the green earth's breast,
Mingling in music of a happier sphere,
No more their voices fall on mortal ear;
Here hoary age and helpless infancy,
Beside each other in the dark grave lie.
In the dark grave! oh no! the lifeless clay,
There waits the summons of the final day;
The spirits of our lost ones dwell above,
In regions of eternal light and love.

Father in Heaven! oh, hear the orphan's prayer,
Grant them thy strength, life's future ills to bear,
Be thou their friend, their help in years to come,
And safely guide them to a heavenly home.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

[We find in a late French periodical, a spirited story, giving an account of a wedding, at which the guests relate several laughable adventures. Among others, the grandfather of the bride gives the following amusing account of his own marriage in 1785:]

"I was fourteen years old, and was still stammering over my Port Royal grammar. My tutor was a young abbé, who wrote very pretty madrigals and idyls, after the fashion of Madame Deshsollieres. I loved him very much, and, as he was always pleased with his pupil, the pupil was always satisfied with his master. One morning, the abbé was explaining to me a difficult rule in my grammar, when my father, who had arrived from Paris the evening before, entered our study. It was the first time he had honored us with such a visit. Had he come to inform himself of my progress in Latin? Teacher and pupil were in a state of perplexity. We exchanged a rapid glance, which fortunately was unnoticed by our visitor. The count, my father, politely excused himself to my tutor, for interrupting his excellent lesson, on account of some important business with me. The abbé withdrew, and I found myself alone with my father. It was perhaps the first time in my life, and my heart beat violently. His face was very grave;—was I about to submit to an examination? After a preamble, which might as well have been in Hebrew, or in Latin, which was about the same thing to me, my father announced that it was his intention to have me——married!

My Port Royal grammar fell from my hands, my arms would have fallen with it, if the clavicles had not been strong.

"To marry me!" I exclaimed, "and shall I study Latin afterwards?"

"We shall see about that."

"And when shall you marry me?"

"In three days."

"Why not to-morrow?"

"Because your bride is still in the convent."

"May I know who she is?"

"That does not concern you."

"Ah! I beg your pardon, sir."

The count, my father, then delivered a long homily upon paternal authority and filial submission, which I understood very well, and a dissertation upon the conjugal union, which I did not understand at all.

All the preparations were made without my knowledge, for even my preceptor was not made a confidant in the affair. They were so good as to mention the name of my future bride to me. She was one of my relatives, an orphan and heiress to an immense fortune. I remembered very well having played with her and her doll, about five years before. I had not

seen her since. She had now just entered her thirteenth year. I recollected too, that when we played together, she was very pretty.

The great day arrived. The morning that I was presented to her, I was perfectly astonished; she was very well formed for her age; in fact she was quite a young lady, while I appeared a mere child. My bride paid very little attention to me—she was much more occupied with her beautiful toilette than with her little husband—a laughable husband truly. I can see her yet, in her grand costume of Chinese satin, the edge of which disappeared under a wreath embroidered with gold and silver; sparkling diamonds mingled with the flowers of her hair; diamonds were glittering in her ears, and a river of diamonds was rolling over the whiteness of her shoulders. She seemed to me a perfect fairy—a vision from the stars. I confess I was dazzled, bewildered, with admiration. The celestial apparition extended her pretty hand to me. I tremblingly took it, and an electric thrill shot through all my members. I was told to kiss it, and I raised it to my lips with confusion. I was beside myself. What I felt was so new—so strange. To tell the truth, I was very happy to exchange my old Port Royal manual for one so fresh, so brilliant, gilt-edged and diamond covered, and the contents of which were doubtless so different from Latin Syntax.

However, it must be acknowledged that I felt rather humbled—it seemed to me that my pretty cousin treated me very much like a child. She had a certain patronizing air, which wounded me exceedingly. She was much larger than myself, and then the long train of her robe, the profusion of lace floating around her, and her high-heeled shoes made her appear much taller. She was really a young lady, and I was only a school-boy. I felt this. And then my grey velvet coat embroidered with silver, my bouquet, my lace, the enormous ruffles of my neck and wrists, and my long sword, the golden scabbard of which dangled about my legs and impeded my motion, all this paraphernalia had the effect of diminishing my little figure in a ridiculous manner. I was exceedingly embarrassed, and should much rather have played with my cousin's ball or hoop, she in a simple frock and flat shoes, and I in a short jacket, both free in our dress and enjoyment.

But this was not the end of my tribulations. I had many others. The greatest was, being escorted during the whole ceremony by a captain of the Swiss guards, who was fully six feet high, a true Goliath, to whose head I should have sent willingly, a stone, I believe, had I held the sling of David. To add to my humiliation, they were obliged, at the repast, to pile pillows upon my chair, in order that I might more worthily represent a young husband.

Can it be credited, that during the whole I was unable to speak a single word to my wife, nor had I the happiness of hearing a syllable from her. They surrounded her—fêted her, and recited madrigals of every possible measure to her. The abbé (may God forgive him,) read a tedious epithalamium at the end of the repast.

I hoped at least after the wedding-feast to have the liberty of conversing a little with my pretty bride. Not at all. We were separated immedi-

ately. An old aunt of my wife's, the Marchioness of Jonchere, who remembered that Louis XIV. had kissed her brow when she was a child, and who had the honor of being admitted to the intimacy of Madame Pompadour, invited me in the most pressing manner to pass a few days with her, at her castle in Berry. My mother, on her side, gave a similar invitation to her new daughter-in-law, begging her to accompany her, to her estate in Jaucourt.

"*Au Revoir*," said my bride to me graciously, giving me to kiss for the second time, the pretty fingers where I had placed the sacramental ring. This was the end of my wedding. Each departed his own way. I was obliged to submit during the journey to the whole history of Madame Pompadour.

I did not see my wife again for three years. We returned to our studies. She to the convent, I to the abbé, who taught me to write madrigals. When I had produced a very gallant one, without any redundancies, I was rewarded by being allowed to send it to my pretty countess, from whom I received an answer, more spiritual than tender, in a style as overstrained as my poetry.

The consecration of the engagement which bound me for life, the nuptial ceremonies, fêtes, feasts, compliments, &c., were all accompanied with so many mortifications and disappointments that, to this day, I have never been sure that the whole parade was not an ugly dream indelibly impressed on my memory. Whether, however, it was a dream or reality, I am quite certain that forty very happy years have passed over my countess and myself."

After another hearty health to the bride, an old bachelor is persuaded into telling a very good ghost story, which we reserve for a future number.

It has been very fashionable for some years past, for transatlantic writers to mourn over our want of a national literature. Of course our own journalists have echoed the cry. We think the following extract from the last No. of the Methodist Quarterly Review a good answer to these croakers.

"The history of these new psychological and theological speculations *has been marked by considerable literary aspiration.* Their votaries have declared that the nation is growing up without a national literature—that the practical severity of our Saxon intellect produced by the influence of Bacon, Locke, the Scotch philosophers, and above all by our vigorous theology, has congealed the fountains of sentiment and originality, and prevented the development of a national taste. Doubtless, all wise efforts toward a more characteristic national literature are desirable; we hail them with the heartiest good wishes; but we think time is the chief necessity. Nations advance gradually, as do individuals. Give us time, gentlemen; we have the germ in the soil, and it will in due season rise and display its

glories like our native magnolia. But forbear your hot-house processes, and especially keep away your exotics, which can only sicken in our soil, and shed malaria on our moral atmosphere. Receive the word of exhortation, gentlemen. Know ye not, that the first condition of a national literature is that it be a type of the national character, and that national character depends largely upon the physical circumstances of a people? And that these, in this land, are just the reverse of the hair-splitting philosophy and liquefied sentimentalism ye offer us? What is this new world? A vast field for tugging labor and practical arts, immense mines of metal and fuel, mountains of iron, rivers running from the pole to the tropics, prodigious inland seas. And what are the people upon it? What were their fathers? Men who threw defiance at their oppressors in the iron bolts of their strong Saxon speech, and confounded the conquerors of the world in fields where yet stand the stumps of the primal forests; a race of stout-hearted fighters, stout-minded thinkers, and stout-handed workers, loving liberty, laboring for their bread, and serving their God And who are their posterity? Men who are filling the seas with ships, binding the land in belts of iron, digging canals through mountains, and who—solemnly sublime spectacle—are marching with a van line from Canada to the Gulf of Mexico, westward on the falling forest, at the rate of seventeen miles a year, rearing temples, founding cities, and casting manfully the destinies of the future.

"And what does the history of the mind of this hardy race teach? It has produced the Quadrant,* the Steamer, the Cotton-gin, the Magnetic Telegraph, the practical Franklin in philosophy, the severe Edwards in theology, the erudite Webster in philology, the incorruptible Washington in arms, the energetic Henry in eloquence, the whole band of clear-headed, far-seeing statesmen of the revolution. It has had its artists, but all who have won a permanent fame except one have shared the severity of the national taste; its Stuart, and Healey, and Inman, in portraiture, its West and Trumbull in historic painting. It has produced but one great romantic painter—Allston. Sculpture is the severest and noblest of the fine arts; it declines the charms of coloring, and its stern beauties inhere only in the solid stone: our land has just placed one of her sons at the head of the art, and has placed others of her children hard by him.

"Such a people must have a literature vigorous, strenuous, manly. You must alter their land and the texture of their brain before you can take from them their strong Saxon speech, or their robust common sense, and you must liquefy their hearts before they will cast away, as obsolete, that old volume, the truths of which their fathers believed as utterances from heaven, and under the sanctions of which they fought the battles of their liberty, and laid the foundations of their country.

"This is the land and such the people for whom you would create a philosophy and a literature. They have shown themselves capable of anything great; but nothing does their history more fully demonstrate, than

*Hadley's Quadrant was invented by Godfrey of Pennsylvania.

the impossibility of grafting on their sturdy intellectual growth the imported follies which you offer them. The men who would become their literary leaders must be intellectual athletæ; must study their stupendous scenery, their energetic life, and reflect in their writings their strenuous traits."

To Correspondents.—When will Sinclair redeem his promise? We are impatient for those "Recollections."

Where are our friends E. O. and K.? Shall we not hear from them soon?

The Prize of Virtue will appear in our next No.

For the historical facts, upon which the sketch in our last No. was founded, entitled "The Thread-maker of Lesbos," see Gibbon's Decline and Fall, pp. 294, 295.

BOOK NOTICES.

If any of our readers are trying to decide upon some suitable gift-book for a juvenile friend, we have a word of advice to give them—Waite, Peirce & Co., No. 1 Cornhill, have lately issued the first of a series of Madame Guizot's works. The present neatly got up volume is entitled "The Little Robbers and other Tales," and is translated with admirable spirit and vivacity by Miss Anne T. Wilbur, of South Woburn. The best recommendation the book can have is the varying expression of a child's face while reading it.

The New England Sabbath School Union has lately issued "The Fisherman's Boat, or Lessons of Kindness—from the German." It is an exceedingly interesting story, and is said to be "a recital of veritable facts." The translator states that it is submitted "to her young readers without a doubt that its simple beauties will render it one of their most entertaining books, while the lessons it teaches can scarcely fail to improve their hearts." 79 Cornhill.
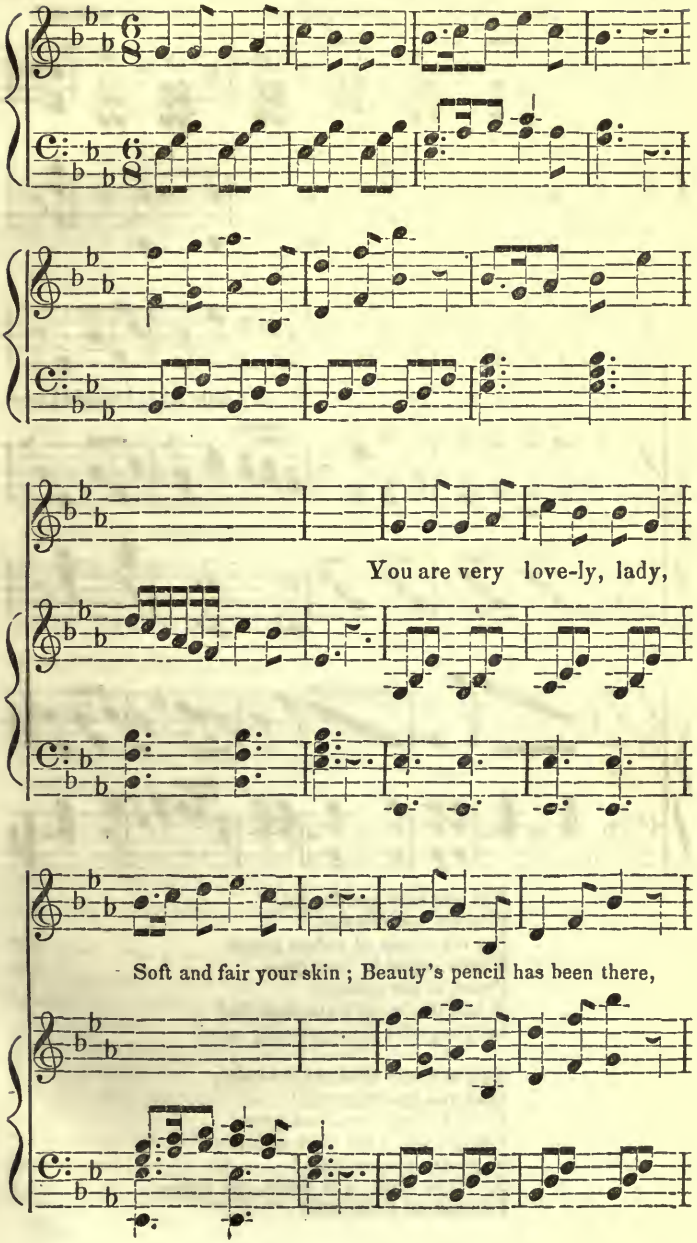
We presume many of our readers remember a very beautiful piece of poetry which "went the rounds" of most of the religious papers in November last, entitled "The Burial of Mrs. Judson at St. Helena," by H. S. Washburn, Esq. Our musical friends will be glad to know that it is set to most appropriate music by S. Heath, the symphonies and accompaniments by George Hews. Published and for sale by Oliver Ditson, 115 Washington street.

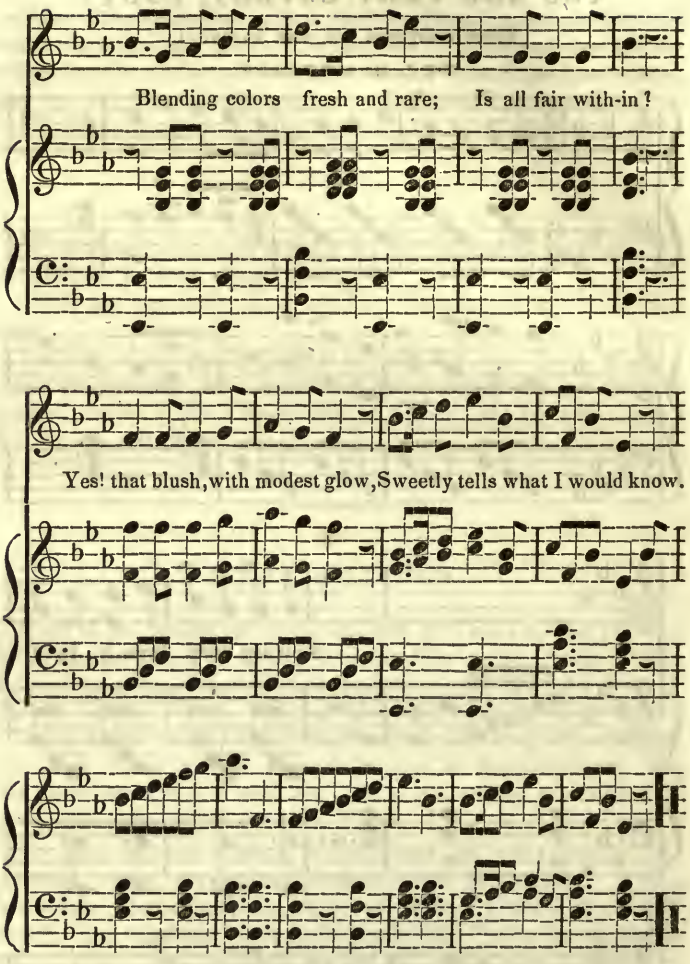
"The Judson Offering" has been received and will be noticed in our next.

YOU ARE VERY LOVELY, LADY!

MUSIC COMPOSED FOR THE MAGNOLIA,

BY I. N. METCALF.





You are very gentle, lady!
Humble and discreet;
Let not words of artless praise
Kindle anger in your gaze.
Praise is not unmeet,
When the lip of truth doth find
Language for the approving mind.

You are very dear, sweet lady;
Will you hear my suit?
Honest is my love, and pure,
Lasting while my days endure;
Why are you so mute?
Ah! you smile, and blush, and sigh—
I do ask no more reply.

THE SALE OF THE PET LAMB.

BY MARY HOWITT.

[See Frontispiece.]

Oh! poverty is a weary thing; 'tis full of grief and pain,
It boweth down the heart of man and dulls his cunning brain;
It maketh even the little child with heavy sighs complain!

The children of the rich man have not their bread to win;
They hardly know how labor is the penalty of sin;
Even as the lilies of the field, they neither toil nor spin.

And year by year, as life wears on, no wants have they to bear;
In all the luxury of the earth they have abundant share;
They walk among life's pleasant ways, and never know a care.

The children of the poor man—though they be young, each one,
Early in the morning they rise up before the sun,
And scarcely when the sun is set their daily task is done.

Few things have they to call their own, to fill their hearts with pride,
The sunshine of the summer's day, the flowers on the highway side,
Or their own free companionship, on the heathy common wide.

Hunger and cold, and weariness—these are a frightful three;
But another curse there is beside that darkens poverty:
It may not have one thing to love, how small soe'er it be.

A thousand flocks were on the hills—a thousand flocks and more—
Feeding in sunshine pleasantly, they were the rich man's store;
There was the while, one little lamb, beside a cottage door:

A little lamb that did lie down with the children 'neath the tree—
That ate, meek creature, from their hands, and nestled to their knee;
That had a place within their hearts, as one of the family.

But want, even as an armed man, came down upon their shed;
The father labored all day long, that his children might be fed,
And one by one their household things were sold, to buy them bread.

That father, with a down-cast eye, upon his threshold stood,
Gaunt poverty each pleasant thought had in his heart subdued;
"What is the creature's life to us?" said he, "'t will buy us food."

"Ay, though the children weep all day, and with down-drooping head,
Each does his small craft mournfully!—the hungry must be fed;
And that which has a price to bring, must go to buy us bread!"

It went—oh! parting has a pang the hardest heart to wring;
But the tender soul of a little child with fervent love doth cling,
With love that hath no feignings false, unto each gentle thing!

Therefore most sorrowful it was those children small, to see,
Most sorrowful to hear them plead for their pet so piteously;
"Oh! mother dear, it loveth us; and what besides have we?"

"Let's take him to the broad, green hills," in his impotent despair,
Said one strong boy; "let's take him off—the hills are wide and far;
I know a little hiding-place, and we will keep him there!"

'T was vain! they took the little lamb, and straightway tied him down,
With a strong cord they tied him fast; and o'er the common brown,
And o'er the hot and flinty roads, they took him to the town.

The little children through that day, and throughout all the morrow,
From every thing about the house a mournful thought did borrow;
The very bread they had to eat was food unto their sorrow!

Oh! poverty is a weary thing, 't is full of grief and pain;
It keepeth down the soul of man as with an iron chain;
It maketh even the little child, with heavy sighs complain.

For the Magnolia.

SKETCHES OF AMERICAN SCENERY.

VISIT TO NIAGARA.

First view of the Falls—The Rapids—The Horseshoe Falls—The Cave of the Winds—The American Falls—The Ferry—View from Table Rock—Scenery about Niagara.

The three days ending with the twelfth of August, 1844, are marked with red letters and white stones in our memory. We recall them with delicious reveries and vivid recollections of Niagara, the most glorious sight we have ever seen or yet expect to see. Never will the sabbath spent in that great temple of Nature, be forgotten.

The following letter to a beloved friend, attempted some

description of its effects upon the feelings. Niagara can never be described.

My dear M——, I have arrived at the *ultima thule* of sight-seeing, for I have looked upon Niagara*—the "Sovereign of the world of floods." I had been cautioned not to have my expectations raised too high, lest they should be disappointed; but my first view of Niagara brought with it a consciousness which can never leave me, that earth had nothing to offer to the sight which will not

"Grow dim beneath the splendor of that glorious watery throne."

I had read eagerly every description of it in poetry and prose, I had studied it from paintings, I had tasked my imagination to the utmost for a conception of it; but when I really looked upon it, my amazememt was only equalled by my admiration.

I shall never forget my first sight of these wonderful waters; it was from the cars, about two miles north of the Falls, at *Belle vue de la cataract*, which, as the name imports, commands a fine prospect, indeed, the only distant one to be obtained. The railroad for some distance is on the steep bank of Niagara river, which is entirely hid by the tall trees, growing so thickly on its very verge, as to shut out even glimpses of the opposite bank. At this place, (Belle-vue) we emerged from the dense foliage, and obtained a sight of the river winding its way between the steep banks. Its color is precisely that of polished green jasper, variegated with veins of the whitest foam. Next, a cloud of pearly mist floating in the distance, and flashing in the sunlight, attracted every eye—and then—all Niagara was before us. My heart leaped up to meet it, and there it is enshrined forever; but no earthly language can describe the picture it preserves. The sky above, the rising mist mingling with the very clouds, the rushing waters which you can scarcely convince yourself have not just broken loose from gigantic confines, seeming, between

* This word, according to the late Col. Stone, the well-known Indian antiquarian, is pronounced by the aborigines with the accent on the *third* syllable—the *a* broad and open.

the clouds above, and the mist beneath, to be hung mid-heaven. It was like a vision of another world, so suddenly it burst upon us, so wonderfully glorious, so quickly was it gone. "Beautiful!" broke from every lip, and the number of passengers in the cars swelled it almost to a shout.

Upon our arrival, I, who am a perfect *gourmand* in such matters, was for *rushing* to see the *rush;* but one of our party who had visited it before—a tyrannical amateur, undertook the regulation of my ecstasies, by forming a climax of views, and to this arrangement (which proved to be the best) I was obliged to submit.

Keeping aloof, then, from the edge of the river, which above the Falls is nearly level with the banks, we pursued our way towards the commencement of the rapids, perhaps half a mile above the cataract. The actual descent of water in this distance is forty feet, forming an inclined plane; the surface is broken into beautiful and irregular cascades; billow-kissed rocks are interspersed at unequal distances nearly across the river, and the white-crested, up-lifting waves are tossing and tumbling in tumultuous glee. This is in itself a scene of surpassing beauty. Somebody, I think Willis, speaking of water, says, "it is the gladdest thing under heaven." Here the waves are dancing, leaping, gambolling, caressing, apparently frantic with joy at their expected journey to the ocean. The rush, the whirl, the plunge, the splash, the dash, the shouting, the roaring of the waters before you, with the heavy thundering of the great Fall, heard beyond and below, all, makes the heart beat high, and the blood course rapidly in the veins. We stopped under the shade of a large tree, to revel in this boisterous scene. A few feet beyond us, on some rocks, around which the waters were playing in comparative quiet, stood an Indian with his fishing line, his long hair streaming on the breeze; reclining on the bank behind him, was his boy, with a basket ready to receive the delicate treasures of the deep. This was the finishing touch in the picturesque scene before us. Numbers of these children of the forest, relics of the once powerful Six Nations, are found

strolling about the place, offering their gay manufactures to the visitors. They have quite a tract of land ten or twelve miles from the Falls, known as the Indian Reservation, where they live in a state of considerable comfort and civilization. The part of it bordering on the railroad, through which we passed, looked quite thriving. Their grounds were well fenced, their fields looked flourishing, and their buildings were not inferior to many inhabited by the pale faces in some of the interior towns.

But notwithstanding the beauty of the scenery before us, I was impatient for the grand view. Following the rapids as far as the bridge which crosses them, in the midst of their wild excitement, leading to Bath Island, the rush, and roar, and plunge increasing at every step, we pursued our way from thence, across another bridge, leading to Iris, formerly Goat Island. This island, which is thrown into the river, precisely at the head of the precipice over which the waters rush, forms the only division to the Falls, which would otherwise be one stupendous sheet of water. Proceeding through a pleasant grove of the island, we began to emerge into a more open space; and here I was per force obliged by our epicurean conductor, to be led a short distance with closed eyes. When allowed to open them, what a sight was before me! The whole stretch of the Horseshoe Falls was a few rods in advance. I bounded forward, clapping my hands, and nothing could express my swelling emotions, but the word "glorious" shouted at the very top of my voice. In a few minutes we had descended the path on the side of the bank, crossed the Terrapin bridge, under which the waters are boiling and foaming, and were standing in Prospect tower, within a few feet, indeed, almost overlooking this immense mass of water. No words can describe the slow and stately march—the majestic plunge of the river over this precipice. Perhaps some very faint idea may be formed, by imagining as well as one can, a body of water 114 *rods* in width, 158 feet in height, and 20 feet deep at the very verge of the precipice, over which it is constantly pouring. Along the edge of the steep,

the water is the purest emerald green; but as it descends, the sheet seems to unfold itself, disclosing masses of pearly foam, which mingle in the plunge, and all are lost to sight in the ever-ascending mist which veils the base. When it emerges from this incense-like cloud, the water for some distance has the appearance of molten silver, so perfectly unbroken is its brilliant whiteness.

Our next view was after descending the Biddle stairs, pursuing the path to the left, directly under an overhanging precipice leading to the base of the commencement of the Horse-shoe Falls. In the midst of a perfect shower of spray, which seemed to me like a rebaptism, I stood in silent awe listening to the voice of "deep calling unto deep." I could have stood there for hours, for it seemed enchanted ground, rivetting my feet to the spot. The path in the opposite direction (the other side of the stairs) led us to the foot of the central, properly a part of the American Fall. Behind this sheet of water is the Cave of the Winds. It is said to be about eighty feet in length by sixty in breadth. It *has* been considered inaccessible, but may now be visited by means of steps, which have been lately cut in the rocks leading to it. The winds were literally howling in this chasm, the spray was whirled and driven at their mercy; but floating on its bosom, like an opal necklace, a beautiful rainbow advanced or receded as it was swayed by the furious blast. The noise of the Fall at this place is perfectly deafening. At its very foot, a large rock lifts itself, as if defying its fury, and upon this the waters dash and break in maddened rage, and with a noise louder than bursting thunderbolts. The path to this Fall, is directly under a projecting cliff, fearful to look at. The sides and verge are covered with large stones, which seem to need but a breath to loosen them from their cavities. Precisely at this point, an unfortunate young physician, Dr. Hungerford, of West Troy, was killed, some years since, by the earth and rocks falling from above.

We returned from the island, less fatigued with the exercise we had taken, than with the grand idea which

"First dazzles, then enraptures, then o'erawes the aching sight."

This was enough for one day. I went to sleep that night with strange emotions. The windows of my room were rattling to the ever-swelling roar of the Falls. Confused images of mist, and foam, and rocks, and rushing waters were before my eyes, and my dreams were a repetition of the scenes of the day. I awoke many times in the night, to listen to the same rush, and roar, and rattle. In the morning the same music met my ears, and I sprang up full of excitement in the expected adventures of the day.

A short walk brought us to the stairs, which descend the bank of the main shore, conducting to the ferry. Here we climbed along the rocks, in the face of a drenching spray, as near the base of the American Falls as we could venture; and perhaps from this point, as good an idea of their height may be obtained, as from any other. The idea so often mentioned, of a river pouring from the clouds, does not seem like illusion here, for you see nothing above you but sky and water. To take in the whole extent of the American Falls, you must look upwards 164 feet, and they are 56 *rods* in width; not quite half as wide as the Canada or Horseshoe Falls, and on this account their height is better appreciated.

While waiting a few moments for the ferryman, a beautiful rainbow was seen floating on the mist, now at the foot of the Falls, now rising with it to the clouds, but growing every moment more and more vivid, it stretched itself from bank to bank, and spanned the river, a perfect crescent, like a halo of glory. I never saw any thing half so beautiful as the scene presented at that moment. My eyes filled with tears of uncontrollable delight—the natural, and almost only means of venting the strong emotions of a woman's nature.

The ferry crosses the river a few rods below the Falls. The water is 250 feet in depth at this place. The ferry is said to be perfectly safe, and I believe no accident has ever occurred; but the boat seems such a tiny thing, as it mounts the foam-crested wave, and sinks into the green abyss—and the oarsman pulls so lustily against the rushing current—and

the idea of the depth of water beneath you, is not particularly comfortable as you are tossed on the "bounding billows." However, we were safely landed on the shores of her Majesty, and in a few minutes found ourselves on *Table Rock*. Large portions of this rock have occasionally fallen off, within the memory of those living in the neighborhood; but points of it are said to project 50 or 60 feet. A large fissure in it, extending several feet, has been observed for many years, and undoubtedly this part of it will sooner or later be detached from the main body. But visitors walk to the edge of it quite fearlessly. I plucked a little smiling-looking flower from the very brink; indeed my woman's heart seemed to grow brave amid the grand and tumultuous excitement about me, and I felt a strange and entirely new-born passion for climbing into all possible positions of difficulty and peril, my heart beating high the while, and swelling to grasp the stupendous sublimity of the scene.

Descending a flight of steps, and passing along a narrow pathway, directly under the projecting rock on which we had stood, brought us to the grand climactric view. All the waters of these great inland seas, the lakes Huron, Michigan, Superior and Erie seemed at that very moment passing in measured and majestic roll over the precipice. The spray was literally beating upon us; the deafening "voice of many waters," united with the "noise of a rushing mighty wind," was thundering and roaring in our ears; darkness, and blackness, and maddened foam, and rushing mist, and yawning precipices, and overhanging cliffs were all before us; every step seemed more terrific, yet all impelled us onwards, till we could go no farther. We were at the entrance of the dreadful passage, which conducts 150 feet behind this immense sheet of water. I would gladly have entered, for I felt brave enough for any thing at that moment; but my conductor was inexorable, and, shaking from head to foot with the terrible sublimity of the scene, we gave a last look into that awful opening. A few moments after, I was reclining again on Table Rock, exhausted, overwhelmed and almost sobbing with uncontrollable emotion.

But Niagara must be seen and studied, to be appreciated. No words can give the least conception of it. I never felt so much the utter powerlessness of even the nervous Anglo-Saxon. A new language should be invented to describe it full of "words of thundering sound." You may have applied the adjectives beautiful and magnificent to the sunset; you may have called a thunder-storm awful and sublime; you may have looked down cliffs which were terrific; but all the sunsets since the creation scarcely equal Niagara in beauty; the storms of all time cannot excel it in sublimity, and the perilous steeps of all countries, would fail to give you an idea so overwhelmingly terrific, as one glance into that frightful passage behind the Canada Falls.

The country about Niagara is full of interest. There are several mineral springs in the vicinity; one called the *Burning Spring*, emitting an inflammable gas. The whirlpool, about three miles below the Falls, is much visited on account of the singular motion of the waters, which first strike the Canada shore, rush to the American side, and are then kept whirling about in the innumerable vortices formed by this terrible commotion. The *Devil's Hole*, a frightful chasm, a mile beyond the latter place, was the scene of a dreadful battle between the English and the Indians employed by the French. A small stream running through this ravine, has since borne the name of the Bloody Run. The battles of Chippewa and Lundy's Lane were also fought within the sound of Niagara's thunder. There is an island near the Canada shore, above the Falls, called Gull Island, never yet touched by a human foot. You cannot imagine the mysterious interest associated with this spot in my mind.

Brock's dilapidated monument may be seen in the distance, from some points, as disgraceful to our national character, as are the numerous manufactories erected on the American banks of the river. The idea of setting Niagara *to work* to turn wheels and keep machinery in motion, seems like confining genius in a treadmill. I felt that it would be scarcely criminal to put the incendiary's torch to these disgraceful

buildings. It should all be sacred ground, for nature has consecrated it; 't is her Holiest of Holies.

"Whoe'er has seen thine incense rise, or heard thy torrents roar,
Must have bent before the God of all, to worship and adore,
For, if the ocean be as nought in the hollow of His hand,
And the stars of the bright firmament, in His balance, grains of sand,—
If Niagara's rolling flood seem great to us who lowly bow,
O! Great Creator of the whole, how passing great art thou!"

I copied the following from the note-book of one of our party. You will have no difficulty in recognizing the author.

"Dread water of the North! what bard
Can sing thine awful majesty? Thy voice
Of many waters is thy muse, and it
From age to age, doth utter to the world
Its minstrelsy of thunder, singing thee
Unequalled and alone, God's grandest work!
Thou art the fane of waters, from afar
The rivers and the Northern seas roll on
Their floods to join thy mighty chorus loud,
And catching now the nearing sound, their waves
Lift up their heads and shake their foamy crests,
And rush like war-horse at the trumpet's blast.
Unceasing clouds of mist thine incense, all
That mingle with the skies. Thou art the sum
Of all sublimity; nor ocean's surge
That mounts upon the hurricane and falls
From midst the clouds, is like unto thy plunge,
Thy dread, thy deep, thy never-ending plunge!
Nor ocean's voice, that groans from shore to shore,
Resounds like thine, thy voice that never ceased
In day or night, in storm or calm, since God
Rolled back the waters of the flood, nor shall,
For thou, great organ of the universe,
Shalt still send up thy volum'd notes on high,
And only cease when heaven and earth shall flee!
In ages yet to come, the pilgrim feet
Of Nature's children, ardent with her love,
Shall tread thy sacred precincts, for with thee
Is inspiration, such as earth has not
Among her waves or on her Alpine heights,
And such as fills the eye with tears, the heart
With trembling awe, and yet with joy!"

As ever, yours. M——.

For the Magnolia.

THE HAPPY DAY.

MOTHER. How have you passed the long day, Annie?
You have been gone since the rise of sun;
Sit you down at my feet and tell me
What you have seen, dear, what you have done.

ANNIE. Oh, I could never, never tell you
All that I found to see and to do,
Nor remember one half the stories
That came to me as the west wind blew.

Pleasant stories they were, dear mother,
All about fairies and wild woodmen,
And one of you and poor cousin Willy,
That seemed as if he were alive again.

I had never heard them, my mother,
No one had told those stories to me;
But they came as the color comes to the river,
Or the broad, dark leaves to the walnut tree.

MOTHER. Then you have been alone, my Annie,
And not with your cousins hard at play;
But tell me more, my gentle daughter,
Of this, your beautiful holiday.

ANNIE. Nay I was not alone, dear mother,
For I stayed two hours with Elsie Glen;
I swept her floor and I set her dinner,
And sang the song of the "Lonely Wren."

Next I went to the willow meadow
To watch how the golden cowslips grow,
But there I saw a poor wounded robin,
Bleeding and limping along so slow.

See the stain on my bosom, mother,
I took the robin and layed him there,
Till in the brook in willow meadow
I bathed his wound with tenderest care.

Oh, I was happy—happy, mother;
He was soon able to fly again,
And I dare say has quite forgotten
All about me and his morning's pain.

Then I went to the wood, dear mother,
And thought I would find a shady bower,
Where to sing till some woodland fairy
Should bring up gifts wrought by fairy power.

I had scarce found a bower, my mother,
Where the vines hung from a white oak tree,
When I heard a woman sigh and moan
Quite near—oh, she moaned piteously!

Then she called as to some one missing,
But her words I could not understand;
Or if she wept for friends in heaven,
Or for those far in a foreign land.

But still she shouted "Lilla, Lilla!"
And she wrung her hands and looked around,
And then, as if quite weak from sorrow,
She threw herself on the rough, hard ground.

I crept gently up to her, mother,
And I layed my hand upon her arm,
And spoke as soft as I could, dear mother,
For fear my voice should give her alarm.

Then she turned and she clasped my fingers,
And looked at me with an eager look,
And waved her hand to the wood and then
The way that leads to the willow brook,

And called again, "Oh, Lilla, Lilla!"
And bent as to hear some voice reply;
No answer came from wood or meadow,
Or from the depths of the cloudless sky.

Just then I saw the vine leaves tremble
Beside the bower that I had found,
And half I thought to behold a palace
Rise complete from the opening ground.

But no; there rose from beside the bower
Only a child three or four years old;
Oh, such a sweet little boy, dear mother,
With roguish eyes and with hair like gold!

I think he had but just awakened,
He seemed in a maze—half bliss, half fear;
And the thought came to my mind, my mother,
"He has been sleeping the fairy year."

But the woman, she shouted "Lilla!"
And sprang and clasped him close to her breast;
He laughed merrily while she kissed him,
But she wept loud, as if over-blest.

And they two went on their way rejoicing,
And I came home to my mother dear,
With as many happy things to tell
As would take you all the night to hear.

MOTHER. Thanks, and a fervent blessing, Annie,
Take for the tale you have partly told;
You have brought home from wood and meadow
Richer gifts than the fairy gold. IDA.

For the Magnolia.

LETTERS FROM EUROPE.—NO. II.

City Road Chapel—Richard Reese—The Burial Ground—Wesley's Grave—Interior of the Chapel—Altar—Tablet to Wesley—The Epitaph—Fletchere's Monument and Epitaph—Benson's—Charles Wesley's.

MY DEAR M.,—I received yours the day before yesterday, urging me to visit the famous City Road Chapel, and send you a description of it. It was not necessary that you should remind me of that interesting monument of the great Wesley, for I had included it in my plan of excursions. We spent several hours at it yesterday, and it fortunately happened that we met in the parsonage (which is adjacent to it) a venerable Wesleyan clergyman, Rev. Richard Reese, who has travelled in the United States, and takes pleasure, as he personally proved to us, in showing attentions to American visitors. He accompanied us through the chapel and burial ground, explaining every thing of interest, and making most entertaining comments. He is one of the most interesting men I have yet met in England—most venerable and dignified in his person, and full of blandness of manners.

But to the chapel. City Road Chapel derives its name from the noble avenue upon which it stands, once a highway

to the city, now a principal street *in* it. The chapel stands back several rods from the street, and has a small greensward in front, inclosed by an iron railing. The exterior of the building is rather simple than plain. We passed immediately around by a path on the sward, to its rear, to see the tombs of the great and good men, whose names are identified with the church or the great Wesleyan body, of which it may be considered the symbolic monument. The grave-yard in the rear is not large, and is, I believe, devoted to the burial of select members of the connection. It contains the tombs of of Wesley, Clarke, Benson, Watson, and many of the veterans of Methodism, including several "leaders" and "stewards" of the olden time.

Wesley's tomb is the most prominent, by its size. It is a quadrangular mass of hard sandstone, about three feet high, with scarcely any ornament. A number of other early Methodist preachers are interred in the same tomb; their names are on the monument. It bears, also, that of Mrs. Martha Hall, sister of Wesley. The following is a copy of the epitaph of the great man:

To the memory of
The venerable John Wesley, A.M.,
Late Fellow of Lincoln College, Oxford.
This great light arose
(By the singular providence of God)
To enlighten these nations,
And to revive, and enforce, and defend
The pure Apostolical doctrines and practices of
The Primitive Church,
Which he continued to do both by his writings and his labors,
For more than half a century,
And to his inexpressible joy,
Not only beheld their influence extending
And their efficacy witnessed
In the hearts and lives of many thousands,
As well in the Western World as in these Kingdoms;
But also far above all human power or expectation,
Lived to see provision made by the singular grace of God
For their continuance and establishment,
To the joy of future generations.
Reader, if thou art constrained to bless the instrument,
Give God the glory.
After having languished a few days he,
At length, finished his course, and his
Life together, gloriously triumphing over
Death, March 2d, An. Dom., 1791, in the
Eighty-eighth year of his age.

Next to Wesley's tomb is that of the learned commentator, Dr. Adam Clarke. It contains, likewise, the remains of his wife, and simply records their names. Watson's grave is also near at hand.

We entered the chapel. Its workmanship is much admired, being exceedingly light and graceful, and not destitute of ornament. Galleries extend on the two sides and the front. The ceiling is wrought with simple but beautiful decorations, and also the fronts of the galleries. The pulpit in which Wesley preached, still stands in its original form, the old "wine-glass" model, with winding stairs to it, and a clerk's desk for the national church prayers, immediately below it in front. Wesley, you will recollect, left a legacy for the expense of a perpetual clerk to read the prayers in this venerable chapel. The pulpit stands somewhat out in the area of the church, before the altar. The latter is a semicircular railing of mahogany, inclosing an alcove in the wall, which forms with it a circle. This fine alcove extends to the ceiling. In the upper part are three windows, corresponding to the windows of the galleries; but in the lower part, instead of windows, are three mahogany compartments, corresponding to the windows beneath the galleries, and containing inscriptions in letters of gold, of the Lord's Prayer, the Decalogue, and the Apostles' Creed. On either side of these is a space in the alcove, which is occupied by monumental tablets—three tablets in each, one above the other. They are all slabs of fine white marble, inserted in dark-colored marble, as a back ground.

At the top of the side to the left of the spectator, is the tablet to Wesley. On the top of the slab rests an entablature on which is wrought a globe, with the Atlantic Ocean, and the West of Europe and East of North America apparent, indicating the extent of Methodism at his death. On the left face of the globe is a trumpet resting on the Bible. On the right is the "Liturgy," with a scroll reclining on it. The scroll is inscribed with his dying words: "The best of all is God is with us." The following is the epitaph:

Sacred to the memory of
The Rev. John Wesley, A. M.,
Sometime Fellow of Lincoln College, Oxford;
A man in learning and sincere piety
Scarcely inferior to any;
In zeal, ministerial labors and extensive usefulness,
Superior, perhaps, to all men since the days of St. Paul.
Regardless of fatigue, personal danger and disgrace,
He went out into the highways and hedges
Calling sinners to repentance,
And publishing the Gospel of Peace.
He was the founder of the Methodist Society,
And the chief promoter and patron
Of the plan of itinerant preaching,
Which he extended through Great Britain and Ireland,
The West Indies and America, with unexampled success.
He was born 17 June, 1703,
And died 2 March, 1791.
In sure and certain hope of eternal life
Through the atonement and mediation of
A crucified Savior.
He was sixty-five years in the ministry,
And fifty-two an itinerant preacher.
He lived to see, in these Kingdoms only,
About 300 itinerant and 1000 local preachers
Raised up from the midst of his own people,
And 80,000 persons in the societies
Under his care;
His name will ever be had in grateful remembrance,
By all who rejoice in the universal spread
Of the Gospel of Christ.
Soli Deo Gloria.

Immediately beneath the tablet to Wesley is one to Fletchere. The slab which bears the inscription is surmounted by a semi-circular cavity in the marble. Within this arch and occupying the centre of its base, is the ark of the covenant, covered by the wings of the cherubim, and bearing on its front the cross circled by a halo. On the right of the altar are two volumes; upon the other, with a half-unrolled scroll resting upon them, on the scroll are the words, so characteristic of him:

"With meekness
of
Wisdom."

On the left are also two volumes, the lower one labelled, "The Portrait of St. Paul," and the upper "checks," designating his two chief works. The following truly appropriate and eloquent epitaph is on the slab:

Sacred to the memory
Of Rev. John de la Fletchere,
Friar of Madeley, in Stropshire.
Born at Nyon, in Switzerland, 12 Sept., 1729,
And died August 14, 1785.
A man eminent for eloquence, genius
And Theological learning; still more
Distinguished for sanctity of manners and
The virtues of primitive Christianity.
Adorned with "whatsoever things are pure,
Whatsoever things are lovely," and bringing
Forth the fruits of the spirit in singular
Richness and maturity. The measure of
Every other grace in him was exceeded by
His deep and unaffected humility.
Of enlarged views as to the merit of the
Atonement and of those gracious rights
With which it invests those who believe,
He had "boldness to enter into the holiest
By the blood of Jesus." And in reverent and
Transporting contemplation (the habit of his devout
And hallowed spirit) he dwelt as beneath
The wings of the Cherubim, beholding the
Glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ,
And was "changed into the same image," teaching
By his attainments more than by his writings,
The fulness of evangelical promises, and with
What intimacy of communion man may
Walk with God. He was the friend and
Coadjutor of Rev. John Wesley, M. A., whose
Apostolic views of general redemption,
Justification by Faith and Christian reflection
He successfully defended, leaving to future
Ages an able exposition of "the truth which is
According to Godliness," and erecting an
Impregnable rampart against Pharisaic
And Antinomian error, in a series of works
Distinguished by the beauty of their style, by
Force of argument, and by a gentle and
Catholic spirit, affording an edifying
Example of "speaking the truth in love" in
A long and ardent controversy. For twenty-five
Years the Parish of Madeley was the scene
Of his unexampled pastoral labors, and he
Was there interred amidst the tears and
Lamentations of thousands, the testimony
Of their hearts to his exalted piety, and to his
Unwearied exertions for their salvation. But
His memory triumphed over death, his saintly
Example exerts increasing influence in the
Church of Christ, through the study of his
Writings and the publication of his biography.
In token of their veneration for his character,
And in gratitude for the services rendered by
Him to the cause of Truth, this monument
Was erected by the Trustees of this Chapel, A. D., 1822.

At the base of this slab and inserted in the same background of dark marble, is a medallion piece of rich, white

marble, circled with a wreath, and containing a dove, spreading its wings over a scroll tied up with pens.

Beneath Fletchere's is Benson's monument. It is a fine tablet of pentagomal form, wrought with flowers about its top, and containing the device of a butterfly rising from the chrysalis state—an emblem of the resurrection. The following is the inscription of this tablet:

Sacred to the memory
Of Joseph Benson,
Who, as a Christian, was holy, devoted and consistent;
Learned, orthodox and practical, as a commentator;
Zealous, laborious and faithful as a pastor.
His public instructions were marked by seriousness,
Accuracy and fervor, and being accompanied with
The unction of the Holy One, for which
He continued constant in prayer, were
Eminently acceptable and useful; "by manifestation
Of the truth commending himself to every
Man's conscience in the sight of God." As the
Messenger of Christ he persuaded men, and
"Much people was added unto the Lord." Having
Served his generation by the will of God, he
Peacefully slept in Jesus, Feb. 16, 1821, aged 73.

At the right of the spectator, in the alcove, and corresponding to John Wesley's tablet, is one to the memory of Charles Wesley. It is represented as standing on two books, one inscribed "Hymns," the other "Sacred Poems." On the upper part is wrought a Bible, on which reclines an open volume, inscribed with the sentence, "God buries his workmen, but carries on his work." To the right is a group of devices composed of the cross, resting on a scroll, inscribed with the text, "Psalms and Hymns," &c., and the sacramental cup and plate of bread. To the left is a lyre wreathed with olive. The epitaph is as follows:

Sacred to the memory of
The Rev. Charles Wesley, A. M.,
Educated at Westminster School,
And some time student of Christ Church, Oxford.
As a preacher, he was eminent for ability, zeal and usefulness.
Being learned, without pride,
And pious, without ostentation,
To the sincere, diffident Christian,
A son of consolation;
But to the vain boasted, the hypocrite and the profane,
A son of thunder.
He was the first who received the name of Methodist,

And, uniting with his brother, the Rev. John Wesley,
In the plan of itinerant preaching,
Endured hardship, persecution and disgrace
As a good soldier of Jesus Christ.
Contributing largely by the usefulness of his labors,
To the first formation of the Methodist Societies
In these Kingdoms.
As a Christian poet, he stood unrivalled,
And his hymns will convey instruction and consolation
As long as the English language shall be understood.
He was born 18 Dec., 1708,
And died 29 March, 1788.
A firm and pious believer in the doctrines of the gospel,
And a sincere friend
To the Church of England.

(To be Continued.)

For the Magnolia.

THE MOTHER'S FAREWELL.

BY MRS. MARION G. AMESBURY.

FAREWELL, farewell, my own sweet babe; 't is hard to give thee up,
Yet He who wills its bitterness can help me drink the cup;
Oh! may His plenteous grace sustain and soothe my bursting heart,
While with my loved, my cherished one, I thus so early part.

To see thy suff'rings, dearest one, my heart could scarcely brook;
I did not deem that death was near, though agonized thy look;
And when they told me thou wast dead, I thought it could not be,
Those pearly lips, that velvet cheek so precious seemed to me.

Though well I knew when death released thy pains would all be o'er,
And my sweet babe, my pleasant one, would grieve and moan no more;
Yet words are vain—no voice hath power to tell my tale of woe,
Heart-rending sobs scarce vent the grief which only mothers know.

I saw them lay thee in the grave, that resting-place so deep;
My spirit oft shall hover near and its sad vigils keep,
And I shall watch the springing grass upon thy narrow bed,
And plant sweet flow'rets o'er thy grave, my beautiful! my dead!

But oh, my home is desolate! robbed of my sweetest flower!
For mine was not the love which springs and withers in an hour,
But many months of weary toil and some of anxious care,
Many a restless, sleepless night for thee, I did not spare.

And in thy strong convulsions, when human power was vain,
I watched thee with a tearless eye to see thee wake again;
To catch once more thy beauteous smile and greet thy joyous eye,
How could thy mother's heart believe that then, my babe, would die?

I weep; but 'tis all over now, my grieving is in vain;
Then why should I lament thee, love, or wish thee here again?
Alas! this void within my heart no earthly gift can fill,
No power but that which rules the world can stay my restive will.

Though I shall often grieve in thought, I'll wipe my tears away;
'T was well, I know, that my sweet babe should here no longer stay;
From sin and sorrow, pain and death, she ever now is free,
Far in those realms of bliss above she lives in purity.

That fairy voice will join the strain of ransomed ones in Heaven,
And she will tune the tiny harp which unto her is given;
There at the feet of Jesus she will cast her crown of joy,
And ever praise His holiness, and love without alloy.

For the Magnolia,

SKETCHES OF WESLEY.—NO. II.

BY REV. D. WISE.

Wesley's Mother—Mr. Wesley's Youth—The Parsonage Burnt—Narrow Escape—Mr. Wesley at the Charter House—At Oxford—Was Mr. Wesley a Profound Scholar?—College Honors—His Plan of Study—The Secret of his Scholastic Growth.

Few men have ever been greatly good, who have not been largely indebted to their mothers. The startling qualities of genius are usually developed, fostered and directed at the fireside. Where the *judicious* mother has been wanting, genius has usually been misdirected, erratic or passionate. Byron and his mother are illustrations. Mr. Wesley was trained by an extraordinary woman, Mrs. Susannah Wesley. She possessed rather a masculine mind, was deeply pious, well educated, patient in toil, energetic in action, unconquer-

able in will, and withal, ardent in her affections. Unknown to the great world, this honored lady was busily toiling in the nursery of Epworth rectory to mould the rich minds of her children into models that should do credit to humanity and honor to the Creator. The great God helped her, and in that lowly parish rectory, she evolved powers and set to work influences which have already astonished the world, and which will never die.

Under such care Mr. Wesley passed his youth, which was in no way distinguished except by a somewhat extraordinary ripeness of intellect and by a narrow escape from death by fire, when about six years of age.

This accident happened about midnight. The cry of fire awakened Mr. Wesley's father, who arose, and opening his chamber door, found the house full of smoke and the roof already burnt through. He alarmed his family, and by incredible efforts, succeeded, with Mrs. Wesley and seven of the children, in reaching the outside.

It was now perceived that "little Jackey," as he was called, had been left behind. Just then the little fellow was heard to utter a piercing cry for help. The fire had penetrated the chamber where he was, and he was nearly suffocating in the smoke. He ran to the door. The flames checked him. He then rushed to the window, and by the help of an old chest, climbed up so as to show himself. His father, in a frenzy of paternal agony, rushed to the burning stairs and tried to force his way through the flames. The effort was vain. He retreated, and falling upon his knees, commended his burning boy to God. But that Divine Providence which had a work for that child to do, found an instrument to save his life. Some men assembled in the yard, saw him. One of them mounted upon the shoulders of another, pulled the child through the casement precisely at the moment in which the roof fell in upon the chamber floor. Call this a happy accident, if you please; I call it the hand of Providence snatching a favored instrument of its vast plans from the jaws of destruction. When the rescued boy

was presented to his astonished father, the good man cried out, "Come, neighbors, let us kneel down; let us give thanks to God! He has given me all my eight children; I am rich enough. Let the house go!"

Can a spectacle of greater moral beauty be imagined than this, of the Rector of Epworth, surrounded by his babes, kneeling at midnight in the lurid glare of a fire which was reducing him almost to destitution, and there pouring forth the burning expressions of a grateful soul to that inscrutable Being, whose permissive providence was in the act of grasping all his worldly goods? If ever human nature looked beautiful to its Creator, it was then!

When at the age of eleven, Mr. Wesley was sent to the Charter House in London, and placed under the care of that eminent scholar, Dr. Walker. Here he remained, with a high reputation for his application to study, until he was seventeen, when he was elected to Christ Church, Oxford. Having determined, from conscientious motives, to be a clergyman, he was ordained a deacon of the Church of England at the age of twenty-two, by Dr. Potter, then Bishop of Oxford. The next year (1726) he was elected Fellow of Lincoln College. The following February he proceeded Master of Arts, and the next year (1728) he was ordained a priest, by the same prelate who had ordained him a deacon, three years before.

Was Mr. Wesley a man of extensive erudition? Was he a profound scholar? or, was he a mere sciolist, a pretender to knowledge? The solution of these questions is important, because the opinions of literary and thinking men, concerning the founder of Methodism, will be more or less modified, according to their views of the capacity of his intellect and the solidity of his attainments. Prove him a sciolist, and they will attribute his labors and zeal to ambition, guided by fanaticism. Prove him a ripe, profound and varied scholar, to whom the highest honors of his profession were open in the more easy and beaten pathway of established usages and institutions, and they will more readily accord honesty and true

religious feeling to the man, who, in becoming the architect of a new religious sect, forfeited positive advantages and received the scorn, obloquy and persecution of his countrymen, for years, before the collossal proportions of the spiritual edifice he was rearing, were visible to the public eye. Fortunately the proof is abundant and conclusive, that John Wesley was a ripe and finished scholar.

I say nothing of his ordinations or of his college degrees, because it is well known that prelatic hands have been often laid on "skulls that would not learn," and college honors have been bestowed on worthless candidates; but that Mr. Wesley was not of this class, is clear, for he gained considerable eclat by the ability of his disputation when his degree was conferred. His election as Fellow of Lincoln, may be triumphantly adduced in proof of his scholarship, inasmuch as in that election he had to compete with his seniors, with many fine scholars, and the only influences his friends could employ in his behalf, were those which grew out of his character as a man, and his attainments as a scholar. And it was on these grounds, he was elected.

That he enjoyed a high reputation for learning, at Oxford, is shown by his being chosen Greek lecturer and moderator of the classes, only eight months after being elected Fellow of the College, before he had proceeded Master of Arts, and when little more than twenty-three years of age.

The variety of his studies and the vigor of his mind, are shown by the plan of study adopted by him after proceeding or graduating Master of Arts. Monday and Tuesday of each week, he devoted to Greek and Latin historians and poets; Wednesday, to Logic and Ethics; Thursday, to Hebrew and Arabic; Friday, to Metaphysics and Natural Philosophy; Saturday, to Oratory and Poetry. Between his hours for regular study, he made himself master of the French language, and read many of the best works on medicine and miscellaneous topics. By this strict application he learned to converse fluently in Latin, and could both speak and write it with remarkable purity. The Greek Testament was as

familiar to him as the English, while his almost unsurpassable skill in logic was universally conceded at Oxford. He pursued his mathematical studies as a means of promoting a habit of close thinking, and the study of divinity he reserved for the sabbath.

Diligence, joined to good natural elements of mind, was the secret of his growth in learning. Knowledge was not intuitive in Mr. Wesley. He labored for it diligently, and he succeeded. This characteristic feature of his mind was forcibly shown by a remark which he made, when more than eighty years old, to Mr. Moore, one of his most able preachers and his best biographer. They had traveled from Portsmouth, in Hampshire, to Cobham, in Surrey, which they reached before one o'clock, when he observed, "We should lose no time; we have not, like the Patriarchs, seven or eight hundred years to play with."

For the Magnolia.

LEAVES FROM THE NOTE BOOK OF A GOVERNESS,

OR PICTURES OF THE PAST.

BY LAURA LOVELL.

NO. II.

On a pleasant winter evening, a few years since, a joyous wedding party were assembled in a small village not far distant from one of our New-England cities. The only daughter of wealthy parents, the belle of the village, was about to bid adieu to her quiet home for a sphere where her beauty and accomplishments might have a greater circle of admirers, but not one of more devoted and affectionate friends than those who had long known and loved her. For several days,

there had been of course an unusual bustle about the peaceful mansion; bridal paraphernalia was profusely scattered about, and invitations were sent to several distant friends. Among others, cards were inclosed to some friends in Baltimore, one to a young man who was a partner in business with the bride's father, and another to a family of near and beloved relatives. The writer directed the envelopes to the individuals for whom they were designed with no additional explanation to the formal printed invitation inclosed. The day before the wedding an equally formal acceptance arrived from the family invited; "Mr. and Mrs. R. T. C. accept with pleasure Miss A.'s invitation for Wednesday eve." Every thing progressed favorably, and nothing occurred to mar the prospect of anticipated pleasure. The evening came, and carriage after carriage brought those who had been invited to participate in the festivities of the occasion—still our friends from Baltimore had not arrived. It was a disappointment, but as we had not learned that they had left home, and many things might have prevented their departure, the circumstance occasioned little anxiety. At length the hour arrived and the bridal party entered the room. The bride, whose beauty was of a brilliant and sparkling character, on this evening seemed surpassingly lovely. Her slight and fragile form was arrayed in a robe of rich white satin, which shone like silver in the soft lamplight. A simple gold chain encircled her neck, and her dark hair, which usually hung in glossy ringlets, was put back simply, and ornamented by a single bunch of orange-blossoms. I had been with her for several weeks preceding, and as usual, saw daily some new aspect of her ever-changing, ever-radiant beauty. If she had day by day appeared before me peerless as the diamond among precious gems, so now the pearl seemed a fitting image of her softened loveliness. We were gay, but not immoderately so, for our loved one was about to leave us, and we knew that the morrow would find us lonely, with the light of one sunny countenance shedding its radiance in another home. After the bridal party had left, we who remained gathered around the fireside to talk over

the occurrences of the evening. Among other things, I remember the father spoke of their Baltimore friends, remarking that he would rather have seen them than any who were present.

The morrow came, and we were lonely, and the morning passed heavily away. The mother, with a sad heart, went about her household duties, while the father went out to his daily avocations. About the middle of the forenoon, he returned with an anxious and disturbed look, saying that there was a rumor of some steamboat accident, and it was possible their friends might have been injured or at least detained by it. We were not long to remain in suspense. The terrible news of the destruction of the Lexington soon burst upon us, and the papers from the city contained the particulars of the occurrence, while in the list of passengers, appeared one name familiar to us all, that of R. T. C. We looked anxiously over the remainder, fearing to find that of the other individual who had been invited; there was a name similar, but it was not his name, and there was hope. Alas! the next paper contained a more correct account, and told that he too was numbered with the dead. Now indeed there was a gloom over us all, for they had left their distant homes at our summons with joyous hopes of greeting friends, and no dark forebodings of the future evil. In directing the envelope which contained the cards of invitation, I had unconsciously signed, as it were, their death-warrant. One short hour saw them in the possession of youth, health and happiness, and witnessed scenes of the most intense and overwhelming agony. Succeeding days brought additional intelligence. One who came another way had parted from them in New-York; one who had anticipated coming was accidentally detained; and as in our presence these narrators told of the fate of the others and their own preservation, our minds were long awake to the subject, and in a state of deep and painful interest.

The after fate of that fair girl whose bridal morrow dawned so sadly, was little else than a fulfilment of these sad presages. True the golden bond of mutual affection which bound the

hearts of the newly-wedded ones was never dimmed by neglect or indifference, but grew brighter as years rolled on. A lovely infant was added to the family circle. The mother's failing health rendered a journey desirable, and with many forebodings she left her little one for a tour to Niagara. It was attacked almost immediately by some one of the diseases incident to children, and died within three days. It was too late to recall the young mother ere the funeral, and it was thought best to leave her in ignorance of the child's death until her return. Then the sad intelligence was communicated as gently as possible, but like a broken lily she drooped ever afterwards. I saw her once more,—wan and wasted, clad in the garb of mourning, but how lovely. She spoke of her baby, and showed me the lines she had chosen to be engraved on its tombstone:

"Mother, dear mother, I am not sleeping;
Father, look up to the soft blue sky;
Where the beautiful stars bright watch are keeping:
Singing and shining, there am I."

The Bible was her constant companion, and she was evidently fast ripening for the spirit-world. A few months more passed away and the news of her death reached me. It had been most triumphant. The hope of the Christian had grown brighter and brighter, till perfect day dawned upon her soul. One who stood by her bed-side till the last, told me that never in her hours of health had she looked so surpassingly beautiful. The rose of consumption lent its lustre to her cheek, and her eye sparkled with unwonted fire. She seemed to see angels watching by her bed, and to be impatient to join their glorious company. Speaking of her child, she said: "Mother, I shall see my baby in heaven, and I think I shall know it, too." She tried to sing, but her voice had failed. She said, "my voice will be loosed in heaven." Conscious to the last, she retained still her happy and bright smile, and her eye, as it took its last look of earthly objects and fastened its gaze upward, shone with seraphic joy.

This is no fiction of an over-wrought imagination. The

reality exceeds the power of the pen to portray it. The mother's heart is sad as she misses the brightest ornament of her fireside and looks out upon the quiet grave-yard where Mary and her baby lie together. I have visited the lonely mansion and missed her who was ever the first to greet me with the warm welcome of her happy smile, and the gentle grasp of her soft hand. I have heard the storms of winter howl over the grave of one whom living "the winds of heaven had never visited too roughly." The snow-drifts lay in deep, cold masses in the lone grave-yard, and beneath them reposed the fair forms which were once the object of deep admiration and warm affection. But we trust the loved and lost ones are now rejoicing in the presence of God, and that the mother has met and recognized her lost baby among the little children whom our Lord still suffers to come to him.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE JUDSON OFFERING. In our last number, we alluded to this interesting work, which has been some two or three months before the public. It is edited by the Rev. John Dowling, of New York city. It "has been prepared," the preface states, "with a view to perpetuate, among the thousands of Mr. Judson's Christian friends, of every name, the memory of his long-wished, and welcome visit to his native land. The design of this work is not to present to the beloved missionary himself the incense of praise. That he neither desires nor needs. By the grace of God, he is what he is, and has done what he has done; and to God belongs the glory."

"The work is also intended as a memento of Christian affection to the memory of three American missionary wives, whose remains lie in three widely distant spots, in different parts of the earth:—Ann H. Judson, who has long slept beneath the Hopia tree, in Burmah—Harriet Newell, her early bosom friend, who lies in her lonely grave, on the Isle of France—and Sarah B. Judson, whose sainted dust has been laid to rest on the Rock of St. Helena;—names, which are the common property of all denominations of Christians, dear alike to the whole family of Jesus, of every land and of every name."

It may likewise be considered a history of the early Burmah mission. The fifteen "Sketches of Missionary Life," furnished by the editor, give the reader a most graphic description of the sufferings, trials and triumphs of the first devoted messengers to that benighted land.

We presume many of our readers are familiar with the interesting biographies of Ann H. Judson. We are sure that all classes of readers must be interested in the undaunted heroism and romantic devotion which this noble-hearted woman manifested for the comfort and safety of her husband. We doubt if real life can furnish examples of more self-sacrificing intrepidity.

At the time of Mr. Judson's imprisonment in Ava, there was really nothing which human effort could suggest, which was left undone by this high-hearted and affectionate wife. One of the sketches is justly entitled "the Christian heroine." The following extracts may give some idea of the unwearying exertions of this early martyr.

"During the seven or eight months which followed Mr. Judson's imprisonment, scarcely a day passed in which this heroic woman did not traverse the crowded streets of Ava, for the purpose of imploring the pity and aid of some members of the government or of the royal family to accomplish her husband's release: 'The continual extortions and oppressions to which the missionaries, and the other white prisoners, were subject during these dreary months, are indescribable. Sometimes sums of money were demanded, sometimes pieces of cloth, and handkerchiefs; at other times, an order would be issued, that the white foreigners should not speak to each other, or have any communication with their friends without. Then again, the servants were forbidden to carry in their food, without an extra fee. Sometimes, for days and days together,' says this Christian heroine, 'I could not go into the prison till after dark, when I had *two miles* to walk, in returning to the house.'"

"In the touching narrative penned by the afflicted sufferer herself, there is scarcely an allusion to the fact, that during these months of sorrow, her tender and delicate situation was such, as vastly to increase the severity of the exhaustion and fatigue, consequent upon her almost incredible exertions on behalf of her imprisoned husband. Yet, is there a tender eloquence, which must come home to the heart of every Christian mother, in the simple mention of the fact, that in the very midst of these sufferings, and while the distressed and sympathizing father was chained in his miserable dungeon, she gave birth to her little daughter Maria; and that her weary visits to the prison, and to those she hoped might befriend or succor her husband, were continued almost up to the very time of her sad and solitary confinement."

"Who can describe the sufferings of that day,
When in her lap the child of sorrow lay,—
Who, mid the scenes of anguish, war and strife,
In heathen darkness struggled into life;
On whose sad brow, already marked with wo,
No father smiles, nor tears are felt to flow?"

"It was on the 26th of January, 1825, that little Maria was thus ushered into the world, amidst scenes of sadness and sorrow; and as soon as returning strength would permit, did the Christian heroine again renew her exertions to effect, if possible, the deliverance of her husband; and if not, to visit him in his prison, and to soothe his sufferings, by her words of tenderness, or to beguile his sadness by the sight, for one brief hour at a time, of the tender pledge of their mutual love, his gentle baby daughter. A touching memorial is recorded, of one of these visits of the mother and her babe to the prison, which 'the jailor's voice, in accents harsh,' forbade to continue longer than one hour, in some affecting lines written by Mr. J., and published in 1827, under the title of 'Lines addressed from the condemned prison in Ava, to an infant daughter twenty days old.'"

How much such devotion may accomplish, was at last seen in the results. By her repeated visits to the governor, who was an old man, Mrs. J. had gained a powerful influence over him, and he frequently wept like a child, at his inability to grant her requests. At one time he told her that he had received repeated intimations from the Queen's brother, to put the white foreigners to death, but promised that though he should execute all the others, he would never execute her husband.

"With the hope of effecting his deliverance, and in order to be constantly near him, she removed from the house, and erected a small bamboo room in the governor's inclosure, which was nearly opposite the prison-gate. Here did that faithful woman take up her station to watch over her suffering husband, and to besiege the governor with her incessant entreaties, till at length the old man, worn out with 'her continual coming, gave orders to place Mr. Judson in a more comfortable apartment, and granted her permission to go in and out all times of the day to administer the necessary medicine and nourishment. Now,' says she, 'I felt happy indeed; and had Mr. J. instantly removed into a little bamboo hovel, so low that neither of us could stand upright—but a palace in comparison with the place he had left.'"

One more extract and we have done. Mrs. Judson was one day suddenly summoned to the presence of the governor, from the prison, where she had gone to carry her husband's breakfast. She was detained upon some trifling pretext, and during her absence, Mr. Judson, who was suffering with a fever, and the other missionaries, were removed from the prison at Ava, and driven to Oung-pen-la, over scorching sands, and under a burning sun. One of the prisoners, a poor Greek, died on the road; and the others expected to be burnt alive as soon as they reached their destination.

"About an hour or two after their arrival at this miserable place, Mr. Judson, with his fellow sufferers, chained two and two, were seated on the ground under a little low projection, outside of the prison, almost dead with exhaustion and fatigue. He was probably thinking of his heroic and devoted wife, who was left behind in Ava, and picturing to himself, the anguish of her affectionate heart, when she had returned from the governor's

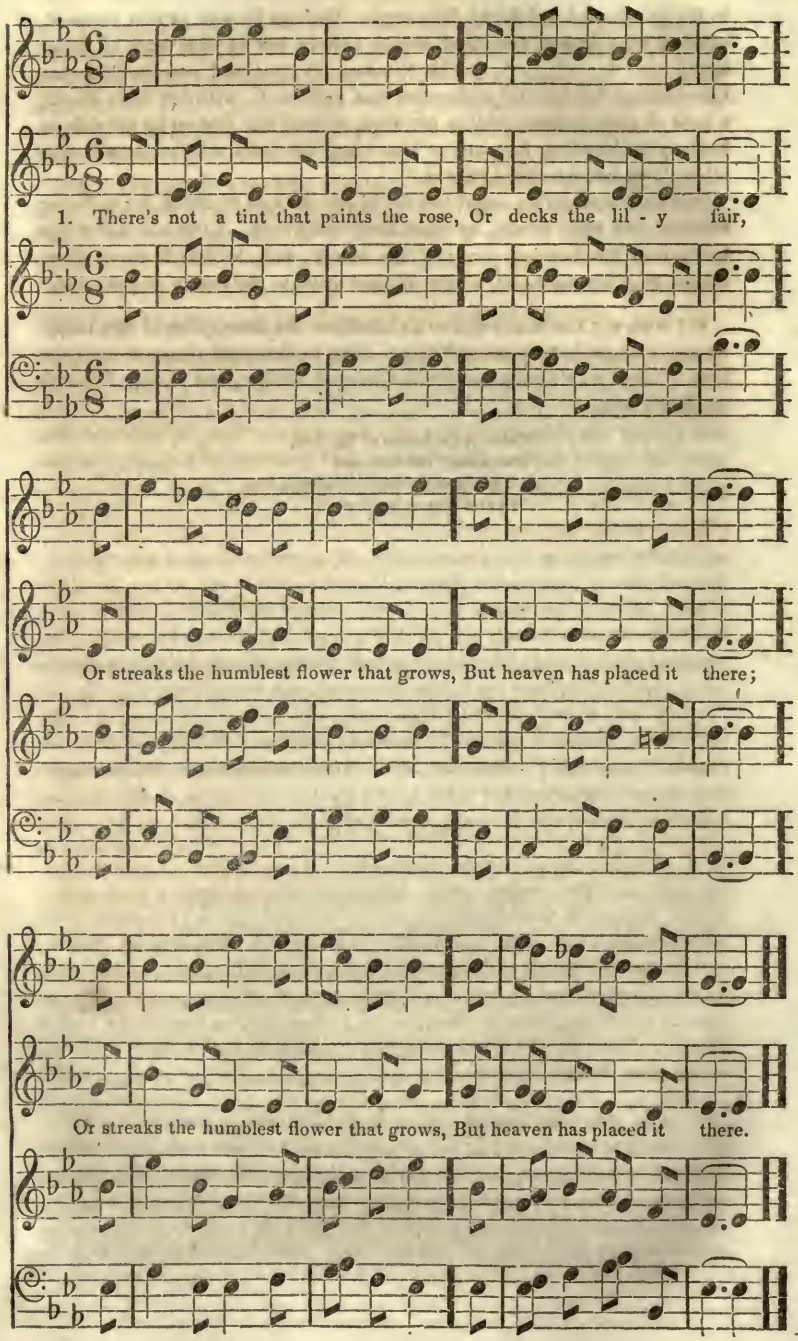
to the prison, and had found him gone. Perhaps he was, at that moment, offering up a prayer, that God would sustain her in that hour of bitter agony." * * * "He lifted up his eyes, and who should he see approaching, but his still undaunted and noble wife, with her little Maria, a babe of three months old, in her arms, to take her station by his side, to bind up his bleeding feet, and to kiss away the tears which coursed each other down his care-worn cheeks."

"So that ministering angel had found out the spot to which her suffering husband had been driven, by cruel and bloody men. Love lent her wings to traverse the burning sands of the desert; and she had flown on those wings, with her sad-hearted baby at her breast, to the side of her beloved."

We wish our limits allowed us to introduce the description of this heroic woman's death, but we must forbear. Her remains and those of the little Maria, who died six months after her sainted mother, rest in hope beneath the Hopia tree.

"Calm on the bosom of thy God,
Fair spirit! rest thee now!
Ev'n while with ours thy footsteps trod,
His seal was on thy brow."

THERE'S NOT A TINT THAT PAINTS.



"I'VE THOUGHT OF SOMETHING."

THE picture before us tells its own tale. The fair lady, inspired by a sudden and brilliant idea, has seized the pen to record it for the edification of the world. With bare feet, night dress and dishevelled hair, she turns a deaf ear to the cry of her helpless infant and the entreaties of her husband. In her haste she has upset the chair; her slippers, flung carelessly aside, lie in the middle of the floor; a bust decorates the wall, a vase of flowers the table; books lie profusely scattered around, while she herself, by lamplight, is inditing an ode. Many female scribblers doubtless there are, who thus abuse the fire of genius. Many also there are, and have been, who not unmindful of their highest and holiest duties, make their talents subservient to domestic happiness. Such was Mrs. Hemans—the lofty poetess, the star of the world's admiration; yet the affectionate and devoted mother, the trustful and loving woman. Such was Hannah More—modest, retiring, unassuming. Such are living poetesses; one of whom it is our happiness to know and love. A devoted daughter, unwearied for many years in her cares of a lonely and venerable sire, a true and valuable friend, her worth shines most brightly and most serenely by the quiet of her "ain fireside." The world gazes at a distance on the productions of her pen, and admires; those who know her almost forget the laurels with which Fame has crowned her brow, so meekly does she wear these honors. Nor are these solitary instances: we believe most of our American poetesses are best appreciated in private life.

The motto of the picture suggests, however, several other topics. "I've thought of something"—what an expressive phrase. All the great discoveries and inventions which have blessed mankind might have been ushered in with this. Ancient sages, philosophers and heroes might have employed it

in originating their mightiest projects. The expression must often have fallen from the lips of Napoleon ere his ambitious mind hurried him on to action. In a word, every great achievement of ancient or modern times might have been thus heralded.

Many times it has broken joyously forth from reflecting silence, announcing some bright vision. Oftener, perhaps, it has been the token of sad recollections. Thoughts of the happy days of the past, which return no more; of hours spent in the society of loved ones passed forever away from earth—of long-buried joys, and hopes which vanished in their budding. All these we have remembered. We have thought of the future, with anxiety and dread; we have thought of the realities of life and of the conclusion of all its joys and sorrows. Happy he who looks to the unseen future with firm faith and trust in that Providence who alone guides and controls all events and circumstances, and bids us take no anxious thought for the morrow.

For the Magnolia.

PRAYER.

"And in the morning, rising up a great while before day, he went out, and departed into a solitary place, and there prayed."—Mark 1: 35.

Savior! who didst here below,
Human woes and sorrows know;
From life's trials and its care,
Thou didst find relief in prayer.

Human sympathy denied,
None to counsel or to guide;
In the twilight dim, alone,
Thou didst seek thy Father's throne.

In a world of pain and sin,
Foes without and foes within,
Compassed round with many a snare,
We find relief in prayer.

Should we lean on broken reeds,
Failing most when most our needs;
Be thou—once by friends betrayed,
Our supporter and our aid.

If we e'er forsake thy way,
And in paths forbidden stray,
Let thy spirit from above,
Softly whisper of thy love.

Once redeemed by thy blood,
Reconciled by thee to God,
Banished let all idols be,
Fixed our hearts and minds on thee.

Sinful, wretched, poor and weak,
Strength and help from thee we seek;
Lead us to the place of prayer,
Let us find our Savior there. L. L.

For the Magnolia.

SKETCHES OF WESLEY.—NO. III.

BY REV. D. WISE.

Mr. Wesley's first Public Employments—Curate of Wroote—He becomes a College Tutor—Refuses the living of Epworth—Is appointed Missionary to Georgia—Anecdote—Mr. Wesley's labors—Difficulties—Returns to England.

Mr. Wesley first officiated as a regular clergyman at Wroote in the capacity of curate for his father, who was the incumbent of that living as well as of Epworth.

After spending two years in the curacy, he was recalled to Oxford, in virtue of a college statute obliging junior fellows, who are chosen moderators, to attend personally to their duties, if the other fellows cannot officiate for them. This being the case, Mr. Wesley quitted the curacy at Wroote and returned to college.

We now find him successfully acting the part of tutor to several young gentlemen, among whom was Mr. Hervey, the author of those devout Meditations, so familiar to the merest tyro in English literature. He also presided as moderator six times a week in the public college disputations, then held in Lincoln College. This mode of life, so congenial to his literary tastes, affording him delightful retirement, learned society, opportunity for unbroken study, and for extensive usefulness among the students, who were subsequently to have the charge of the best interests of thousands, he determined to follow. Accordingly, when his father, now greatly advanced in years, proposed in 1734 to get the living of Epworth transferred to him, he declined. A pretty sharp and protracted correspondence took place between Mr. Wesley, his father and his eldest brother, Samuel. But in vain. He stood firm in his purposes, and closed his reasons for preferring a college life to any other by saying; "Now that I can, as a clergyman, better serve God and his church in my present station, I have all reasonable evidence."

It was well for the world that he kept this resolution so inflexibly. Had he settled himself at Epworth rectory, in all probability, his labors would have been limited to that parish. Though Mr. Wesley knew not at that time, that God needed him in another and wider sphere, yet without doubt, the hand of God restrained him from Epworth parish that he might teach him to consider the world his parish, and every *man* his neighbor.

A circumstance occurred in 1735, which led Mr. Wesley to abandon his beloved retreat at Oxford and to enter a more stirring and trying sphere. This was nothing less, than an application from the trustees of the then colony of Georgia, from Dr. Burton, his particular friend, and Mr. Oglethorpe, governor of the colony, requesting him to go with his brother Charles (who was also a tutor at Oxford) as a missionary to the Indians and the colonists. The same noble desire to accomplish the greatest good, which induced him to decline becoming the successor of his father, led him to accede to this

new proposal. "Our end," says Mr. Wesley, "in leaving our native country was not to avoid want, God having given us plenty of temporal blessings—but singly this, to save our souls—to live wholly to the glory of God."

Animated by this high-souled principle, the brothers embarked at Gravesend, October, 1735. Mr. Charles Wesley going in the capacity of secretary to Gen. Oglethorpe, and John as missionary to the colony.

During the voyage, some of the gentlemen passengers, who were offended at the gravity of the Wesleys, offered them some rudeness in presence of Gen. Oglethorpe. This incensed the general, who in a very stern tone of voice said; "What do you mean, sirs? Do you take these gentlemen for tithe-pig parsons? They are gentlemen of learning and respectability. They are my friends, and whosoever offers any affront to them insults me!" This decisive espousal of their cause, secured them the greatest possible respect from the passengers during the remainder of the voyage to Georgia.

There is a good and characteristic anecdote related of Mr. Wesley while on the voyage.

Hearing a noise one day in the general's cabin, Mr. Wesley entered. The general with great earnestness addressed him. "Mr. Wesley," said he, "I have met with a provocation too great for man to bear. You know, the only wine I drink is Cyprus wine, as it agrees with me the best of any. I therefore provided myself with several dozens of it, and this villain Grimaldi (his Italian servant) has drunk nearly the whole of it. But I will be revenged. He shall be tied hand and foot and carried to the man-of-war. The rascal should have taken care how he used me so, for I never forgive.

Mr. W. fixed his expressive eyes on the general, and calmly said; "Then I hope, sir, you never *sin*."

The general was confounded. He paused. Then putting his hand in his pocket, he took out a bunch of keys, which he threw at the trembling Grimaldi, saying; "There, villain, take my keys, and behave better for the future."

I cannot give the particulars of Mr. Wesley's stay at Geor-

gia. It was a valuable though painful school to both Mr. W. and his brother. They labored with excessive vigilance for the spiritual good of the colony; but the tightness with which they held the reins of ecclesiastical discipline, their boldness in reproving the colonists for their loose living, brought them into many severe trials and even persecutions. Finding his situation growing uncomfortable, Mr. Wesley returned to England in 1738. His brother Charles had preceded him, having been sent home with despatches to the government.

Mr. Wesley's reputation has suffered most unjustly from the illiberal statements of Lampriere in his biographical dictionary, Hale in his history of the United States, Phillips in his life of Whitefield and others, who have endeavored to spot his unblemished character with a taint of criminality. They leave the impression that he was guilty of immorality, during his stay in Savannah. This is false, unqualifiedly false. The fact in the case is simply this;

Mr. Wesley became attached to a Miss Hopkey, neice of Mr. Causton, a magistrate in the colony. Although it is beyond doubt that he never made her an offer of marriage, it is equally clear that in his own mind he seriously proposed to do so. Before taking this important step, he prudently consulted several of his religious friends as to the suitability of Miss Hopkey for the responsible station of a clergyman's wife. They all agreed she was unfit on many accounts, but especially for her defective religious character. Doing violence to his own feelings, Mr. W. ceased his intercourse with the lady, who shortly after married a gentleman named Williamson. For some improprieties of conduct Mr. W. subsequently repelled this lady from the communion table. Her husband and uncle took up her cause and prosecuted Mr. W. for defaming her character. The grand jury found a bill against him, though the minority drew up a protest against the proceedings of the majority, in which they completely exculpated Mr. W. from the charges brought against him. This protest was forwarded to the colonial trustees, and was entirely satisfactory. Mr. W. labored, for a long time after

this indictment, to procure a trial, but owing to the influence of Mr. Causton, the magistrate, he could not succeed; and, after giving public notice of his intention, openly embarked for England.

There is no doubt that Mr. Wesley was somewhat *imprudent* in his treatment of Mrs. Williamson and her uncle *after* the prosecution commenced. Without question he spoke plainly; he used strong language, and the strict propriety of his conduct in openly repelling Mrs. Williamson from the communion table is questionable. But, beyond this, there is not a shadow of blame resting on the pure life of this good man; and it is unjust for authors who write for the people to propagate a falsehood in their books which criminates the founder of the largest body of religionists in the country, when a little painstaking would put them in possession of abundant evidence to prove the unspotted purity of John Wesley's character during his residence in Georgia.

For the Magnolia.

THE WIFE TO HER HUSBAND ON HER WEDDING ANNIVERSARY.

"I learned to love, and at that time
Through love I learn'd what life is."

I look into thine eyes, my love—
Those clear, dark eyes of thine,
And I seem to see far down in their depths,
The past and future shine.

The past—the dim and shadowy past—
Rises before me now,
And the changing mist reveals to my view
A maid with thoughtful brow.

I watch her through the passing years,—
Clouds gather o'er her way,
But her brow is oft illum'd with a light—
The light of memory.

She often looks as if she 'd lisp
A well-remember'd tone;
And she sometimes murmurs low, to herself,
A name, when all alone.

And ever in her dreams she sees
A brightly beaming glance;
And her beating heart is thrill'd as if touched
By magic-thrilling lance.

Young lovers come with words of praise,
And lovers, too, depart;
For a spell, defying Time's rudest touch,
Seems fast to bind her heart.

But now a clear and steady light
Compels the mists to fly;
For the beaming glance of which she has dream'd
Is gazing in her eye.

With arms entwin'd and hands enclasp'd
The lovers meet my view,
And the graceful youth belov'd by the maid
Strangely resembles you!

And thus I sigh'd, and thus I dream'd
For many weary years,
Till thy radiant glance dispelled from my soul
Its dreams, its sighs and tears.

The past!—the bright and glitt'ring past—
In golden hues is seen,
But the *present* time is sweeter to me
Than e'er the past hath been.

Far down the mist of *coming* years
A gladd'ning ray doth shine;
'T is the glance which cheer'd my dreams and my life—
That loving glance of thine.

The future can have naught in store
Fearful or dark to me;
I can meet with smiles the sun or the storm,
If they may be met *with thee*. M.

For the Magnolia.

THE INDIAN CAPTIVE.

BY THE TRANSLATOR OF MADAM GUIZOT'S TALES.

West of the Alleghany Mountains, and south of Lake Erie, between the thirty-ninth and fortieth degrees of latitude, is the mouth of a broad and beautiful river, the Muskingum. The magnificent country through which it passes forms at present the State of Ohio, one of the most highly cultivated in the Union. It was settled after the revolutionary war, by officers and soldiers from Massachusetts, and this people have rapidly become one of the most wealthy and most civilized in North America.

If, travelling in these picturesque regions, you take the steamboat at Marietta, and ascend the Muskingum, disembark at the mouth of the Tuskaraway, for it is there that, in 1763, happened the strange adventure I am about to relate to you. The Tuskaraway is a little river whose flowery banks are at present covered with charming country-seats, manufactories, mills, villages and commercial cities. One of the most beautiful dwellings in the vicinity is that of William Garakontie, one of the rich proprietors of the country. This amiable old man, now at the age of eighty-two, has preserved all the vigor of manhood; and when congratulated upon it, replies smilingly that he owes it to the Indian blood mingled with the white that flows in his veins. And if you are curious enough to make an inquiry on this subject, far from regarding it as an indiscretion, the excellent William will take you by the hand, conduct you into a retired spot in his magnificent park, and show you with pride an old cabin of birch bark, overshadowed by an enormous and ancient linden, the last son of the forest which exists on this highly cultivated estate. From this point of view he will request you to notice the immense and beautiful fields which entirely cover the country, then say:

Eighty years ago, quite a different state of things existed. Then the axe of the wood-cutter had not yet resounded in the untrodden forests which extended almost without interruption over an entire country yet unknown to white men; active in the depth of these woods dwelt the Indian natives, crowded together in barren spots by European civilization. But already these people, so numerous at the time of their discovery, had been diminished by two scourges brought from the new world—brandy and the smallpox. The last remnants of these nations, formerly so powerful, were grouped behind the western declivities of the Alleghanies, on the borders of Lake Erie, the banks of Ohio River, and especially on those of the Muskingum. The tribes best known were the Delawares, whose villages were situated on the most fertile banks of the Muskingum; the Senecas, who formerly belonged to the terrible Mohawk league; the Wyandots, formerly driven from the mountains of Onasito by the Cherokees, and who had retired to the shores of the Sandusky; the Ottawas, at present dwelling between the Lakes Huron and Michigan; the Shawnees, who have built their wigwams in the beautiful plains watered by the Scioto and its tributaries; the Winnebagoes, whose principal nourishment is the wild rice which grows on the borders of their lakes; the Sanduskys, Munsys, Cagnawagas, Chickasaws, Mungoes, and other tribes, of whom nothing now remains but the name. Behind the mountains, they lived for a long time in all the simplicity of their savage nature, and carefully preserved the traditions and customs of their ancestors; but Providence had decided that their last asylum should be taken away, and by their own fault, and they could not avoid their sad destiny.

A slight bend in the Tuskaraway formed a kind of little bay, around which beautiful fields extended their green verdure enamelled with the first flowers of spring, for it was then the fourth sun in the moon of squirrels.* At the extremity

*The Indians reckoned by lunar months, or moons, and each month was designated by the name of an animal or a plant. The moon of squirrels corresponded with our month of June; they had also a moon of castor, of maize, &c. Their days were computed by suns.

of the bay rose the gentle and wooded declivity of a hill, forming, as it were, the frame-work of a landscape graceful and picturesque though wild; a gloomy forest of oak, ash, red cedar and cypress, formed the back-ground of the picture. In the midst of the plain rose a small natural hillock, overshadowed by the most beautiful trees of the country. The magnolia, with its large greenish flowers, its fruits of coral hue, mingled its glossy leaves with the light foliage of the acacia; the hickory and the kesketoma interlaced their ramifying branches covered with nuts too ligneous to be eaten, but of which the natives prepared a milky and refreshing beverage; the white petals of the evergreen *gordonia* and the odoriferous flowers of the *stewartia*, peeped through the green and curling tufts of the young vine which climbed their trunks and hung in long festoons, gently swayed by the breeze.

Through the thick foliage of the grove planted by nature, appeared the roofs of three Indian wigwams. The frame of these slight habitations consisted of stakes from two to three metres in length, driven firmly into the ground, bearing, to sustain the roof, semi-circles made with the long and pliant branches of the chinkapin. All this frame-work was entirely covered with large strips of birch bark neatly sewed together, especially in the part which formed the roof, and the seams were daubed with pitch, which rendered them impervious to the rain. The door was made of the same bark, supported by a little frame of wood resting against two cross pieces, of which one formed the threshold and the other the lintel. In the midst of the roof was an opening, serving at once as a window to allow the light to enter and a chimney to give vent to the smoke of a fire built in the middle of the cabin. From this opening hung a crooked stick which sustained over the fire a large copper cauldron. The remainder of the furniture consisted of some bearskins rolled in a corner, a carbine prettily adorned with incrustations of bone, some vases and utensils of wood, an otterskin pouch containing vermillion, white paint, and other small articles; and lastly, several snares for game. There might also be noticed, suspended to the ceil-

ing a hoop around which were fastened human scalps, whose skin, painted red, had been carefully tanned; these trophies of ferocious courage announced that the wigwam belonged to a warrior. Such are still the dwellings of the Indian savages.

Nevertheless, one of the three habitations, the cottage near which we are now seated, differed a little from the others. Instead of being circular, like a bee-hive, its form was that of an elongated oval; its interior offered neither carbine nor scalps, nor any thing which could announce the dwelling of a warrior, but was of a neatness very rare in those parts, and, what was also remarkable, was divided by a curtain of deer-skin into two small apartments; the first serving as a common room, and the farther one evidently a sleeping-chamber. It was in this cabin that I was born, in 1764.

A superb linden overshadowed the latter wigwam, and, on a bank of moss and turf, near the door, were seated two individuals with whom we must make acquaintance. By his tall stature, robust limbs, large black eyes, projecting cheek-bones, aquiline nose, beardless chin, but especially by his copper-colored skin, one of them would have been easily recognized as an Indian, even had not his costume announced it. He was a youth apparently about twenty-five; his head was shaved around his forehead, and his hair black as a raven's wing, hung on his neck but without reaching his shoulders; on the top of his head rose a large aigrette of plumes of different colors, and a long eagle feather was passed through a hole in each ear; on his temples, on his cheeks, and below his ears, some lines tattooed formed the figure of a bird, rudely enough drawn, but the outlines of which were distinct enough to show that it was intended for a duck. For clothing, the young man wore a short mantle of the skin of the castor, thrown over his left shoulder, leaving uncovered half of his breast and his right arm, and a sort of tunic, made of deerskin, descending to his knees. His feet were clad in moccasins without ornament, prepared of the rough skin of the Canadian stag. His arms, between the shoulder and the elbow, were adorned with bracelets of silver, and from his

neck hung a collar of wampum. All this was picturesque enough to be worthy of description in a novel, but I know not how to make the name of my hero acceptable. I am here not as a romancer, but as a historian, therefore I must tell you the truth: my young man was called Garakontie, which, in the Delaware language signifies the Duck. His countrymen had given him this epithet, not because he was a skilful swimmer and fisher, not because he was born on the marshy shores of the Muskingum, but simply because in his joyous songs he had the talent of imitating, to perfection, the cry of a duck, which the Indians thought admirable.

The person seated at the side of Garakontie, was a young woman of twenty years, whose beauty was the more surprising since it had nothing in common with the prettiest girls among the Delaware tribe. Her skin, instead of being red was of a dazzling whiteness, and the rose on her cheeks had not the smallest tinge of copper color; her eyes were of azure blue, her tresses long and silken, of the most beautiful brown, her figure slight and graceful, her form slender and delicate, bearing no trace of resemblance to her savage companions, and her costume alone could have pointed her out as an inhabitant of the woods. Her hair was divided into four long braids, of which two fell in front, and all four were interwoven with yellow, red and blue beads; a species of tunic of flexible and light skin, covered her whole person, and was adorned at the breast, the cuffs and round the bottom, by brilliant and delicately pointed furs. A broad red girdle, ornamented with four rows of glass beads, was fastened around her waist; she wore elegant moccasins of goatskin, embroidered with quills of the hedgehog, and garnished with silver bells. Over all this, she had thrown a little mantle of red woollen, evidently of European fabric. But what was most extraordinary among savages, was a little golden cross, which, sustained by a necklace of beads, hung from her neck. This young girl was called Kerry-Moyamee, which may be translated literally by "Woman of the East."

At the moment in which we find her seated at the door of

her wigwam, her beautiful blue eyes are fixed on a piece of white bark, on which are traced some characters.

"Moyamee," said the young man, "I do not understand how, with a quill in thy delicate fingers, thou canst arrest, on a piece of bark, my words, which fly swifter than the sparrow. Thou sayest to them: Remain here! and they remain. Every time thou sayest to the dead bark: Repeat to me those thoughts! it repeats them to thee. Why can I not do the same? How can these little black arrows record the living words of an absent man, making him speak without opening his mouth? Is it that thine eyes perceive what mine cannot, or have these little figures a voice which speaks to thine ears alone? Let us see. I do not understand them; dost thou?"

"No," replied the young girl, smilingly.

"Well! if they are as dumb to thee as to me, how hast thou then been able to repeat word for word what I have said to thee? Is thy memory better than mine?"

"No, brother."

"Then I cannot comprehend it. Has the Great Spirit taught thee this art of the white men? Let us see, Moyamee; make this piece of bark repeat what I have told thee for many moons."

Then the young girl recalling to mind that in the same spot where they now were, Garakontie had landed holding in his hand a flaming brand, began to read what she had then written: "Here is my brand! thou knowest its meaning; I have taken it from my own fire, and not from that of another. Open thy mouth, blow upon it the breath of consent, and thou wilt render me happy. Thou castest down thy eyes; I continue. To convince thee that I am brave, look at the handle of my tomahawk, thou wilt see there the marks of seven bloody scalps. But if, like a black and thick cloud which suddenly obscures the sunlight, doubt darkens thy mind, follow me, I will show them to thee; they are suspended in my wigwam. Thou shalt see there, also, smoking meat, broiled fish, bearskins and furs in abundance. Wouldst thou have a warrior, take me. Wouldst thou have an indefatigable

hunter? Hunger shall never knock at thy door. Dost thou wish for a patient and cunning fisher? Come this evening into my canoe, by the moonlight, thou shalt see whether I know how to catch the red-finned salmon, the speckled trout and the silvery eel. If the rains of summer or the cold of winter enter thy wigwam, I can drive them thence; bark is not wanting in the woods, and I have hands. Thou dost not reply; I have ceased. May I then return and bring thee my brand?" *

"These are my own words," cried the young warrior, "and thou couldst not repeat them, did not the Great Spirit breathe them into the ear of the white people who possess knowledge. Why has the Great Spirit forgotten his children of Erie for those of the land of Onas?" †

"Brother," replied Moyamee, "like the Delawares, the men of the East, before crossing the great salt lake, lived in the forests and were hunters. Chance led them to the discovery of iron, and from this discovery arose much of their civilization and of their knowledge. If they were unacquainted with the use of iron, they might be still like us, navigating canoes, hunting in their forests, never having traversed the great lake, or invented writing. Why hast not thou, warrior of the West, gathered the iron upon which thou treadest?"

"No, Moyamee, no! There are above the clouds two Ockimaws, the one great and powerful, whose dwelling is near the country of light, on the other side of the salt lake, and the white men are his children; the other is smaller and weaker, and he dwells in the sky of our forests. All this is as the dark night, through which the eyes of my spirit can perceive nothing."

On finishing these words, the young man sighed and covered his face with his hands. Then Moyamee approached him, placed her little hand on his arm and said in a voice slightly tremulous:

* Formula of a demand in marriage, literally translated.
† Onas was the Indian name for Penn.

"Garakontie, there is but one Ockimaw, and all men are his children; for am not I, the daughter of Onas, thy sister, thy sister who loves thee?" added she in a still softer tone.

"Thy mouth speaks well, Moyamee; thy words are gentle as the breeze of spring; but thy heart is deaf. Hast thou not refused to breathe on my flaming brand?"

"I have told thee; I will never dwell in the wigwam of a man who adores not the Ockimaw of my fathers, and who regards not his wife as his equal."

"Knowest thou not that the Good Spirit is too far away to know what is passing on earth, and that the Evil Spirit, who dwells in the clouds of night, laughs at our misfortunes? As for thyself, Moyamee, can I bear thee on the wings of an eagle, can I raise thee as high as one of our mountains? Look at thy little hands, white as the flower of the atamasco, and tell me whether they can wield the tomahawk; if thy delicate feet could chase the bear through forests full of thorns, or in the rocky mountain paths. The timid dove must sigh in the tulip tree, and the eagle hover above the clouds."

Then the young girl withdrew her white hand from the arm of the Indian chief, and answered him thus:

"Yes, thou thinkest like the wise man who said before the council fire: 'He who would strike his enemy forcibly and surely, must have long turned his back upon the society of a woman!' Garakontie, thou lovest me not!"

"Moyamee, I hear the word, yet the breath of truth does not enter my ear. My spirit is as firm as that of the wise man, but my heart sighs. I am alone in my wigwam; my bearskin is cold, my fire extinguished, the cinders of my hearth dispersed, and I have no courage to fill my kettle. When one hunts or fishes for himself only, can one be as patient as when one hunts or fishes to nourish his wife? I have not loved until now without having been often struck by the arrows of the Evil Spirit; in my lifetime I have shed more blood than tears; tears should fall only from the eyes of women, and never from those of a warrior who has faced fearlessly danger and death! yet, Moyamee, look!!"

The warrior took his hands from his face and showed his cheeks, down which the tears were fast trickling. Then the young girl sprang towards him.

"Oh, brother! brother!" said she, "open thine ear and hear what my heart says; let my words be like the breeze of morning when it drinks the dew which the night sheds drop by drop on the flowers of the meadow! Knowest thou not that thy sister, like thyself, is a child of the woods? Why then weepest thou before her? Garakontie, when thou castest thy hook into the lake by moonlight thou waitest for the bite of the salmon; when thou openest a hole in the ice of the Tuskaraway, thou tarriest until the muskrat comes hither to breathe; when thou placest thyself in ambush behind the hemlock tree, one hand on thy knife, the other on thy carbine, thou awaitest the coming of the enemy, and all this because thou hast the patience of a true warrior. Why then does patience forsake thee when thou art thinking of Moyamee? Have I said that I love thee not? No. Have I said, I will never breathe on thy brand, never kindle the fire of thy wigwam, never seek in the woods the game thou hast killed? No. But I have said: Adore the Ockimaw of my fathers, and I will be thy wife because I love thee. Therefore, cease to weep, assume thy manhood, and sing me the war-song, for the timid daughters of the East love the valiant and brave."

Garakontie rose, and whirling his tomahawk around his head, commenced his wild song.

"The chief of the land of Onas came to the sagamore of the Delawares, and said to him: Custaloga, sell to the white men the lands which border on the Ohio and the Muskingum; I will give thee in exchange vermillion to paint thy warriors, carbines to kill bisons, and fire-water to rejoice thy heart. Custaloga, the great sagamore of the Delawares, replied: These lands are the grounds of our villages, in which were born the ancestors of our fathers and our fathers also. Can we say to our old men: Roll up thy bearskins, extinguish thy fires, embark in thy canoes, and come with us to build thy wigwams far from hence? Can we say to the venerable bones

which repose under the neighboring trees: Rise, quit your tombs, and follow us upon a foreign soil? Then the white chief returned to the land of Onas, but he sent hither his people, who crossed the Alleghanies, not like the eagle which soars over the mountains, but like the serpent which glides under the grass. They said: Brothers, we are hungry, and we said to them, eat, there are our kettles: warm yourselves, there are our fires; sleep, there are our bearskins. Then they began to build forts at the mouths of our rivers and in our hunting-grounds under pretext of establishing magazines for furs; they have frightened away the game from our woods and the fish from our lakes; they have cut down our trees, destroyed our forests, then, in digging the earth to plant their little grains, they have exposed to the sun, to the rain and to the snow, the white bones of our ancestry. Then we saw that the bearded men were traitors and liars, and from the shores of Michigan and Erie to the banks of the Ohio and Muskingum, the war-cry resounded in the woods and on the mountains. I took my tomahawk and my carbine, and, with the warriors of twenty powerful nations, I raised the war-cry, I passed the Ohio, and entered the land of Onas, while my brothers, the knife in one hand and the torch in the other, burned the forts on the lakes and on the rivers. I am a great warrior, and my arm is strong. I have burned like the lightning, and, like the black bear, broken the skull of my enemies. For three moons I carried despair and terror to the heart of the white man, stealing through the shadows of night like the panther, gliding through the thickets like the rattlesnake. Twenty times when darkness fled before the flame which my birch had lighted, have I uttered my war-cry.

"One night, when the moon was rising, I crept out from a gloomy forest, and sharpened my knife on the rock. My brothers and I advanced like the gray wolf which snuffs the breeze and darts through the brush. All slept around us, save hatred and vengeance. Already we perceived a home of the white man; already the dogs had given the alarm, when my imprudent friends, carried away by their intrepidity,

made the mountains echo with their terrible war-cry. We sprang forward with lifted tomahawk, but it was too late!—the bearded men had fled precipitately, leaving behind them their cattle and their riches, thinking only of saving life. Garakontie is a great warrior! his arm is strong, but he strikes only his enemies. I looked on in silence at the tongues of flame which rose from the cottage roof, writhing in the air, in the midst of a cloud of smoke, like fire-serpents, and I uttered my war-cry: War-whoop! war-whoop!

"Then another cry, piercing as an arrow, issued from the midst of the crackling flames. and I feared to lose a scalp. I sprang through the fire, and immediately afterwards deposited on the grass moist with dew, a young girl of thirteen summers. My brothers drew from their girdles the scalping-knives, but the breath of my word entered their ears. This scalp belongs to me, I said, and Garakontie is a strong warrior, who does not make war upon women; this is mine; let him who dares dispute it approach, and he shall see whether my blows are strong and sure. I have spoken. No one advanced; I took the child in my arms, and cautious as the lynx which bears away the feeble fawn, I traversed the woods, the mountains, the streams, the rivers, and deposited my innocent prey on the threshold of my father's wigwam, uttering my cry of war and victory."

The Indian ceased his song, and the young girl, softened, extended her hand towards him.

"Truth has come forth from thy lips, Garakontie, and I will remember, even in the land of spirits, that I have twice owed my life to thee. Come, see," said she, drawing from her bosom the roll of bark: "all which thou and thy family have done for me is written here."

"I pray thee, Moyamee, make the bark speak by thy mouth, that my ear may comprehend."

"Listen then:"

"Marie was desolate at being borne away from the parents who cherished her."

"Marie!" interrupted Garakontie.

"Marie was my name before I came to dwell in the woods."

"Continue."

"She trembled in the arms of the red warrior, who bore her along as gently as the autumn wind when it whirls in the air the dried leaves of the magnolia. She was afraid during the day, because then she saw the dark and brilliant eyes of the young warrior; and at night, reposing in the leafy cabin, on the moss of the forest, she was afraid because she saw him not, for he watched without for the safety of his prisoner. Fatigued, exhausted with grief, Marie arrived, and knelt, clasping her hands, on the threshold of the wigwam of the Great Castor. The Great Catsor is wise and good; he is the sachem and the father of Garakontie. When he saw the poor Marie stretch forth her hands, he passed around her neck a collar of wampum in sign of adoption. Daughter of the East, said he, rise; prisoner as thou art, I loose thy bonds; have not an evil heart towards us. Soon thou wilt be consoled for the loss of thy friends and of thy country. To-day I adopt thee as my daughter, and thou art a Delaware child; my fire and my kettle are thine. Welcome then, from whatever place thou comest! rest thy weary limbs on this bear-skin; warm thyself, eat, and to-morrow thy brother and thy father will build thee a wigwam by the side of theirs.

"Thus spake the sachem to Moyamee, and from that time, the dark night which obscured her mind, the grief which gnawed at her heart, passed away like the sighing wind, like the voice of echo which is lost among the mountains. But her affection for her father, for her brother and for the Delaware nation, will never pass away, for she is not blind nor ungrateful."

"Ah!" cried the warrior, "it is not the bark but thyself which has said these last words."

"No! it is the bark."

"Well, give me this bark, and I will preserve it carefully. Perhaps one day it will speak to me as it speaks to thee. Shouldest thou ever return to the spot where the bones of thy ancestors are sleeping, then, alone, sad and old, I will come

and seat myself under this great tree where we are sitting to-day, and perhaps the precious bark will relate to me past dreams of happiness and the last words of Moyamee."

Let us leave these young people for a moment, and look at the results of the expedition to which Garakontie alluded in his war-song. As soon as the news of the devastation committed by the Indians along the whole frontiers reached Philadelphia, desolation was in every heart. They nevertheless learned that Detroit and Fort Pitt had repulsed the savages, who had not dared to attack Niagara, because it was defended by formidable artillery. A small detachment was confided to General Bouquet, and the latter immediately departed to repress the invasion and to carry succor to Fort Pitt. He traversed the high chain of the Alleghanies, and had hardly passed the dangerous defile of Turtle Creek, and arrived at Bushy Run, when the savages, with frightful yells, attacked him in front and on each side. Nothing but the bravery and coolness of the men, and the skill of the general in deceiving the indefatigable vigilance and eluding the snares of the enemy, could have resisted the frightful impetuosity of their successive attacks; never, before, had they been so audacious and so formidable. The general lost many of his soldiers, but at length gained the victory.

Wishing to profit by the terror with which this memorable defeat had inspired the Indians, he resolved to pass the Ohio, and to penetrate as far as the forks of the Muskingum, from whence he could attack the villages of the Mingoes, Wyandots, Delawares, and even those of the Shawanese, on the Scioto, though situated eighty miles beyond. He therefore set out at the head of fifteen hundred infantry and a squadron of horsemen. At the end of a march of six days, he reached the Tuskarora, without having been seriously annoyed by the enemy.

Profoundly astonished at seeing themselves attacked by their own firesides, which till this day they had believed inaccessible to European troops, these proud children of Nature determined to solicit a conference, and the general consented.

But he soon perceived that the Indian chiefs only sought to gain time to famish the army and cut them to pieces on their return. He broke off the parley, and a week afterwards had penetrated as far as the forks of the Muskingum, seventy miles from its mouth. This bold march contributed not a little finally to determine the nations to listen more favorably to the conditions which the general had imposed on them. One of these conditions was that they should yield to him, in his camp, all the prisoners whom they had taken, not only in their last invasion, but during preceding years.

[Continued.]

For the Magnolia.

LETTERS FROM EUROPE.—NO. III.

In our last number we gave part of a letter from London, describing the City Road Chapel and its monuments. The following is the remainder of that sketch. These notes will not only be interesting to those of our subscribers who belong to the denomination to whose history the great names they record pertain, but all our Christian readers will doubtless be entertained by them, for the great characters commemorated at City Road are the common property of the Christian world.—Ed.

Dr. Coke's Monument—Dr. Adam Clarke's—Richard Watson's—Other Tablets—Bunhill Fields.

Beneath the tablet of Charles Wesley, is the monument of the celebrated first Bishop of American Methodism, and father of the Wesleyan Missions—Dr. Coke. It is of the same form as that of Fletchere, to which its position corresponds. The device in the arch at the top differs from Fletchere's, and is wrought with exquisite taste. In the centre is an altar bearing a scroll, the unrolled part of which extends down its front to its base. On the scroll is inscribed—

Ethiopia
Shall soon stretch out
Her hands
Unto God,
And the isles
Shall wait
For his law.

On the left of the altar, reclines the figure of an African, pointing to the first text, and on the right rests a Ceylonese, reading the Scriptures. These figures indicate the two chief mission fields planned by the doctor, viz. The West Indies and East Indies. I give you the whole epitaph; though long, it is excellent.

Sacred to the Memory
Of Rev. Thomas Coke, LL. D.,
Of Jesus College, Oxford,
Who was born at Brecon, 7 Sep., 1747,
And died 3 May, 1814.
After a zealous ministry of several years,
In the established church, he gave up himself,
A. D., 1784, to the direction of Rev. John Wesley,
And did the work of an evangelist with
Great success in various parts of Great Britain
And Ireland. He was appointed A. D., 1784,
The first superintendent of the Methodist Episcopal Church
In America. To him were also confided
The foreign Missions of the Methodists; in support
Of which he expended nearly all his patrimonial
Fortune, and encountered toils and self-denials,
Which the Christian world beheld with admiration.
By the blessing of God on the missions to the
Negroes, commenced by him, 1786, fifteen
Thousand persons had been formed before
His death, into religious societies, and a foundation
Laid for the civilization and salvation of that
Degraded class of human beings. To the negro
Race upon their native continent, as well as
In the islands of their bondage, his compassion
Was extended, and he set the first example
In modern days, of efforts for the
Spiritual emancipation of Western Africa.
After crossing the Atlantic eighteen times
In the service of the souls of men, his spirit
Was stirred within him to take a part in
The noble enterprise of evangelizing British India;
And he sailed from England, Aug., 1813, as
The leader of the first Methodist Missions sent
To Ceylon. But this "burning and shining
Light," which in the Western world had
Guided thousands into the paths of peace,
Had now fulfilled its course, and suddenly,
Yet rich in evening splendor, sunk
Into the shades of mortality. He died on
The voyage, and his remains were
Committed to the great deep, until the

Sea shall give up her dead. His days
Were past, but his purposes were not broken
Off; the work which he had planned has
Been made to prosper, and through the
Preaching of the Gospel, the circulation of the
Scriptures in the native tongues, and the
Establishment of Christian schools, many once
Deluded Ceylonese, have changed the wretchedness
Of an atheistic creed, and the worship of idols
And of devils, for the light and the comfort of
True religion. The same love of Christ which made
Him long the advocate and pattern of exertion
In foreign lands constrained him also to works
Of pious charity at home. Into many neglected
Districts of England, Wales and Ireland, the
Means of grace were carried by his private
Bounty or through his public influence;
And his praise is in all the churches."
This monument was erected, A. D., 1822, at
The expense of the Methodist ministers
And missionaries, as a record of their
Respectful gratitude for the disinterested
Services, the eminent usefulness and the
Long-tried and faithful attachment of
Their now glorified friend. "He that winneth
Souls is wise."

Beneath the slab containing the above inscription, is a small medallion piece similar to that on the opposite monument to Fletchere. The device represents the sun *rising* from the waves of the sea.

Under the slab to the memory of Coke, is one to the famous scholar, Dr. Adam Clarke. It is precisely the same as that of Benson's, which corresponds to it on the opposite side, except that, instead of the butterfly and chrysalis, it has some brief phrases in Greek and Hebrew. The following is the great commentator's epitaph:

In memory of
Adam Clarke, LL. D., F. A. S., &c.
A man
Of remarkable mental vigor,
Of almost unparalleled industry,
And of extended and varied learning;
A Christian
Of deep and steadfast piety,
Firmly attached to the essential doctrines
And discipline of Wesleyan Methodism;
A preacher
Eminently evangelical, popular and useful,
For more than half a century.
His praise is in all the churches.
Natus Circiter, 1760.
Obiit. 1832.

Immediately outside of the altar stands, against the edge of the alcove, the monument of that finest intellect of Wesleyan Methodism, Richard Watson. It is a square pedestal about four feet high, sustaining a round pillar of fine white marble, which is wrought at its top and base with garlands, and surmounted by an urn. The whole monument is a beautiful piece of workmanship and a worthy tribute to the excellent man whom it commemorates. On the pillar is inscribed:

Sacred to the memory of
Richard Watson,
Born 1781.
Died 1833.

On the pedestal is the following:

In him were united
Unbounded power of imagination,
A pure and correct taste,
A sound and discriminating judgment,
A forcible and graceful elocution,
Great dignity and simplicity of manners,
And a spirit eminently generous.
He preached the gospel of the grace of God
With an ability seldom equalled,
Adorned it by a holy and upright life,
And illustrated and defended its principles,
In several invaluable publications.
Constrained by the love of Christ
With immolated ardor he pursued his labors
As a minister, a writer and an advocate
Of missions, in the midst of pain
And wasting disease till called to his
Final reward, leaving to posterity a
Bright example of sanctified
Talent and genius.

There are nine other monuments along the sides of the church. Indeed all the spaces between the windows on one side are occupied by them, and a part on the other also. One of these is to the memory of Joseph Butterworth, the brother-in-law of Adam Clarke; one, also, is to Butterworth's wife. Both are graceful tablets with medallion likenesses. Others are to class-leaders, stewards, and other eminent members of the church. This chapel may be considered the cathedral of Methodism. Its associations are most impressive. Wesley and most of the worthies whose names are recorded in the history of Methodism, have proclaimed in it the word of life,

and every object in the consecrated temple, seems instinct with their memories.

Immediately opposite this chapel is another memorable place of the dead, the celebrated "Bunhill Fields" burial-ground, the ancient place of interment for the dissenters. It contains the ashes and monuments of *Bunyan*, *Watts*, *Owen*, &c. "What a spectacle!" said our venerable friend, Mr Reese, as we stood between the two places. "What a spectacle will these few acres present on the morning of the resurrection! Few places on earth contain more sacred dust."

Yours, &c. J.

For the Magnolia.

THE FISHING PARTY AND A WALK IN THE WOODS.

BY ANNE T. WILBUR.

"Blessed we sometimes are! and I am now
Happy in quiet feelings; for the tones
Of a most pleasant company of friends
Were in my ear but now, and gentle thought
From spirits whose high character I know;
And I retain their influence, as the air
Retains the softness of departed day."

I know a lake, a quiet lake,
Shadowed by waving trees;
Calmly it lies 'neath the azure skies,
Scarce rippled by the breeze.

I know a path, a forest path,
Mid tangled bush and brake,
And he who doth love the lonely grove,
No other path would take.

I know a stream, a still clear stream
Winding its silent way;
In whose waters the silvery troutlet gleam,
And the perch and pickerel play.

Beyond the dim and shadowy wood,
Doth that quiet streamlet flow;
And he who catcheth never a fish,
Yet loves on its banks to go.

Green was our way, on that summer day,
And pleasant the cooling breeze;
And mildly the gleam of the soft sunbeam,
Came flickering through the trees.

O 't is sweet to rove with the friends we love
By streamlet, in grove or glen;
And as lonely we stray through each woodland way,
We long for those hours again.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

Bathing—Medical Systems—Beauty, &c. During the season which is just closing, we know nothing more refreshing to the system than the frequent use of the bath. To our own sex, especially, whose sedentary habits make it seem almost miraculous that any reach maturity, it is an invaluable practice. For our own part, the almost invariable luxury of a cold bath for the last ten or twelve years, has made it much more indispensable than the morning meal. We wish every one of our readers could be convinced of its beneficial effects, as well as of the ease and rapidity with which it may be performed. A good-sized basin of water, a large sponge, a coarse towel, ten minutes time, and a little resolution, are all the requisites for this delightful exercise, which when it is properly finished, is worth all the nostrums ever invented for dyspepsia, low spirits, and the thousand nameless "ills which flesh is heir to."

A great deal is written, now a-days, about "the spirit of the age." It is said to be an age of steam, of electricity, &c., but we think the present is eminently a *medical age*. If there is a disease in existence, for which our newspapers do not advertise a remedy, we are certain it has only to be hinted at and some infallible cure will be immediately prepared to meet the case. All that amazes us is, that undertakers and hearses are still patronized at all, and that tombs and grave-yards are not rendered entirely unnecessary.

Just look at the various systems which are contending for pre-eminence. We beg the M. D.'s not to be disturbed, we are not about to open an attack upon any of them. If we possessed the ability, we could not make such an attempt with a good conscience, for we are firm believers in the more important principles of each of these opposing systems. As for the "*mineral system*," as it is invidiously termed by its enemies, we certainly have great faith in the mineral waters which nature herself prepares, and we know not why her example in some cases may not be beneficially followed in others. It is true that one Will Shakspeare, a long while ago, peremptorily said, "Throw physic to the dogs." In many cases we think physicians may be said to have literally obeyed him. We suppose this trade, like most others, has its tricks; we hope their "colored negatives," are always as innocent and, we might add, as efficacious as the famous brown-bread pills of so much notoriety. We do think the system would have much less prejudice to encounter, if its nomenclature were properly reformed, its Latin terms Anglicized, and its mysterious hieroglyphics made into respectable letters, or comprehensive abbreviations.

It will not be doubted that we place equal confidence in the botanical practice when we assert that we have *felt* the beneficial effects of *lobelia;* and in good sooth we should no more think of sneering at burdock and camomile and pennyroyal in the presence of sundry highly respected fe-

male relatives, than we should make a business of abusing the moon, or scandalizing murmuring brooks before a set of professed poets.

If any despisers of Thomsonianism are glancing over these lines, we only wish they could drink *composition*, as we have done, prepared for a winter morning's breakfast on Cape Cod. We wish we had "Aunt Cynthia's" exact recipe, but in lack thereof something like the following from memory must answer. Say, perhaps, a teaspoonful of "No. 6," (we confess ourselves rather dubious about this technicality,) to three pints or two quarts of boiling water, plenty of milk and sugar, or molasses (we forget which is the essential, but we insist on the "sweetening"). We pledge ourselves that Victoria herself would do justice to a draught of this mixture, especially if properly prepared for it by sleeplessness from cold, or a night's seasickness on board a packet.

We must acknowledge ourselves in the outset almost incompetent to write the term Homœopathy, from our nearly utter ignorance upon the subject. Our only experience in this branch of medical practice, consists in counting out at different times some dozens of the Lilliputian pills, from bottles to match, upon the tongue of an aged relative, always taking the precaution to carefully close all the doors, in order to prevent the minute particles from being blown away; this, however, was not always successful, for the dear old lady's breath, which we had no machinery to restrain, frequently sent the whole dose flying, just as we triumphantly counted out the twelfth or twentieth (we forget which). We must not take our leave of this *case*, however, without stating that our aged friend certainly recovered from the attack for which the pills were prescribed, and, what is yet better, she is still alive.

After our introductory remarks, our readers will be prepared to hear us assert our faith in Hydropathy. Doubtless there is a great deal of pretension and extravagance about the system which is now claiming so much public attention; but too much can scarcely be said of the virtues of cold-water as a tonic. We have never tried it, personally, for any acute disease, for we thank God for the inestimable blessing of habitually good health; but we believe ourselves indebted to its constant use for unfailing good spirits, and a resistance to the effects of cold and fatigue enjoyed by few of our sex. We frequently astonish some of our friends residing at a distance of ten or twelve miles, by an unexpected visit, performing the journey without fatigue by means of our own *private conveyance*. We know of nothing which so soon and so effectually dissipates the lassitude and *ennui*, which almost every one experiences in the first warm mornings of spring, or the subsequent depressed heats of summer. A friend of ours, who has been for many years subject to troublesome attacks of sore throat, now manages to effect a complete cure in the course of a single night, by the application of a cloth wrung out in cold water, and covered with a piece of dry flannel. It is well known that headaches may be frequently cured by copiously bathing or showering with cold water.

A few months since, while travelling in a stage-coach, we met with an exceedingly interesting and intelligent old lady, nearly eighty years of age, with whom we became quite acquainted. In the course of conversation

she introduced the subject of cold bathing, evidently with a view of recommending it. Delighted to find one so ready to appreciate and bear testimony to its virtues from experience, she stated that three years before she had been in a perfectly helpless condition from spinal complaint; two attendants were constantly necessary to change her position, as her extreme suffering made her restless, and she was utterly incapable of moving herself in any manner whatever. After some two or three years passed in this situation cold bathing was recommended by a judicious physician. It was commenced by her attendants, and followed with most beneficial results. In a few months, the aged invalid was able to perform her ablutions herself, and gradually gaining strength she soon left her bed of suffering and resumed her former duties. She said that for the last three years she had never failed of her cold bath a single morning; during the coldest weather of winter it was performed in a fireless room, without the slightest inconvenience from the cold. She also stated that a sister of hers, over eighty years of age, who had habituated herself to this practice for some fifteen or twenty years, was more active and vigorous than most women of forty or fifty.

We could place an array of illustrious names before our readers in support of our desultory remarks upon this subject; but we content ourselves with the following extracts from the sensible and useful little work of Dr. John C. Warren, entitled "Physical Education and the Preservation of Health."

"The application of cold water to the human body is beneficial principally in two ways; first, as a purifier; second, as a tonic; 1st, it purifies the body by removing from its surface those excretions, which are continually poured out. The skin is an outlet, by which are discharged matters necessary to be thrown out of the system, for if retained, they would produce disease. These matters cause an incrustation over the surface of the skin, and this to a certain extent obstructs the little orifices, through which these exhalations take place. Physicians and surgeons are in the habit of observing deplorable instances of filthy concretions on the skin of poor patients, and this kind of neglect, unfortunately, is not wholly confined to the lower classes."

"2d. The effect of cold water as a tonic is well known. The refreshing influence of water applied to the face, neck, hands and arms, is a matter of general experience. The operation of cold water, applied to the whole surface of the body, is to produce an agreeable and refreshing sensation. This is followed by a glow more or less considerable, depending partly upon the difference between the temperature of the water and that of the body, and partly on the state of the body itself, to which the application is made. Immersion of the hand, or any other part of the body, in cold weather in tepid water, is followed by a sense of chilliness, while immersion of the same part, for a limited time, in iced water, is followed by a sensation of positive heat. Immersion of a part, or the whole of the body in cold water causes an increase of vigor. This is particularly obvious in hot weather. When one, who is exhausted with heat and fatigue, plunges into the cold water, or receives the affusion of it over the whole surface of the body, the lan-

guid frame is immediately invigorated, and prepared for new labors. This change is probably attributable to a uniform contraction of the small vessels, and a more regular flow of blood through the relaxed organs, thus reviving their vigor."

"All those who have been in the habit of using cold water know, that an incipient catarrhal affection often disappears on its judicious application to the surface of the body. This disease is a congestion of the blood in the vessels of the membrane lining the nostrils, trachea and lungs, arising in this instance, from the application of cold air to the surface of the body. When cold water is applied to the skin it produces increased circulation in this part, and the blood is thus diverted from the internal organs. A similar train of occurrences takes place in the germination of many diseases. The effect of the judicious application of cold water to the surface of the body is, therefore, to relieve temporary languor, remove incipient disease, and give permanent tone to the animal system."

We close our suggestions on this subject by an appeal to our own sex, which may prove even more powerful than the hope of the inestimable blessing of health. Mrs. Walker, in her work on "Female Beauty," says: "It is certain that of all admitted practices, none has a more decided influence both upon health and *beauty*, than frequent use of the bath. Amongst modern nations, those who take the bath frequently, either in consequence of its connexion with religion or custom, surpass all others in physical beauty and strength. By daily bathing the Oriental women preserve that suppleness and softness of skin for which they are so remarkable, and are free from the numerous diseases to which a sedentary life naturally exposes them."

Again she says: "The Greeks represented the Goddess of Love as rising from the bosom of the sea: this ingenious fiction may surely prove to us that water is the element that produces beauty, and that the most attractive charms are improved and brought to perfection in its refreshing streams."

Every one knows that the ancient sages deemed the bath of so much importance that its use was enjoined by law. The Greeks and Romans expended immense sums upon their public and private bathing establishments. The splendid remains of the baths built by the Moors in more modern times, under Abderahman the Second, bear witness to the obedience of this singular people to the wise directions of their prophet in this respect.

If these hastily penned remarks shall induce only one of our readers to commence this beneficial practice and carry it through life, we shall esteem ourselves as a benefactor of mankind. If any additional inducement is necessary, we would advise all our lady friends who can do so, to take a peep into Braman's swimming school, some sun-shiny day. It is certainly one of the most charming sights we have ever witnessed. The fair swimmers in their becoming bathing dresses, their heightened and glowing complexions, their musical laughter, their graceful motions in the sparkling water, the shouts and gladness of the children, altogether making it so fascinating a scene that it is with difficulty we tear ourselves from it. We would undertake the conversion of any number of unbelievers in the system, with this illustration of its beauties and its benefits before us.

A WORTHY TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF MRS. FRY. We noticed, a short time since, a proposal to establish an institution for the temporary reception of females discharged from the metropolitan prisons and police offices, who are anxious to reform their lives, to be called "Elizabeth Fry's Refuge."

By later English papers we see that the proposition is meeting with even royal favor. At a recent committee meeting, the Hon. W. Cowper signified the Queen's pleasure to become the patroness, and to subscribe fifty guineas in aid of the funds. Prince Albert is to be one of the patrons, and gives a subscription of twenty-five pounds. The Chevalier Bunsen stated that he had received the commands of the King of Prussia to say, that in testimony of his regard for the memory of the deceased, and his approbation of the objects of the institution, his Majesty should become a contributor.

TO CORRESPONDENTS. We wonder if some of our friends have not fallen into a Rip Van Winkle slumber?—from which we sincerely hope they will some day awake to the remembrance of their fair promises to us. "Oh, promises, promises! Pie-crust is adamant to you, and puff-paste is not more fragile," pathetically remarks Mr. James. We hope the sentiment will produce some twinges of conscience in the right quarters. We are thankful that a few valued and tried spirits stand by us through the heat of summer as well as in the cold of winter; and when they *do sleep*, their slumbers must be sweet.

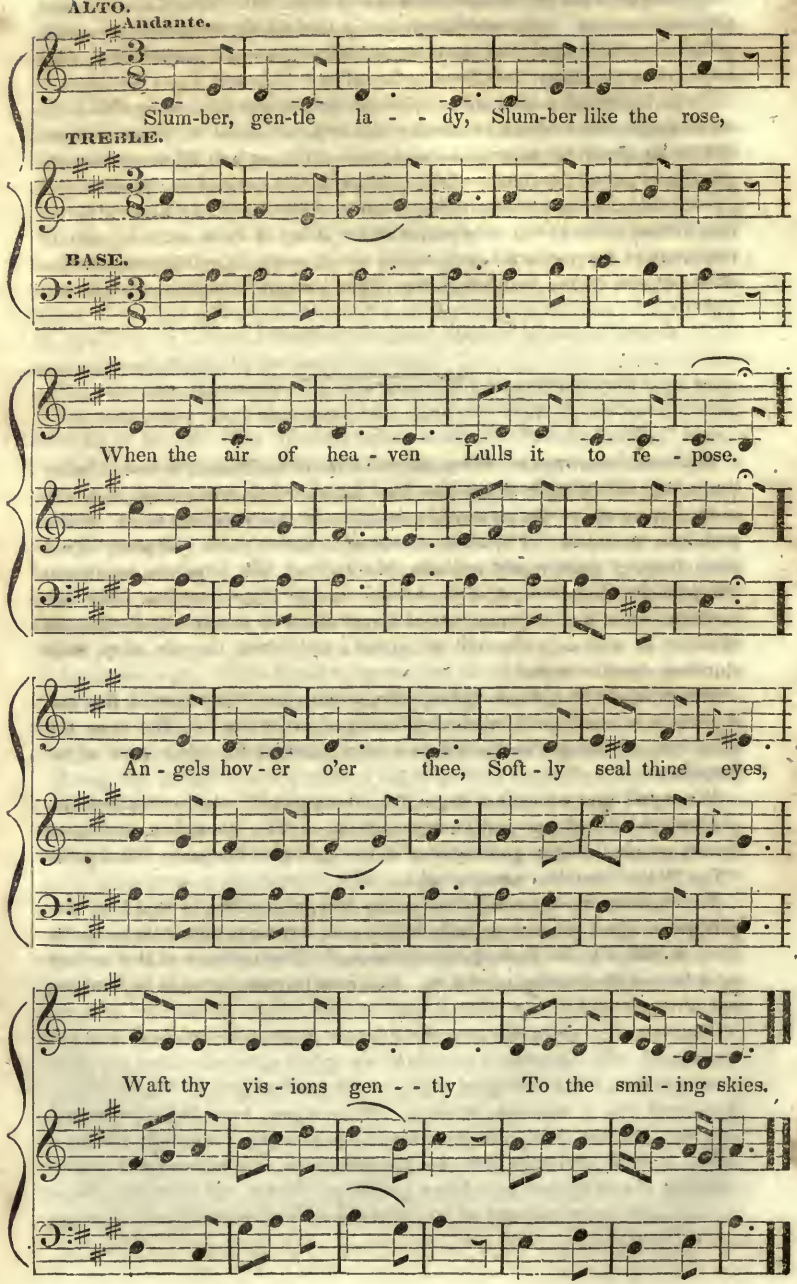
Where is our New York friend, who promised us "poetry with feet and rhymes in it, and capitals at the beginning of every line"? We have fulfilled the conditions demanded, and now where is the other part of the bargain?

We regret that we cannot assist the young person who writes us in regard to the title of the projected periodical. "The Dandelion, or Greens for the people," might go very well in the spring of the year; but we fear "The Nettle" would n't *take* at all.

We commiserate the case of the young lady, who writes us that her "fingers are so short she can scarcely hold a pen, having worked them nearly down to points in her sewing society labors." The treasury of that society must be in a flourishing condition. It is certainly an example to some we wot of.

SLUMBER, GENTLE LADY.

THE MUSIC COMPOSED FOR THE LADIES' PEARL, BY B. F. BAKER.





Painted by Mrs C. Ward

Engraved by J.H. Lenniman

THE MUSICAL BOX.

YOUR HEART IS A MUSIC-BOX, DEAREST.

Your heart is a music-box, dearest!
With exquisite tunes at command,
Of melody sweetest and clearest,
If tried by a delicate hand;
But its workmanship, love, is so fine,
At a single rude touch it would break:
Then, oh! be the magic key mine,
Its fairy-like whispers to wake!
And there's one little tune it can play
That I fancy all others above—
You learn'd it of Cupid one day—
It begins with and ends with "I love!" "I love!"
It begins with and ends with "I love!"

Oscood.

For the Magnolia.

SKETCHES OF WESLEY.—NO. IV.

BY REV. D. WISE.

Mr. Wesley's Baptism of the Spirit—His religious character prior to his conversion—The Moravians in a Storm—The Moravian Pastor's question—Peter Bohler—Mr. Wesley under conviction—His Conversion—The wonderful results.

We have now followed Mr. Wesley through thirty-five years of his life. Thus far, he had not developed those extraordinary powers, the exercise of which has made his name a household world in two hemispheres, and caused, in the language of Dr. Priestly, "many generations to call him blessed." His hour had not yet come. He was not yet fitted for the work assigned him. The foundation was laid. The elements of *power* were in him. He only needed the

impulses and the circumstances to develop those elements in all their moral grandeur and beauty. He was yet like Peter waiting to be endowed with power from on high. Peter had his Pentecost and the cries of three thousand human hearts, first convulsed with the agonies of awakened guilt, and then soothed to peace and lasting joy by the truth he uttered, attested the *power* of that Pentecostal baptism. Mr. Wesley had his Pentecost, and an unwonted influence, such as had not heretofore attended his preaching, fell upon the people wherever he addressed a public congregation.

We have not heretofore said much of his exercises as a religious man. From what has been said, however, it will be inferred that he was far from being indifferent to his spiritual interests. From a child, like the Bishop of Ephesus, he had been taught the Scriptures by his wise and judicious mother. She had effectually taught him, to look upon human life, as affording materials and opportunity to erect a temple for the honor of God. This principle we have already seen operating, first, in keeping him at college, and secondly, in sending him on his painful mission to Georgia. It had led him to the sternest possible adhesion to morality, so that even his youth is not stained by a solitary vice. He had also aimed at leading a strictly religious life: especially from the period of his ordination. About that time his mind had been led to increased religious devotion by reading Bishop Taylor's Holy Living and Dying, Mr. Law's Serious Call, and Thomas a Kempis's "Christian Pattern." Hence at college, we find him aiming at the strictest conformity to God's law—striving to reclaim the students of the university from vice, and holding those religious meetings among the more serious, which procured him and his kindred spirits the opprobrious title of Methodists, first applied to them by a student of Christ Church, in allusion to an ancient school of physicians, who for their strictness and methodical pursuit of medical knowledge were called Methodists. They were also called the Holy Club, and Mr. Wesley was named the father of the Holy Club.

Besides all this Mr. W. practiced the most rigid self-denial; he preached and labored zealously and incessantly; visited prisons, instructed poor children, and gave the greater part of his income for charitable purposes.

But with all this religious devotion his mind was not at rest. Fear haunted him continually, his heart seemed panting after something, he knew not what. On the voyage to, and during his stay in, Georgia, his intercourse with a number of pious Germans belonging to the Moravians had tended still more to increase his dissatisfaction with himself. They were evidently possessors of something to which he was a stranger. They were so meek, so patient, and withal so bold in danger, so exempt from the fear of death, that Mr. W. was astonished. During the voyage, as these pious men were engaged one day in religious services, while singing the opening psalm, the ship was struck by a heavy sea. It broke over her decks, tore the mainsail in two, and poured down between decks in alarming torrents. The English and others screamed aloud for fear. They thought the ship was sinking; but the poor Germans sung on without a sign of apprehension.

"Was you not afraid?" asked Mr. Wesley of one of them a few days after.

"I thank God, no," replied the honest German.

"But were not your women and children afraid?"

"No," answered he mildly; "our women and children are not afraid to die."

On his landing at Georgia, he was met by a Mr. Spangenberg, a Moravian pastor, then settled at Savannah. Upon asking some advice of this devoted pastor, Mr. Wesley was astonished to hear him reply:

"My brother, I must first ask you one or two questions. Have you the witness within yourself? Does the Spirit of God bear witness with your spirit that you are a child of God?"

Mr. Wesley was dumb. This was new language to the man who had studied Law's Serious Call more than St Paul's Epistles.

The good Moravian saw his embarrassment and went on:

"Do you know Jesus Christ?" he asked.

"I know he is the Savior of the world," replied Mr. W.

"True," returned the other; "but do you *know* he has saved you?"

"I hope he has died to save me," was the trembling reply.

His doubts concerning his spiritual safety increased during his stay in Georgia, and were still more strengthened on his return by the conversations he had with Peter Bohler, another celebrated Moravian pastor.

The result of these long-continued anxieties was, to use his own words; "I was clearly convinced of unbelief, of the want of that faith whereby alone we are saved with the full Christian salvation."

Still he was cautious. He had a well-trained and philosophic mind, which could not easily be brought to embrace a novelty. Accordingly he began a thorough investigation of this great subject. He opened a correspondence, with his strong-minded mother and with other persons, and after an interview with Bohler, he writes in his journal; "The next morning I began the Greek Testament again, resolved to abide by the law and testimony, being confident that God would hereby show me whether this doctrine was of God."

At last he reached the conclusion, "that faith is [to use the words of our Church] a sure trust and confidence that a man has in God that through the merit of Christ his sins are forgiven;" but was still unwilling to accede to Peter Bohler's opinion, that instantaneous conversion is the doctrine of the Scriptures. He could not deny that it was thus in the first ages of Christianity, but contended that times were changed. This was his last retreat, and he writes on Sunday, Feb. 28, 1738, "I was beat out of this retreat too, by the concurring evidence of several living witnesses, who testified God had so wrought in themselves, giving them in a moment, such faith in the blood of his Son as translated them out of darkness into light, and from sin and fear into holiness and happiness. Here ended my disputing. I could now cry out, Lord, help my unbelief!"

He further describes his feelings in the following passages. "It is now more than two years since I left my native country in order to teach the Georgian Indians the nature of Christianity: but what have I learned myself in the mean time? Why (what I least of all suspected) that I who went to America to convert others, was never myself converted to God, and I feel that I am sold under sin—I know too, that I deserve nothing but wrath, being full of all abominations and having no good thing in me to atone for them or to remove the wrath of God. All my works, my righteousness, my prayers need an atonement for themselves, so that my mouth is stopped. God is holy. I am unholy! God is a consuming fire: I am altogether a sinner, meet to be consumed!"

In such powerful struggles of mind as are here described, he continued until the 24 of May, 1738. On that memorable day he attended an evening meeting of a religious society in Aldersgate street, London, where, he says, "One was reading Luther's preface to the Epistle to the Romans. About a quarter before nine, while he was describing the change which God works in the heart through faith in Christ, I felt my heart strangely warmed. I felt I did trust in Christ, Christ alone for salvation: and an assurance was given me, that he had taken away my sins, even mine, and saved me from the law of sin and death.

"I began to pray with all my might, for those who in a more especial manner, despitefully used me and persecuted me. I then testified openly to all there, what and how I first felt in my heart."

This peace was more or less disturbed by doubts and fears at first, but he was soon able to say; Now I am always conqueror: and to use the words of Mr. Watson, one of his biographers, "His experience, nurtured by habitual prayer and deepened by unwearied exertion in the cause of his Savior, settled into that steadfast faith and solid peace, which the grace of God perfected in him to the close of his long and active life."

I have been thus particular in narrating this part of Mr.

W.'s experience, because it affords the key to his subsequent successes. It is the starting point of the extraordinary portion of his life. He was henceforth a changed man, as much as Saul of Tarsus was changed after his meeting with Jesus Christ on the route to Damascus. Not that he was more moral, more sincere, more laborious, more self-denying. This was impossible. These virtues he was possessed of before. But he was changed in feeling, changed in principle, changed in moral power. Before this experience, his feelings were slavish and timid, now they were filial and confident—before he felt as a slave, obeyed as a slave, now he both felt and obeyed as a son. He was obedient from *affection*, he trusted to Christ for power to obey and to do good. His trust was not in vain. An almost unparalleled excitement henceforth attended his ministration and attested that, by whatever name you call the work which passed in his heart, that God was with him afterwards in a degree and manner which he was not, prior to this experience.

SEPARATION.

FROM GOETHE.

I THINK of thee whene'er the sun is glowing
Upon the lake;
Of thee, when, in the crystal fountain flowing,
The moonbeams slake.

I see thee when the wanton wind is busy
And dust clouds rise;
In the deep night, when o'er the bridge so dizzy
The wanderer hies.

I hear thee when the waves with hollow roaring
Gush forth their fill;
Often along the heath I go exploring
When all is still.

I am with thee! Tho' far thou art and darkling,
Yet art thou near.
The sun goes down, the stars will soon be sparkling—
Oh, wert thou here!

For the Magnolia.

LETTERS FROM EUROPE.—NO. IV.

A Good Custom of European Churches—St. Paul's—Its Interior—Inscription to Sir Christopher Wren—Monuments to Howard, Nelson, &c.—The Clock—Exterior of the Church—Westminster Abbey—Its Monuments.

My dear M.,—We assigned to-day for visits to the most noted churches, but were able to get through with only two, viz. St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey. We attended prayers in the former—devotional services are held there every day, both morning and afternoon. This is the case with all the great churches of Europe, so far as my observation has extended. They are also kept open all the day, that the devout or the weary may enter at their discretion, to pray, to meditate, or repose—a delightful custom which I wish could be introduced into the United States. After the services at St. Paul's, we commenced our examination of the vast structure. I had not appreciated its grandeur before, though looking at it daily from my chamber window. It is so entrenched by crowded ranges of buildings, that its proper effect is lost, except in the interior. But no one can stand at the junction of the nave and transept and look to the vast dome, spreading out like a firmament, four hundred feet above him, without paying homage to the sublime genius which reared it.

The church is built in the form of a Greek cross. It covers a space of two acres. The choir which is the part of the cross above the transept, is inclosed by an iron railing, and is the only portion of the vast interior occupied for worship. It is divided into stalls and a labyrinth of places for the numerous officers of the chapel who take part in the services. The rest of the interior is appropriated to monuments. Its effect is increased by the fact that the multitude of lateral chapels, altars, &c., which line the walls of continental churches, are absent here. It looks, indeed, vacant

and naked; but its grand proportions are more manifest, though its details are less agreeable.

Over the entrance to the choir is an inscription to Sir Christopher Wren, the celebrated architect of the building. There is a touch of real sublimity in it. It may be translated thus: "Beneath lies Christopher Wren, the architect of this church and city, who lived more than ninety years, not for himself, but for the public. Reader, do you ask for his monument? Look around you!"

The interior of the dome is painted with scenes from the history of St. Paul—his conversion, preaching before Regius Raulus, the blindness of Elymas, Paul and Barnabas at Lystra, &c. Most of the monuments occupy positions on the floor of the transept. The first erected was that of Howard, the distinguished philanthropist. He stands on chains and fetters, holding in one hand the key of a prison, and in the other a scroll inscribed, "Plans for the improvement of missions." The expression of the countenance is full of benevolence.

Nelson's memorable words on going into battle, were, "Victory or Westminster Abbey!" but we have seen only his coat perforated by bullets, in the Abbey, while his remains are deposited in the crypt of St. Paul's, in a sarcophagus, prepared by Cardinal Woolsey for his own ashes. Nelson's monument, by Flaxman, is one of the finest in the transept of St. Paul's. He is represented as leaning against an anchor, while a female figure, representing Britannia, stands near, pointing two youthful seamen to the great hero. The British lion reposes at his feet. There are also monuments to Bishop Heber, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Dr. Johnson, Sir William Jones, Packenham and Gibbs, who fell at New Orleans, and Ross, who fell at Baltimore.

The ashes of Benjamin West, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Sir Thomas Lawrence, Bishop Newton, &c., rest in the crypt beneath the church.

We ascended the stairs to the ball on the dome—no easy task, you may imagine. A gallery surrounds the top of the

dome, and affords a commanding view of the city. Its din could be heard like the distant roar of the sea, and its processions of inhabitants looked like insects dispersed and running to and fro. There is a whispering gallery just below the dome, affording a fine view of the interior of the latter. A whisper uttered on one side of this gallery, can be heard on the other, at least one hundred and fifty feet distant.

The clock works are matters of curiosity. The diameter of the dial is eighteen feet and ten inches, and the length of the hour figures two feet and two and a half inches; the hour hands are five and a half feet long, and their weight forty-four pounds each; the minute hands are eight feet long, and their weight seventy-five pounds each. The pendulum is fourteen feet long, and the weight at the end, one hundred weight.

The neighborhood of St. Paul's illustrates, strikingly, the characteristic money-making spirit, of which I fear ours is but a second and augmented edition. The Italians have given St. Peter's a wide and noble range of view. The cockneys have almost literally jammed St. Paul's amidst buildings of traffick, symbolizing quite aptly their practical treatment of religion. There is but one open view of it—the one from Ludgate Hill, and that is only good from comparison with the rest. Still, repeated visits enable you at last to appreciate the magnitude and dignity of the noble structure. St. Paul's is a *study*, not merely a sight. Every successive examination increases the impression of its grandeur, and the very fact that it is inadequately estimated at the first sight, is a proof of its real greatness, for things of small magnitude and simple construction can alone be grasped at the first seeing; those which are vast and magnificent, baffle our powers, and give us a painful sense of imperfectness, which we too often ascribe to the object, and not to ourselves.

The architecture of St. Paul's is pure Greek. It appears at first, complex, in so large an edifice; but the fuller appreciation obtained by frequent examinations gives it uniqueness and symmetry. Its front towards the west, is its grandest

aspect. Twenty-two steps of black marble, lead to the portico, which is adorned by twelve noble Corinthian pillars, with a still higher portico of eight composite columns, which sustain an ample pediment. On the entablature is wrought in basso relievo, the scene of St. Paul's conversion. On the pediment are the statues of the four evangelists, St. James, St. Peter, and that of St. Paul in the midst. Within the iron railing before this front, is a statue of Queen Anne, in marble. The dome is seen from all the neighboring country, and the cross planted on a stupendous globe, and towering above the whole mass, presents a sublime symbol of the grandeur of that religion whose empire is over the heaven of heavens.

We passed from St. Paul's to Westminster Abbey; but you must not expect a description here. I neither have room nor ability for it; a volume devoted to Westminster Abbey could scarcely be more than a meagre catalogue of its objects of interest. It is a most imposing gothic structure, situated not far from the Parliament House and Westminster Hall. The traveller just from the magnificent churches of the continent, may refresh his taste again, by the fine exterior architecture of this venerable building. But the splendor of its interior workmanship and the sculptured monuments, amassed in its numerous chapels, exceed all description. It is a vast museum of art—a sculptured history of England. There are several entrances, but that open to visitors, is at the Poet's corner. It introduces you at once to the most celebrated of the English poets. Prior's bust and monument stand before you. Chaucer's tablet, inserted in the wall, is hardly legible; but its time-worn appearance comports well with our remembrances of his antiquated verse. Here are likewise monuments to Spencer, Ben Johnson, Milton, Butler, Gray, Thompson, Gay, Mrs. Rowe, Goldsmith, Dryden, Cowley, Garrick, Gifford, and full and noble statues to Addison, Hondell, and Shakespeare. The monument to Shakespeare is much admired. He leans against a pedestal, with one hand reclining on a pile of books, while the other points below, to

an inscription on the pedestal. It is this well-known passage: "The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces," &c.

The monuments in other parts of the building are too numerous for enumeration. There is a fine one to Major Andre, whose remains were brought from America and interred here in 1821. Newton's is a noble one. In the north transept are buried under the stone floor, and near to each other, Pitt, Fox, Grattan, Canning, and Wilberforce. What memories are sown in these few square feet of earth! In the eastern part of the building are the royal chapels adorned by the monuments of English sovereigns. All its aspects teem with historical reminiscences, and the monuments are regally magnificent. But to the intelligent visitor all this splendor is nothing compared to the moral interest attached to such names as Alfred, Edward the Confessor, Henry the Seventh, Elizabeth and Mary of Scotland. The chapel of Henry VII. is a most interesting part of the edifice; its workmanship exceeds all description, especially its fretted and celebrated ceiling, wrought in stone. In its centre is the tomb of Henry VII. and his Queen Elizabeth. Its aisles are crowded with gorgeous tombs of royal and noble personages.

Nothing can be more impressive than to stand in the nave of the abbey and survey the lengthened aisles, the lofty pillars, the innumerable and varied monuments, remembering meanwhile that its foundations are laid, as it were, in the dust of kings, heroes, statesmen, sages and poets. I shall never forget my visit to Westminster Abbey. But I forbear: it cannot be described. J.

For the Magnolia.

THE MEMORY OF THE DEPARTED.

Can I forget thee, loved and lost?
Can memory lose thy image dear?
Far o'er life's sea I have been tossed,
Yet still I feel thy presence near.

Thy image on my heart is set
As on the seal is cut the token
So deeply it remaineth yet—
In fragments though the gem is broken.

How mingled our young hearts when first
We in love's early spring-time met,
When from each gushing heart, our thirst
Drank such full draughts: can I forget!

Blest, blissful hours, when first we strayed
In day's mild twilight by the stream,
Whose music, with love's whisperings, made
Those flying hours a heavenly dream.

The wild flower bathed in evening dew
Blushed as we passed, in virgin bloom;
The scented hawthorn freely threw
Upon the air its rich perfume.

The twittering sparrow hopped among
The waving boughs in leafy shade;
The redbreast trilled his evening song;
The swallow swiftly skimmed the glade.

Soft breathed the zephyr's dying sigh,
Laden with spring's delicious balm;
Mild beamed day's slowly closing eye,
On Nature's quiet soothing calm.

Nor summer's beauty, nor its bloom,
Were fair but in love's light from thee;
Nor soothing sounds, nor sweet perfume,
Without thy tones, were aught to me.

Thou wert my hope's bright guiding star;
Thy smile was all life's light to me,
Gilding all coming years afar
Like moonbeams on a summer's sea.

Still are thy accents in mine ear;
Thy smile before my vision plays;
As to the soul, so oft appear
The cherished thoughts of other days. T....

For the Magnolia.

THE INDIAN CAPTIVE.

BY THE TRANSLATOR OF MADAM GUIZOT'S TALES.

[Conclusion.]

Such was the state of affairs at the moment in which I have shown you Garakontie and Kerry-Moyamee conversing at the door of the young girl's wigwam; they were about to separate, when they saw the venerable Custaloga, their father, approach them with gravity and pray them to listen attentively.

"Son and daughter of the Delawares," said he to them, "open your ears, for my words, like the drops from a waterfall have each their weight, and black falsehood never comes out from my lips. Thou, Moyamee, art about to quit thy wigwam and the village, to return to the country of Onas, where the white men have banished shade and coolness. When far from thy adopted father, from thy brothers and thy Delaware friends, thou shalt dwell among the whites, remember the counsels which the wisdom of years makes to flow from my lips. Suspect their long and courteous speeches! whoever confides to them is lost. They never say what they think, or think what they say. Soon the cinders of thy hearth will be dispersed, and thy fire extinct, poor child! but the Great Spirit, will not allow our memories to depart from thy heart, and this thought shall be our consolation."

Then he interrupted himself while Moyamee wiped away a tear which fell from the eye of the old man. After a short pause he resumed:

"As for thee, Garakontie, listen: thou art brave, thou art strong as the rocks of the Alleghanies, thy sight is piercing as that of the eagle; thy hearing, acute as that of the elk who hears the steps of the weasel on the snow and the breath of the muskrat in his hole; while thy carbine never misses its aim. One thing more is wanting; let thy love and its memories be fastened by strong bonds in the depths of thy heart that they may not appear outwardly; be wise and wary as the beaver of the marshes, cunning as the fox, bold as the hungry panther, light at the race as the hunted stag, terrible against thy enemies, but faithful to thy allies, white or red, and the leaves of the tree of thy life shall long overshadow the wigwams of our village and our tribe. The great council-fire is lighted in the camp of the sons of Onas, at the forks of the Muskingum; take thy war-dress, and come to smoke the pipe of peace with the bearded men."

The young man cast down his head, and without replying to his father, turned towards his wigwam to prepare for his departure with twenty warriors who were to accompany the sagamore and Moyamee. The young girl was sad, because two distinct affections were conflicting in her heart: the one for her real parents whom she was about to rejoin after many years of absence; the other for her adopted family which she was about to quit.

An hour after, a canoe of birch-bark, paddled by a dozen Indians, descended the rapids of the Tuskaraway, while ten other warriors followed the same route walking on the shore. A European would have been astonished at the boldness of those who had embarked in a boat so fragile, and especially at the address with which they followed the rapids or currents almost always forming falls, or avoided the numerous rocks against which the foaming waves dashed and roared. Soon the canoe entered the more tranquil waters of the Muskingum, and ascended the river towards the Forks, thirty-five miles from its mouth. What was not less remarkable, surrounded by these ferocious savages, who thought only of murdering and massacring the whites, a young white girl travelled with

more security than if she had been in a coach setting out from London or Paris. In the evening she encamped with them on the moss of the forests; in the day-time her delicate hands roasted on the shore the flesh of animals killed in the chase, or trouts caught by snares in the stream.

Let us now look at what was passing during this time in the camp at the Forks. General Bouquet had caused four large redoubts to be built, the intermediate space of which offered a large public square perfectly shaded by trees and vines. They had constructed also a magazine for provisions, and several houses and barracks to lodge the officers and the prisoners whom the savages were about to bring. Very soon the camp became like a little city, in which the most exact order reigned. During more than twelve days which this singular congress lasted, the general often saw the Indian chiefs, heard their discourse, received and sent messengers to and from the neighboring tribes, relative to the conditions of the treaty, and particularly to the punctual delivery of the prisoners of war, the principal object of his solicitude. Ninety-four of these prisoners arrived from among the Mingoes; two hundred and six from the Cognawagas; a hundred and four from the Shawanese, and eighty-seven from the different villages of the Delawares. Among them were many women and children.

In the midst of the camp, the general had caused to be constructed an immense cabin of large timbers, where the council-fire was to be lighted. A crowd of chiefs and warriors assembled there from the different tribes. We are now about to introduce the reader to one of the last assemblies of this extraordinary congress. A fire had been lighted in the midst of the council-hall. General Bouquet, seated in an arm-chair hastily made from the trunk of a sycamore, was attended by all his suite, in a costume as brilliant as circumstances would permit. Around the fire were seated the chiefs and the Indian warriors. All, with heads inclining forward, and eyes fixed upon the ground, were inhaling the smoke of their calumets, and after a long interval slowly exhaling it

through their nostrils, in two uninterrupted columns, indicating, according to their ideas, profound meditation on important subjects. No one was painted, nor were their heads or ears ornamented with feathers; their mantles of beaver fell behind them, leaving exposed on their breasts and their robust arms, divers figures of animals, insects or fish, which had been tattooed there in youth. This collection of half-naked men, so ferocious in war, so implacable in the pursuit of vengeance, so mild and tranquil in their villages, offered to the eye a singular, but imposing spectacle.

I will not here transcribe all the speeches which were pronounced, and which prolonged the congress so many days. All the prisoners having been delivered, and the conditions of the treaty accepted, the general resolved to extinguish the council-fire. Consequently, accompanied by all his officers and his military band, he entered the hall of conference; for the last time, he took the chiefs by the hand and smoked with them the grand calumet of peace; then each prepared to return to his own country.

When Moyamee was presented by Custaloga to General Bouquet, she vainly cast her glance around upon the Delaware warriors who were bidding her farewell: she perceived not Garakontie, and believed that her brother had been the first to forsake her. Her heart swelled, and tears, till then restrained with much effort, gushed from her eyes. The general took her by the hand and attempted to console her.

"Sir," said Marie, "conduct me to Sir William, my father."

"Miss Marie, your father has requested me to conduct you to Carlisle, for affairs of business have detained him in that city."

"And my mother?"

"Your mother awaits you there with the most lively impatience."

"It is well, sir," replied Marie; and her tears ceased to flow.

On the next day the camp was removed and the army marched back over the same route which it had come. The general, who was united to the family of Marie by the ties

of friendship, bestowed upon her the greatest attention; but the young girl coldly repulsed his cares, and appeared plunged in profound melancholy. As she had manifested no desire to remain among the savages, they left her perfectly free, and were not surprised to see her sometimes, on their evening halts, wander from the encampment to indulge her sad reveries on the banks of the Muskingum. Only on one day she did not leave the camp; it was that in which the army halted at the mouth of the Tuskaraway. They noticed also that she quitted this day for the first time her Delaware costume to clothe herself after the European fashion, although the general had placed at her disposal from the very first a trunk which her parents had sent her, and which contained several suits of clothing.

One evening, seated on the bank of the Ohio, which the army had just reached, Marie was striving to recall to her mind the memories of her early infancy, and to forget those of the forests. Night was beginning to draw its thick shadows over the stream, when a strange cry startled the poor girl. This cry was not the growling of the black bear, or the howl of the wolf, or even the dismal hoot of the owl, but simply that of the duck. Moyamee hastily turned her head towards a grove whose flowers and fruits perfumed the evening breeze; but she perceived nothing. She was rising sadly to return to the camp, when a well-known voice reached her ear, and she listened with all the attention of which she found herself capable; for the voice sometimes became mingled with the sound of the reeds agitated by the wind, and reached her but indistinctly. Some one chanted to a sad and monotonous air the following words:

"Moyamee! where art thou? Canst thou not hear the voice of Garakontie, thy brother and friend?

"The threshold of thy door is removed, and thy fire extinguished! But to whom speak I, since thou art no longer near to listen to my words? Can my voice reach thee, and thine, like that of echo, reach me? I listen. I hear but the sound of the passing wind or the distant waterfall in the

neighboring forests. It says nothing to the ear of my attentive spirit. I listen again. I hear only the woodpecker tapping the old trunk of a tree, or the pheasant summoning his companion. I would yet converse with the friend who lives in my thoughts, and whose image the eyes of my spirit behold. Let me then speak of thee to myself, since the white man's camp, like a mountain, conceals thee from my eyes, and like the frosts of winter, thy absence has shut my mouth. Moyamee! where art thou? Canst thou not hear the voice of Garakontie, thy brother and friend?

"Since thy departure, my countenance is sad as the waters which flow beneath the dark pines; my spirit loses itself in darkness, as the hunter in the depths of the forests. Dost thou remember our lost happiness? when wilt thou return and restore the gaiety which departed with thee? To follow thee, I have left my wigwam; the reptiles of the earth and the birds of the night have taken possession of it. If I cannot find thee, oh, Moyamee, my life will cease and my spirit depart, leaving my bones to whiten in the wind and the rain.

"Oh, Moyamee! from the country of Onas thou hearest no more the voice of Garakontie, thy brother and friend!"

The voice ceased, and the young girl remained an instant in thought. Then suddenly passing her hand over her fair forehead, and flinging to the breeze her golden hair, she began to sing in a soft voice:

"Moyamee is here, seated under the weeping willow; she has heard the voice of Garakontie, her brother and friend."

Immediately the young warrior stood before her, and seized her hand which he bathed with his tears; then stepped back, ashamed of the familiarity which a savage never allows himself towards any but his wife. I am ignorant of what was said by these young people; I only know that after this conversation, Marie re-entered the camp with a countenance less sad than usual, and that an observant eye might have read in her look and on her forehead the tokens of firm resolution.

The next day the army crossed the Ohio, and a crowd of savages, who had until then followed their adopted children

during their march, and fed them from the spoils of the chase, bid them their last and most touching adieus, recommending them tearfully to the kindness of the officers and soldiers. Here the possessions of Pennsylvania commenced, and it is very certain that had the Indians attempted to set foot thereon, the colonists to revenge themselves, would have massacred all whom they found there. Nevertheless, one young Delaware refused to depart when General Bouquet ordered him to do so, and all which could be said of his danger had no effect on his resolution. In fact, he followed the army as far as Fort Pitt, but they saw him very rarely, because he lingered in the rear and frequented the woods and the most lonely places. When, on his occasional appearance, he was asked why he persisted in exposing himself to danger, he replied:

"I run no risk, for a white spirit, whom I saw on the banks of the Muskingum, has taught me to adore the Ockimaw of the Christians, and I believe that the white woman is the equal of the red man."

No one understood this singular reply, and he was regarded as deranged.

After a fatiguing march of a fortnight, they arrived at Pittsburg, where the army were to remain sometime. A great number of the wealthiest and most influential of the colonists had assembled at this growing city to congratulate the conqueror of Bushy Run, and the general, by way of acknowledgment, resolved to give them a grand dinner, of which the charming Marie should do the honors. The guests had already assembled in the dining-hall, and were awaiting only the young and beautiful girl, when one of the most extraordinary scenes occurred to absorb their attention. The door of the hall opened, and three singular-looking persons entered, dressed in complete Indian costume. One was an old man with stately step and a forehead marked with the furrows of long experience; the other was a young warrior. Each wore a long eagle feather, passed through their ears, which announced them to be chiefs; their faces were grotesquely

painted with vermillion and white; rich collars of wampum adorned their necks, and from their girdles hung, on one side a scalping-knife, on the other a glistening tomahawk. The youngest held in his hand a dry stick of the resinous larch-tree, of which one end was burning.

The old man was holding by the hand a young girl, whose costume, entirely Indian, was not wanting in grace or richness; on her head floated a magnificent aigrette of red plumes, and her face was covered with large red, yellow and blue rays, forming figures of birds and flowers.

At first, no one recognized the unexpected guests; but the general having approached them, suddenly recoiled with surprise, crying out:

"How! Miss Marie! what does this signify?"

Then the young girl, advancing with a firm and majestic step, extended her arm towards the general, and said:

"General Bouquet, I am no longer called Marie, but Kerry-Moyamee. Here, on the territory of Pennsylvania, I am no longer subject to your orders; I am as free as yourself, since yesterday I attained the age fixed by your laws for my majority. Open your ears to the truth: for renouncing forever my native country, I am about to speak to you as a true daughter of the Delaware. I had a white father, I sought him among you; where is he? He knows that his child is here, at a few leagues only from his dwelling; I see him not. Where is my white brother? he is not here; he fears to wound his feet among the thorns of the Alleghanies. Where is my mother? I know not. I see not before me, in Pennsylvania, any who have a heart of love for Marie. I turn and look behind me, toward the Muskingum; I see the wise Custaloga, my adopted father; the valiant Garakontie, my brother and friend, who have both followed the child and sister of their affections, at night through marshes, in the morning amidst the thorny and dense forests, by day in the heat of the sun, walking barefoot, sleeping on the damp earth, swimming across lakes and rivers, defending themselves from the ferocious beasts of the woods, and fearing at every moment the long knife of the soldier or

the carbine of the colonist. What think you of this, general? Speak; I will listen. You say nothing, I continue; but first look."

She beckoned to Garakontie, who presented to her the flaming brand, on which she breathed three times; after which Custaloga took the hand of the young girl, and placed it in that of the young man; then Moyamee continued:

"I am now about to speak to you as a Delaware wife, for I have breathed on the brand. You have conquered, not because you are braver than our warriors, but because your arms were better than theirs, and because you commanded the men with the long knife. Our people have devastated your frontiers, because these lands belonged to them; they have taken some of your forts, because you wished to hinder them from trading. If you say that they are in the wrong, I reply that their ancestry possessed this soil, hunted here, occupied it long before the arrival of yours. Your farmers need peace and rest to repair their losses; well! you will have both if you exact nothing humiliating of our people. You know them doubtless; one of the conditions of the Tuskaraway treaty is, that they restore their *prisoners;* know you not that there are none, and that the whites who live among them are their adopted relatives and friends. I was taken at the age of eight: I have since been happy. If, in spite of your laws, you compel me to follow you, I shall return among my brethren as soon as I can escape. Such are my intentions: they are those of a great number of the prisoners whom you have compelled the chiefs to deliver up. To the glory which you have just acquired by your arms, it is noble to add that of humanity; but since it destroys our happiness, be generous enough to allow us to return to the villages of our friends."

Astonished, struck with the wild boldness of Marie, as well as with what she had just communicated, the general thought best to consult, not only his officers, but also some magistrates who were then at Pittsburg. All the officers thought that each individual had a right to dispose of himself and to seek happiness where he could best secure it. The magistrates

affirmed, that according to the laws, no one had a right to detain Marie against her will. Consequently, the general performed his part gallantly; and, the next day, Custaloga, Garakontie and Moyamee departed for their Tuskaraway home, and an escort of soldiers accompanied them to the mouth of the Muskingum, to shield the two Indian chiefs from the vengeance of the colonists.

The young girl was never afterwards heard of in Philadelphia. When her father, Sir William, learned the intelligence, he said:

"Indeed, I had no idea that Marie had become attached there, and I am sorry, because it was my intention to marry her to my old neighbor Walpole, who is rich, and who would have taken her without any dowry. Ah! John! John!" said he, addressing one of his clerks, "pay attention to what you are doing, or I shall be obliged to dismiss you; do you not see that you are placing that box wrong in its case?"

Then he put on his spectacles again, and continued the examination of his accounts.

I have now only to say, that what you have just read, of natural history, customs, historical events, facts, details, etc., is rigorously true, and that in all this, the merit consists simply in having collected in a few pages what was found most interesting in thirty or forty volumes of travel.

SONNET TO ——.

The morning music of this summer air;
The melody of birds, that have no thought
That they are Heaven's messengers, and bear
The same great charge of Love that Jesus brought
To man; the flowerets culled by angels' hands
From banks of brooks that flow "fast by the throne
Of God," and scattered far abroad upon the lands;
The heaving sea, hushing his hollow moan,
The while, with whispered kiss, he greets the sands
Whose white arms ever are around him thrown:
All Nature's sights and sounds and Love, their Priest,
Bid me, a "passionate pilgrim," quick depart,
And wander far into the golden East
To her, who is the Mecca of my heart.

For the Magnolia.

MOURN NOT WHEN I AM GONE.

BY DR. A. I. CUMMINGS.

Weep not when I am gone,
Nor let thy spirit mourn;
Forget the tear!
Yea, let me rest unknown,
Without fond mem'ry's stone
To tell that there alone
My name is dear!

Yes, let me rest forgot,
In some secluded spot,
Beneath the shade,
Where o'er my lowly bed,
The willow branches spread,
And flow'rets lift their heads
To bloom and fade.

And yet I would not be
Forgotten then by *thee*,
My gentle friend;
Thy memory would prove
A monument I love,
Which time nor chance can move,
Nor death shall rend.

If thy affection lives,
And o'er my pillow gives
The secret sigh;
If on fair Virtue's scroll,
Appears my name, my soul
Through Grace thus rendered "whole,"
'Twere sweet to die!

Through the rich promise given,
I seek a home in Heaven,
Above this clay;
While Hope's e'er-beaming eye
My dwelling sees on high,
And bids my spirit fly
To endless Day!

Mourn not when I retire
From life's dim fading fire
To seek the tomb;
I in my Savior trust,
When I return to dust,
Among the ransomed just
To find a home.

Let memory act her part,
In true affection's heart,—
I ask no more:
Then at my grave appear,
But shed no bitter tear,
My spirit shall be near,
Then upward soar.

Into thy constant heart
To soothe each anxious smart,
And ease each pain;
Tell thou thy troubled breast,
Congenial spirits bless'd
Within the grave but rest
To meet again!

Acworth, N. H., June, 1846.

For the Magnolia.

LEAVES FROM THE NOTE BOOK OF A GOVERNESS,

OR PICTURES OF THE PAST.

BY LAURA LOVELL.

NO. III.

To those of our readers who are not familiar with Southern life, its every-day incidents may have, as they had to the writer, the charm of novelty. A few reminiscences, however desultory, may not, therefore, be unacceptable. We have described Woodvale, and have now a few words to say respecting its inhabitants. These were a lovely young widow with three little girls, three nieces and a nephew—the latter, as we have elsewhere stated, were fatherless and motherless. Lucy Gordon was about fourteen, and no child ever combined more sweetness, dignity and beauty. Graceful and elegant as her mother, she was even more matronly. She was the directress rather than the sharer of the other children's sports. Like them she had her dolls, and these dolls visited and associated with the other wooden ladies, but they were rather retained as subjects for her skill in dress-making

than as representatives of living beings. Mary, the second, about twelve, was as sprightly, joyous and spirited as Lucy was sedate and dignified. She entered into her plays with her whole soul, and often wearied herself out with her active sports. She was very nervous, constantly in motion, especially in school hours, and so abstracted that often in the midst of her lessons her mind would be away off in some region of imagination and her eye fixed in deep thought. Strange to say, Mary was the reader of the family, the devourer of story-books. Lucy was always planning a dress or bonnet, or making cake, or starching muslins. But the youngest and pet, was Lotte. Without being beautiful she was so amiable and bore her honors so meekly, that there was very little danger of spoiling her. Three children more unlike or more lovely, are rarely found in the same family. Their mother mingled with them as an elder sister. I never saw her use much authority; they loved her so dearly and were so proud of her, that they seldom intentionally disobliged or displeased her. But in a Southern family there are black as well as white members; and these, to a Northern eye, are never-failing subjects of interest. The first, because the oldest, was Aunt Abby, the cook, whose domain was the kitchen, who bent almost double, wearing a man's cap over her grayish wool, was always before the flaming fire in the huge fire-place, or gathering sticks in the forest to feed it, or stirring up Johnny-cake, or the round, snowy, tempting biscuit. Aunt Abby's Johnny-cakes baked on a piece of board before the fire were perfectly delicious, though made, as she said, of nothing but meal, salt and water. Aunt Abby was a very pious old lady, and once when a clergyman chanced to be visiting us, was invited in to prayers. I was shocked to see the poor old woman standing, though there were several vacant chairs, and kneeling where there was nothing for her to lean against. Blind Rachel deserves the next place. She was a remarkably intelligent mulatto, but deprived by the loss of sight, of the ability to peform much labor. She was much more uneasy and discontented than

the others, probably owing to her comparative indolence. It was rare to find her in good humor—but when she was so, she would sing us long ballads in that nasal tone peculiar to the African. She expressed herself in the most high-flown language. "You needn't be so complaisant," I have heard her say to Phil, a full-blooded, woolly-headed negro, with the most strongly marked characteristics of his race. "The Master above," and his designs in regard to the colored race, were her constant theme. No one seemed so sensitive on the subject of their bondage, or so indignant, notwithstanding that her infirmity rendered her almost a useless appendage to the establishment. Eliza, the chamber-maid, who lived in "the quarter," a log house at a little distance from the main building, had two little children, the eldest five, the youngest just able to run alone. From the manner in which they roamed about the premises, it might have been supposed they were as free as the other cattle. Robert or Bob, and Puss, (a favorite pet name for children) whose real name was Mary Catherine, were little aware that they were worth some three or four hundred dollars apiece; not that any kind friend had left them a legacy to that amount, but that their own curly heads and black forms, were, thanks to the color of the skin, of this value. We have mentioned Phil. He was our farmer, coachman, man of all work. He had great musical taste, and was the proud possessor of both a fiddle and a banjo. The former was his constant evening amusement—not that he ever played a tune—oh, no! but with a skill superior to that of Ole Bull, he managed to draw from his unmusical instrument, hour after hour, strains which could be sung or danced to with equal facility. It was a great treat to little Bob to hear the fiddle, and his black eyes would glisten in the fire-light as he danced with his little bare feet on the brick floor of the kitchen till you would think them almost worn out. No ball-room belle ever danced so gracefully or so heartily. But I have neglected to mention Jane and Georgiana—the former Phil's half-sister, a bright, handsome mulatto of eighteen, the companion of the children,

our waiter and laundress. Georgiana was about twelve, coal black, with shining eyes and white teeth. She was every where present but where she was wanted. She belonged particularly to Miss Sophy, the eldest of the nieces. It was her duty to attend upon little Etta, dress and undress her; and many were the contests which the little pouting fair one held with her maid, and many were the complaints against "Missy." "Miss Eliza," (the name by which the servants called Mrs. Gordon) "Missy wont let me undress her;" while a sweet infantine voice would enter a protest to Aunt Eliza against the proceedings of Georgiana. If we wanted a fire in our little school-room, which was detached from the house, Georgiana was summoned to build it. She would ransack the neighboring forest for brush; and having collected a huge pile, go into the house after fire, and on being sent for after our patience was well-nigh exhausted, would be found busily engaged in the service of some one else, having forgotten all about it. By the time school closed in the morning we had a fire, blazing away at vacancy all noon-time, and dying just as school recommenced in the afternoon, when the same process was to be repeated. When the weather grew warm, Georgiana was constantly flitting in and out, and making faces at the open door. The only way to be rid of her was to send her into the house after something, for then she never returned.

But I am in danger of prolonging these sketches, which may not be as interesting to the careless reader as to the writer. I have wished to introduce my little pupils and the family to which they belonged, that the incidents which varied our quiet lives, might be better understood by a description of the different characters who figured in them. We have no romances to relate, dear reader, but we wish you to know and love sweet Woodvale and its inhabitants, as we did.

For the Magnolia.

TO SWITZERLAND.

BY REV. A. STEVENS.

Romantic Suisse! still are thy memories dear;
Thy snow-crowned peaks, thy crystal mountain rills,
Meandering midst the sloping vineyards bloom,
While blithesome songs of love and liberty
Blend with the fanning breeze and strains of birds,
And virgin hands the purple clusters pluck;
Thy verdant vales! with adamantine walls,
Snow-topped and reaching to the skies, fenced in;
Sweet garden spots of earth! with flowers decked,
While, in strange contrast, hoary winter bends,
Delayed and charmed, to smile upon the scene;
Thy lakes, thy beauteous lakes! adorned with all
The ever-varying hues of thy glad skies—
Here shadowing forth the form of some tall cliff,
And there the vineyard's gay luxuriant growth,
While on their placid bosoms wave and glide,
Like things of air, fantastics sails of skiffs.

Sweet Leman! on thy lovely shores full oft
My youthful footsteps wandered with delight,
And oft with heart entranced, reclined beneath
The shadowing mountain cliff, I drunk from thee
Delicious draughts of poetry, till thought
Dissolved away in airy reverie!
Thou art the mirror placed by nature's hand,
Reflecting back her gayest, loveliest charms.
Thy verdant shores are classic, on them roamed
The Albion bard whose reckless muse profane
Here felt thy inspiration, pure, intense,
And kindling sung in chaster, nobler lays,
Of freedom and of love, such as thine own!
The images of Julie, Clare, St. Preux,
Still dwell among thy beauteous scenery.
The shades of Bonaventura, of Staël,
Of Gibbon, Fernay's patriarch, and him*
Whose thrilling pen drew lines of fire, haunt yet
Thy sylvan solitudes.

Mont Blanc!—Oft have mine eyes gazed on thy brow,
Thine awful brow! but long to gaze once more

* Rousseau.

Before they close on earth. Thou art, dread peak,
Alone, without a brother, like the God
Whose hand almighty made and holds thee up,
Sublime in thine own solitude! The storms
Pay worship round thee; winds and thunderbolts
Go from thy foot, like monarch's heralds swift,
And all the mountain tops responsive roll
Their echoing homage on, with trembling awe!
The generations of the past have gazed
On thee, but they have gone; ten thousand more
May look and die; but thou wilt still remain,—
For thou, dread genius of the mountain storm,
Shalt only sink when nature sinks and dies,
When suns go out, and stars from heaven fall.

Land of the glacier and the avalanche!
Thou wert not made to be the home of slaves,
The heart among thy lofty heights beats free,
And trembles not at sceptres or at chains.
God hath ordained thee freedom's mountain home,
And built thy battlements up to his throne!
Firm hast thou stood in liberty's great cause,
Midst falling states and changing monarchies.
Still stand! stand like thine everlasting hills!
The spirits of thy Tells and Winkelreids
Are yet abroad, and thou needst never fall!

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE HOWITTS. An English correspondent of the Boston Atlas gave us, a short time since, some delightful sketches of the Howitts, in whom every body is interested. As will be seen by the following extract, we may yet hope to see Miss Bremer among us. Describing a visit to them, he says:

Mr. Howitt, who is, at present, editor of the "People's Journal," in which is a beautiful memoir of the Hutchinsons, from his own pen, asked me many questions respecting America. My accounts of Lowell greatly interested him. He said that himself and Mrs. Howitt had, sometime since, an idea of visiting America. An American gentleman had told them that, if they did, they would not only be warmly welcomed, but that their progress through the States would be "like a triumphal march." "That made me hesitate," he remarked; "I should not like to be made a show of—but it is very likely we may go, quietly, one of these days."

I remarked that, whilst I was in America, Miss Bremer had been expected to visit the "Land of Washington."

"And so she intends to," said Mrs. Howitt; "but not for twelve months to come. It is, however, quite certain that she will go."

Mrs. Howitt remarked that she had never seen Miss Bremer, although she had enjoyed such an intimate literary connexion with her. So, perhaps, the Americans may behold the interesting and popular Swede, as well as her able and no less interesting translator.

The Howitts are enthusiastic lovers of their literary pursuits, and anxious to educate their children in the best possible manner, and therefore live a retired and domestic life. Though belonging to the Society of Friends, and attached to its great principles of civil, moral and religious liberty, they have long ago abandoned its peculiarities, and in manners, dress and language, belong only to the world. For the honor of literature we may safely say, that among the many consolatory proofs in modern times, of how much literature may contribute to the happiness of life, the case of the Howitts is one of the most striking. The love of literature was the origin of their acquaintance; its pursuit has been the hand-in-hand bond of the most perfect happiness of a long married life; and we may further add, for the honor of womanhood, that while our authoress sends forth her delightful works in unbroken succession to the four quarters of the globe, William Howitt has been heard to declare, that he will challenge any woman, be she who she may, who never wrote a line, to match his good woman in the able management of a large household, at the same time that she fills her own little world of home with the brightness of her own heart and spirit."

We commend the following from Hood's "Literary Reminiscences" to our correspondents. They are all sufficient in themselves without preface or comments.

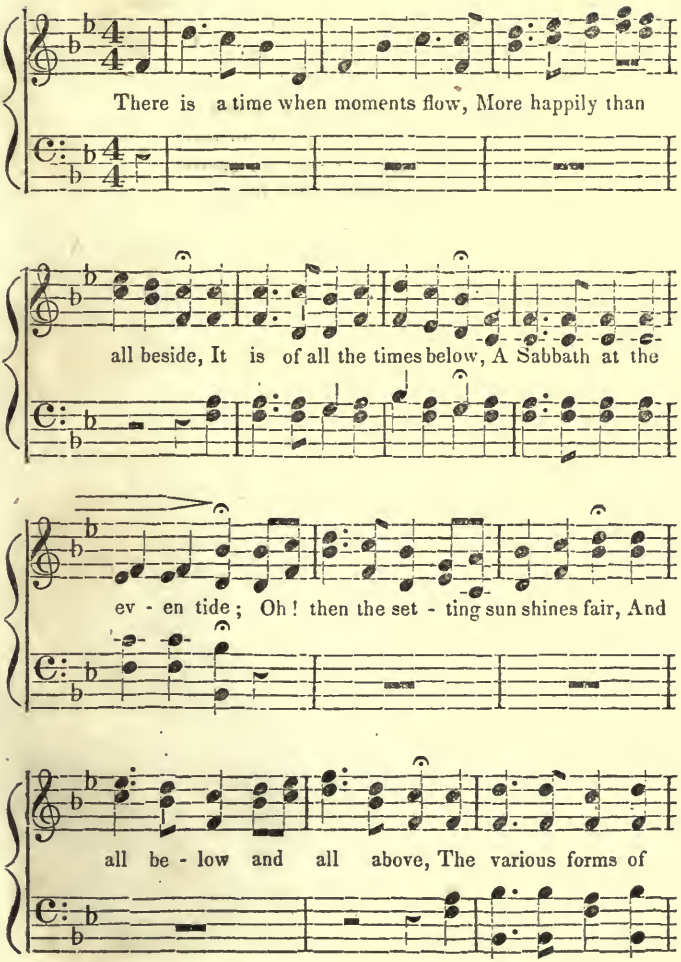
"My lucubrations were generally committed to paper, not in what is commonly called written hand, but an imitation of print. Such a course hints suspiciously of type and ante-type, and a longing eye to the Row, whereas, it was adopted simply to make the reading more easy, and thus enable me the more readily to form a judgment of the effect of my little efforts. It is more difficult than may be supposed to decide on the value of a work in MS., and especially when the handwriting presents only a swell mob of bad characters, that must be severally examined and re-examined to arrive at the merits or demerits of the case. Print settles it, as Coleridge used to say; and to be candid, I have more than once reversed, or greatly modified a previous verdict, on seeing a rough proof from the press. But, as editors too well know, it is next to impossible to retain the tune of a stanza, or the drift of an argument, whilst the mind has to scramble through a patch of scribble-scrabble as stiff as a gorse cover. The beauties of the piece will as naturally appear to disadvantage through such a medium as the features of a pretty woman through a bad pane of glass; and without doubt, many a tolerable article has been consigned hand over head to the Balaam Box for want of a fair copy. Wherefore, O ye Poets and Prosers, who aspire to write in Miscellanies, and above all, O ye palpitating Untried, who meditate the offer of your maiden essays to established periodicals, take care, pray ye take care, to cultivate a good, plain, bold, round text. Set up Tompkins as well as Pope or Dryden for a model, and have an eye to your pothooks. Some persons hold that the best writers are those who write the best hands, and I have known the conductor of a magazine to be converted by a crabbed MS. to the same opinion. Of all things, therefore, be legible; and to that end practice in penmanship. If you have never learned, take six lessons of Mr. Carstairs. Be sure to buy the best paper, the best ink, the best pens, and then sit down and do the best you can; as the schoolboys do, put out your tongue, and take pains. So shall ye haply escape the rash rejection of a jaded editor; so, having got in your hand, it is possible that your head may follow; and so, last not least, ye may fortunately avert those awful mistakes of the press which sometimes ruin a poet's sublimest effusion, by pantomimically transforming his roses into noses, his angels into angles, and all his happiness into pappiness."

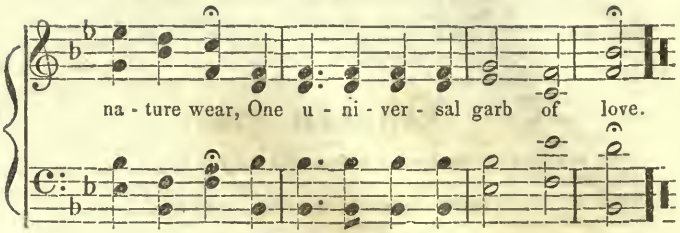
SABBATH EVE.

SOLO AND QUARTETT.

MUSIC COMPOSED FOR THE MAGNOLIA,

BY I. N. METCALF.





And then the peace which Jesus brought,
The life of grace eternal beams,
And we by his example taught,
Will prize the life his love redeems.
Delightful scene—a world at rest;
A God of love—no grief, no fear;
A heavenly hope—a peaceful breast
A smile unclouded by a tear!



ZARAPHA THE ANCIENT SAREPTA.

For the Magnolia.

FLOWERS.

Spake full well in language quaint and olden
One who dwelleth by the castled Rhine,
When he called the flowers, so blue and golden,
Stars, that in earth's firmament do shine.

Stars they are, wherein we read our history
As astrologers and seers of eld;
Yet not wrapped about with awful mystery,
Like the burning stars which they beheld.

Wondrous truths, and manifold as wondrous,
God has written in those stars above;
But not less in the bright flowerets under us
Stands the revelation of His love.

Bright and glorious is that revelation,
Written all over this great world of ours;
Making evident our own creation
In these stars of earth,—these golden flowers.

* * * * * *

Everywhere about us are they glowing,
Some like stars to tell us Spring is born;
Others, their blue eyes with tears o'erflowing,
Stand like Ruth amid the golden corn;

Not alone in Spring's armorial bearing,
And in Summer's green-emblazoned field,
But in arms of brave old Autumn's wearing
In the centre of his brazen shield;

Not alone in meadows and green alleys,
On the mountain-top and by the brink
Of sequestered pools in woodland valleys,
Where the slaves of Nature stoop to drink;

Not alone in her vast dome of glory,
Not on graves of bird and beast alone,
But in old cathedrals, high and hoary,
On the tombs of heroes carved in stone;

In the cottage of the rudest peasant,
In ancestral homes, whose crumbling towers
Speaking of the Past unto the Present,
Tell us of the ancient Games of Flowers;

In all places, then, and in all seasons,
Flowers expand their light and soul-like wings,
Teaching us by most persuasive reasons
How akin they are to human things.

And with child-like, credulous affection
We behold their tender buds expand;
Emblems of our own great resurrection,
Emblems of the bright and better land.

LONGFELLOW.

For the Magnolia.

PRECEPT AND EXAMPLE.

BY MARIE.

PART I.

MRS. RUSSELL was sitting alone in her splendid drawing-room. She had just said the formal adieus to fashionable company, and languid and feeble from her effort to entertain her gay visitors, the invalid mistress sat down on her sofa. The afternoon was waning toward sunset, and she wished, indeed, that the hour of repose had already arrived; but she took an elegant volume of Schiller in her hand, and turning to his exquisite "Maid of Orleans," she forgot her exhaustion in her admiration of the illustrious French heroine. The sound of the bell and the immediate entrance of a servant, attended by her physician, aroused her.

"I am right glad to see you, Dr. Wellesley," she said, as she held out her hand; "indeed, I have been impatient for you to come, this hour, for I want you should give me a tonic that will make me brilliant for the evening—I am terribly languid now—indeed, I can scarcely hold up my head."

"I perceive you are so, madam," replied Dr. Wellesley; "and I am sure I should be acting more in conformity to reason, as well as professional judgment, to give you a nar-

cotic, which would send you sleeping for the next *ten hours*, certainly. The medicine you need more than any other, is rest from the perpetual and dangerous excitement in which you live."

"O, Doctor!—excitement is my life—my food and raiment, almost, and always was. But I must have something to make me feel better for *this* evening. My husband says the —— street Theatre is recommended by an unusual constellation of foreign talent, to-night, and he will be very sorely disappointed if I decline going."

"The *theatre*, Mrs. Russell! you are surely insane to think of exposing yourself to a heated atmosphere, fuming up, I was going to say from the bottomless pit, and to the night air, dressed as ladies dress for the theatre! I assure you my prescriptions can be of no avail for such a presumptuous patient. It is *madness* for you to think of such a project. And I am positive, madam, if Mr. Russell is the husband he ought to be, he will throw every obstacle he can in your way."

"I know you *hate* the theatre, Dr. Wellesley—but my husband and I have an irresistible passion for it."

"Thank heaven, *I do* hate the theatre, and look upon it as the mightiest engine of moral death the adversaries of morality and holiness bring to this work. I will carry my hostility with me to my grave; and the time will come, believe me, my dear Mrs. Russell, when you will call my *warfare philanthropy*. Would you dare expose your fair young daughter to such a pestilence?"

"O, never!" earnestly replied Mrs. Russell. "We have never taken her, and we never design to do so. She has all the enthusiasm of her father and mother both, and her mind is not sufficiently mature to take theatrical scenes for what they are worth—to receive the good and reject the evil. We discourage her whenever she talks of going—but to own the truth, Dr. Wellesley, she is getting rather clamorous for the indulgence, and I have told my husband that we must renounce the amusement ourselves, or gratify her, lest she should charge us with inconsistency."

"Wisely thought of, madam—I have only to suggest that parental precept, unsustained or contradicted by example, makes a very equivocal impression on the plastic mind of childhood. I think it would distress you and my friend Mr. Russell, to have your Isabella become an actress."

"Dear sir! don't mention the possibility! it makes me faint only to think of it. I should die, I am positive, under such an affliction."

"Well, madam, she possesses a rare histrone talent, and would make a most bewitching appearance on the stage. But if you love your only child better than you love passing amusement, I caution you to withdraw all patronage from such a seductive avenue to vice as the theatre. And farther, I feel morally bound to tell you that the remaining incidents of your own history can be written in a few lines, if you persist in the course you are now pursuing."

"I am more than half a convert to your opinion about the theatre, Dr. Wellesley," replied Mrs. Russell, "but I do not apprehend my ill health to be any thing more than a temporary debility, occasioned by exhaustion, and I really flatter myself I shall soon be well again." The physician shook his head doubtfully, recommended prudence, and retired.

Mrs. Russell rose from her seat, and with a restlessness of soul and a self-consternation she had never permitted herself to entertain before, she proceeded to her own parlor. But she was a gay and very fashionable woman, and her husband a devotee to every kind of public amusement, and she waited impatiently for his return home, that his cheerfulness and affection might dissipate the unrest in her bosom she could not bear to endure. She felt the truth of every word Dr. Wellesley had uttered; but she shut out the troublesome lineaments of the picture from her sight. She threw herself on a sofa, and leaning her fair cheek on her hand, a tear started to her eye. Just at that moment her husband entered. "Why, my beloved!" he exclaimed—"you look like a statue of disconsolate misery—pale and distressed—what has happened, my own Evelyn? Are you ill? I am glad we are going to have

such rare amusement this evening, for I am more than half afraid you would be a hypochondriac confirmed, before morning, if there were nothing to divert you ;" and he threw his arm around her and drew her to his bosom as fondly as when he first called her his bride. "How hot you are, Evelyn!" he continued, as he pressed her thin white hand to his lips; "you need the air, I know you do. Let us hasten tea, and ride before it is time for the doors to open. I have engaged your favorite carriage." Thank you, husband ; you are always kind—but somehow I don't feel quite like enjoying the theatre to-night."

"That is only because you are a little low-spirited. Nothing like it, my dear, as we have often experienced, to banish melancholy," replied Mr. Russell.

"But, Russell, *our child*"—the mother suddenly stopped, for at that moment the door opened, and as fair and pure a creature as ever blessed the heart of parents, bounded into the room with the agility and gracefulness of a forest fawn.

"Isabella, my daughter, come," said her father, as she threw down her hat and ran towards the fond arms which were extended to receive her. "O, pa, I *must* go to-night—I *must;* there is to be beautiful dancing, and Clara Osborne is going." "Indeed, my dear?—where? you have not mentioned *where* you must go," said Mr. Russell.

"O to the —— street Theatre. You and ma are going, and you must take me too." "I have but two tickets, Belle, I don't know as I can get another." "Pshaw, Pa, you know you can," said Isabella, and she laughed right merrily at her father's evasion. "Isabella, I don't think it best for you to go," interposed Mrs. Russell, for she saw her husband yielding. "My mother," fretted the child, "you and father go ever so many times, and *I* want to go too." Mrs. Russell felt an intolerable pang of self-reproach, and she wondered what her husband felt.

"My daughter, little girls seldom attend the theatre. In two years, when you get to be a young lady, you shall be gratified. But I had almost forgotten to tell you that your

dancing-master called to-day, and requested me to send you an hour earlier than usual—he wants you particularly for some new waltz. Go now, let Julia dress you; have you seen your new frock, Madame Lagrange has just sent home?"

The dancing-school and the new dress quite banished the theatre for the present, and Isabella ran away to do her mother's bidding.

Tea was served, and after tea Mrs. Russell sat still for her maid to dress her, scarcely knowing or caring whether this or that article of glittering jewelry was fastened upon her. Conscience was uncomfortably busy and faithful, and the power of her example on her beautiful child, seemed to appal her. Bnt the presence of associates gay as herself, the gorgeousness of the drama, the music, the applause that rang from the pit to the ceiling, making the building tremble, and the unaffected enjoyment of her husband, quite diverted her mind from sadder thoughts, and reconciled her to the pursuit of such pleasure, or rather stupified her to its consequences. Dr. Wellesley and his admonitions, and his true friendship were all forgotten in the bewildering fascination of the scene before her.

PART II.

Isabella Russell was the only surviving of four lovely children. One by one they had been taken in their soft rest on a mother's bosom, and borne away to heaven—sweet rosebuds plucked by the angel of the covenant to unfold and bloom under perpetual and eternal sunshine. The parents had bowed in agony to the chastisement of the divine hand, but it was with a rebellious heart, because they *could not resist;* but they had failed to read the solemn lesson written in such vital characters, and instead of discovering that the foundation on which they had erected the fabric of their happiness was vanity and a shadow, and seeking for a firmer basis, they had the more madly plunged into the giddy vortex to drown their misery and divest of its bitterness their cup of suffering.

Isabella was their youngest born, and a child of rare and enviable beauty—the nucleus about which the hopes and fancies of her idolatrous parents confidently and proudly clustered. Fourteen sunny summers had passed over her, and in form, and face, and heart she was yet so infantile her parents still looked upon her as a pet plaything, to caress and amuse, like a child of far fewer years. But she was *less* a child than she seemed. There was an unfolded grace in every motion, a depth and keenness in the light of her large, luminous black eyes, and a witchery in the suddenly varying rose-tint on her silken cheek, which revealed that the fountains of child-like simplicity had been broken up, and had become streams of stronger and maturer thought, and a fresh wild uncontrolled enthusiasm. Young as she was, she was already distinguished in the ball-room, and she never was so full of life, so full of rich and sparkling beauty, as when she floated noiselessly as a spirit in the bewildering mazes of the waltz. It was the intensity of her relish for excitement of the strongest kind which had prohibited her the only amusement she had ever asked in vain. But the very proscription had stimulated her appetite to a passion, and she resolved to gratify it.

A few days after the events before detailed, Mr. Russell was called into the country for two or three weeks, on business, and was accompanied by his wife, leaving their daughter in charge of the faithful old housekeeper and nurse. The evening of their return to the city, Mr. Russell hastened home from his office and announced to his wife that there was to be a great attraction at the theatre—the greatest of the season—so said the bills—*a fairy dance*. "We must go, my dear—you look like enjoying it, after your late rustication."

"Well, Russell," replied his wife, "I am rather fatigued by our ride to-day, but we will go. I feel a little anxious to see our Isabella first, however—Julia says she has been out with a little dancing party this afternoon, and she expects her home early."

"It is time to dress, this moment, Evelyn," said her hus-

band. "You will find her in bed and asleep safely, when you get home. I saw her at the window at Mrs. Osborne's—she came out for a kiss, and asked permission to stay a little later, as she presumed we would be absent this evening."

Mrs. Russell was half satisfied, and only half—for there dwelt in her bosom a mine of maternal tenderness. But she arrayed herself for the theatre, and in a short time she was receiving the heartless welcomes of her theatre-loving associates. Wealth and fashion, and beauty and talent were there—a gay and glad assemblage—a meeting together of the highest and lowest elements which constitute the fabric of society.

The theatre was magnificently illuminated—the scenery unusually gorgeous—and the play with which the entertainment opened brilliantly performed. Mr. Russell "was enraptured," he declared to his fair neighbor on the other side. But his wife found it impossible to assume so much satisfaction, and she could not conceal her restlessness from her husband. He rallied her on her melancholy in such a place, and her fashionable friends sought to interest her in what was passing before her. In vain—the mother's heart was yearning for her child. Before the first act was concluded, she turned to her husband—"Surely, you cannot wish to stay through the evening, Mr. Russell. I am heart-sick and an indefinable foreboding oppresses me—I wish I had seen Isabella before we came." "Evelyn," laughed Mr. Russell, "you are positively getting superstitious! When the dance comes on you will be more amused." "I am not in a mood to see a dance to-night, dearest," replied his wife sadly. "Pray go with me *now*—I am sure I *never can come to the theatre again*." "O, wait a little, do, unless you are really ill, Evelyn!"

The play was concluded, and the melody from the accomplished orchestra, diverted Mrs. Russell from her painful musings. At length the curtain slowly rose and displayed indeed a *fairy palace*—truly a scene for the gambols of houris. In a few moments, at the extreme back-ground of the pal-

ace, appeared a small, slight figure, superbly dressed, as it were, in a silver gossamer. She advanced in full view of the admiring audience, and an irresistible burst of applause rang through the immense building, as in the most accurate measure the fairy creature went through the changes of the dance, with a gracefulness and elegance which even that distinguished stage had never before presented. Bouquets and wreaths of rich and rare construction, floated through the air to greet such an exquisite vision—the incarnation of peerless beauty seemed the youthful dancer. No rouge tinged her fair cheek, for the tint that Nature had painted, was deepened by excitement to a glow which even the rose might envy—her dark, glorious eye sparkled—her rich, luxuriant ringlets hung in a golden flood over her neck. She caught a wreath of white flowers in its descent, and gracefully twined it with her hair, as she still danced on. The house actually thundered, and the enthusiasm of the actress waxed more and more intense—her eye grew brighter, and her step grew lighter, as peal after peal drowned the music of the orchestra.

As soon as the dancer had appeared on the stage, a cold shudder crept slowly over Mrs. Russell's whole frame. She clasped her hands convulsively and fixed her eyes upon her, as it had been her death gaze. Her blood seemed suddenly to freeze in its channels, and her heart to stand still in her bosom. As the actress advanced Mrs. Russell turned her face toward her husband—"*our child!*" she gasped, in a suffocating whisper. Mr. Russell's face was pale as the face of the dead, for he too had recognized his beautiful daughter, in splendid but indecent costume, *degraded to the stage!* He trembled like a frightened child, but with a stern resolution, he said, "Evelyn, for heaven's sake and for mine, if you have any heroism, I pray you summon it now—death, rather than the agony of this moment!"

The mother sat like a statue, till the dance was concluded, gazing on the sylph-like creature before her, and then the stormy applause from the house, and the clamorous tempest from the pit, insisted on its repetition a second and a third

time. Oh, the agony and indignation of those proud parents, to see *their* daughter a slave for the sensual amusement of the vice and sin and crime congregated in the pit of a great theatre! The acclamations sounded to the suffering father and almost lifeless mother, like the shrieks of demons. But excitement and enthusiasm, and wild delight, failed to sustain the frail child through the fatigue of a third appearance. Darkness seemed to gather round her, even amid that blaze of light; she stretched her arms toward her father, and as the words "*my father*," faintly articulated, reached his ear, she reeled and fell pale and senseless among the flowers which had been so profusely showered to express the admiration she had inspired.

The curtain instantly dropped and the house was thrown into confusion. Mrs. Russell could endure no more; she closed her eyes as if to shut out the painful reality, and was unconsciously borne in the arms of a gentleman to whom her husband committed her, to a carriage, while he hastened to claim his child. But the adroit manager had immediately relieved himself of the responsibility, by sending a carriage to convey her home.

When Mr. Russell entered his house, she was lying on the sofa, and his miserable wife recovered from her swoon, was removing the splendid ornaments which had decorated her for the foul appetite of a promiscuous public. And their faithful and assiduous friend, Dr. Wellesley, was there too, in the hour of trial, administering with paternal anxiety, restoratives to the almost dying girl. A protracted brain fever succeeded; but Isabella Russell was graciously spared from so early a grave, and the chastisement and the mercy were alike indellibly engraven on the hearts of her parents, leading them to the pursuit of a higher pleasure than the world can offer, even durable riches in righteousness, and a treasure in heaven.

For the Magnolia.

A DREAM.

It was a balmy summer afternoon—
Soft stole the breezes by among the flowers,
Bearing upon their wings the perfum'd breath
Of the rich rose, and the sweet eglantine.
No sound was heard above the bee's low song,
And the soft flutter of the humming-bird.
In truth that garden was a lovely spot,
Its quiet beauty won upon the heart.
The clear, blue waters of the Kennebec
Lay sparkling in the sunlight just beyond,
While on its bosom swelled the snowy sail,
Watching, so lazily, its imaged form
Reflected from the calm and clear expanse.

I laid me down upon the green fresh bank
Beside the rose-bush, 'neath the willow shade,
And even while I gazed mine eyelids closed,
Yet did the scene not vanish from my soul;—
The sky, the bank, the stream, the flowers
Were all before my spiritual gaze,
Though o'er me stole a slumber so serene,
That thus, I thought, the angels sink to rest,
The while all conscious that they sleep and dream.

And now, far off, upon the horizon's verge,
I mark'd a snowy cloud in my sweet sleep;—
It seem'd a pearly shape in the clear light;
But as I gaz'd, it gently floated on,
And near and nearer came, upon the sigh
Of the soft southern breeze, till over me,
Far up in the clear blue sky, it hung in light;—
A cloudlet, swaying in the upper depth.

We do not reason closely in our dreams;
But e'en in sleep, I wonder'd why my eyes
Still watch'd and gazed upon that snowy cloud;
And to myself I said, 't is but a mass
Of vapor, and 't will quickly pass away.
The *thought* had not departed, e'en it seem'd
Descending gently to my wond'ring sight;
And as it nearer came, I marked its form;
'T was like a fairy car, or like the one
Drawn by the Sun's steeds from the rosy East;—
And now it hovered o'er me, and I saw

How, like the downy cov'ring of the swan,
Its substance swayed and trembled in the breeze.

Then came a moment of forgetfulness;
I ceased to dream, and slept a deeper sleep,
And when my dreamy consciousness returned,
I was within the fairy car! One thrill
Of joy, of sweet, unutterable delight
Fill'd all my frame. Upon its pearly sides,
Which changed and flickered with all rainbow hues,
I gazed with wond'ring, still increasing joy;
The while, methought, I felt myself upborne,
With motion calm and steady, through the air;
And then I mark'd four strings of purest pearls
Ascending far into the clear blue sky,
By which my beauteous car was thus upraised.
And now sweet odors floated on the air,
Which seem'd so fine and pure, that at each breath
I drank exhilarating life and joy.
Still up I went, and with th' ascent, the strings
Of pearls grew shorter, and into my ear
Came music, low and sweet, as 't were the play
Of murm'ring waves upon the sunny shore;
Or the soft sighings, which the summer breeze
Breathes to the wind-harp's ever-listening ear.
And now, out-beaming from the radiant clouds
T'wards which I rose, glanced forms of heav'nly mould.
And then four angel faces gazed in mine,
Oh, who shall tell with what deep looks of love!
And in their hands they held the strings of pearl,
And sweet low tones came from their lips of light,
So sweet, I held my breath to catch the sound;—
I felt they gave me welcome to the skies;
But, ah! their angel words, I heard them not
For with my eager listening I awoke—
I woke with quick'ned breath: the bank, the stream,
The birds, the flowers were there, and overhead
The clear blue sky, and the white floating clouds;
And for awhile, a heavenly presence seem'd around,
And faces from the sky still beamed in mine.

Is there about us kept an angel watch,
Which, though unseen by our gross-waking sense
Sometimes appeareth to the spirit's gaze?
Breathe they into our hearts pure thoughts, high hopes,
Which bear us upward from this world of sin
To their own atmosphere of radiant light?
Mayhap, 't is but this earthly breath we draw
Which hides their angel faces from our view.

Oh, come around me, unseen shining ones!
Let me but feel your holy presence near
In the pure thoughts ye bring, of that bright world.
Give me again a vision of your home,
Let me again mount upward from the earth,
Let me again pierce through the unpierced space
And gaze once more into those angel eyes.
Come to me while I wake; let your sweet strains
Drown all the harsh discordant sounds of earth.
And when that dread mysterious summons bids
The soul put on its immortality,
Then come, celestial heralds! bear me up
In cars of triumph to your world of light.
When this gross breath of earth shall cease its play,
Then let your words of welcome fill my ear.

M. O. S.

From the Georgia "Orion."

THE ANGEL BRIDE.

FROM THE MSS. OF A LATE PHYSICIAN.

It was evening—the evening of a summer Sabbath. The sweet hush of Nature, unbroken by a single sound of busy life, harmonized but too painfully with the oppressive stillness which pervaded the chamber whither my footsteps were bent. It was on the ground floor of a pretty residence in the outskirts of the village of C——. Its open windows overlooked a garden where Taste and Beauty reigned supreme—a second Eden, which extended with a scarce perceptible declination, to the very margin of a stream, where it was bounded by a white picket, and a hedge of low-trimmed shrubbery, over which the eye caught the flashing waters as they swept on, glowing in the crimson radiance of the sunset.

I entered the house, and stepping lightly along a carpeted passage, tapped softly at the door of the chamber of sickness—ay, of death.

"Welcome, Doctor," said the silvery voice of a lady, who sat by a low couch, partially hung with white drapery. Welcome!—the dear sufferer is now in a quiet slumber—but must presently awake, and one of her first enquiries will be for you."

"How is your sweet Lucy now?"

"She has been quiet and apparently comfortable all day. It is her Sabbath, doctor, as well as the worshippers' who go up to the earthly courts of our loved Zion. "Oh!" she added, while the sunlight of joy irradiated her features, pale with long vigils at the beside of her sweet Lucy—"Oh! how full of consolation is this scene of mortal suffering, of earthly bitterness, of expiring hope!"

"Yes, my dear friend," I replied, "your cup of affliction is indeed sweetened from on high. I have seen Death today, clad in his robes of terror. He took from my hopeless care a victim all unprepared, even after long and fearful warning; and the recollection of the sad struggle, the terrible anguish of the vanquished; the fierce triumph of the Conqueror, and the piercing wail of exhausted Nature, haunt my memory still; and even in this earthly paradise I cannot forget them."

"And is poor Edwards gone at last to his dread account? Oh! how fearful," and the gentle lady covered her face and wept.

Sometime elapsed. I lingered at the couch of Lucy till she should awake, and taking from the stand a small though elegant copy of the bible, I opened its silver clasp, and my eye caught the simple inscription on its fly-leaf: "To my Lucy—a parting gift from Clarence." I had designed to read a portion of the word, but thought was for the time engrossed.

I had known Lucy May from her infancy, and she was scarcely less dear to me than my own daughter. Indeed, they had grown up like twin blossoms, and were together almost every hour of the day. Seventeen summers they had each numbered—though Lucy was some months elder. No brother nor sister had either of them, and hence the intensity

of mutual love. Their thoughts, their affections, their desires, their pursuits were in common. They called each other "sister," and their intercourse honored the endearing name.

And Clarence—the giver of the little volume in my hand—who was he? Clarence Hamilton was the son of my best earthly friend, and a nobler youth—in all the lofty faculties and endowments of the heart and intellect—never rejoiced in the vigor of life and early manhood. To him had Lucy been betrothed for more than a year, and he was now absent from the village, though we trusted when each sun rose, that its setting would bring him back in answer to our cautious summons. Especially had hope and expectation grown within our hearts on that evening, yet had not a word been spoken on the subject by the widowed mother of the lovely Lucy. At length, however, she raised her head, and observing the open volume in my hand—she said, in an assumed tone of cheerfulness,

"I trust Clarence will come this evening. It is now ——."

"Clarence!" said the sweet patient, opening her dark eyes, and looking eagerly around. Her eye rested only on her mother and myself, and with a slight quiver on her lip, and a sad smile, she said,

"He is not come!"

"No! my darling, he has not yet come; but there is more than an hour to the close of day, and then ——."

"God grant he *may* come," said the maiden, and she added with energy, "if it be His holy will. Oh!—Doctor, my kind, dear friend, your Lucy is wearing away fast, is she not?" and then observing the emotion which I attempted to conceal, she said: "But I am better to-day, am I not? Where is Ellen—why does she not come!" Her mother turned an inquiring glance upon me as I took the thin white hand of the young girl in mine, and marked the regular but feeble beatings of the pulse.

"Shall I send for your daughter, Doctor?" she asked.

I acquiesced, and in a few minutes Ellen was sobbing violently, with her face hidden on the bosom of her "sister."

"Ellen, my sweet sister," said Lucy, "your father has told me that I must leave you"—and her voice faltered—"my own dear mother—and—," but she did not utter the name of her lover, for at that moment the voice of a domestic was distinctly heard.

"He is come, Mr. Clarence is come! Now God bless my dear young lady." Lucy uttered a scream of joy, and clasping Ellen around the neck, murmured "Father in Heaven, I thank thee," and then fainted with excess of happiness. Her swoon was brief. She recovered almost immediately, and her face was radiant with happiness.

Clarence Hamilton was pursuing his studies at a distant college, and the letter which summoned him to C——, had scarcely intimated danger in the illness of his betrothed. It had been delayed on the way, and but half the time of its journey had sufficed to bring the eager, anxious student to the spot where his heart had stored its affections, and centered its hopes, next to Heaven, for Clarence, was more than a noble-hearted, high-souled man; he was a disciple of Jesus Christ, and he was fitting himself to be an Apostle of his Holy Religion. He had nearly completed his course of studies, and was then to be united to the beautiful Lucy May.

Three months before the Sabbath evening of which we write, Lucy was in health, and with her companion Ellen was performing her delightful duties as Sabbath-school teacher. Returning home she was exposed to a sudden storm of rain, and took cold. Her constitution, naturally feeble, was speedily affected, and consumption, that terrible foe to youth and beauty, seized upon her as another victim for its mighty holocaust to death. At first the type of her disease was mild, but within three weeks it had assumed a fearful character, and now her days were evidently few.

For this dreadful intelligence Clarence was not prepared. He feared, but he hoped *more*, and though his heart was heavy, Hope kindled a bright smile on his manly face, as he entered the little parlor, where he had spent so many hours

of exquisite happiness. He had alighted from the stage just before it entered the village, and proceeded at once to the residence of Lucy.

As Mrs. May entered the room, the smile on his lips faded, for her pale face told a tale to his heart.

"Clarence, my dear Clarence, you have the welcome of fond hearts."

"How is Lucy? Why is your face so deadly pale? oh! say she is not dangerously ill, tell me"—and a thought of keener misery entered his heart; "she is—oh my God, my Father in Heaven, strengthen me—she is dying—even now dying!"

"Nay, nay, Clarence," said the mother, soothingly; "Lucy lives, and we must hope for the best; but be not alarmed if you see her face even paler than my own. Are you able to bear the sight now?"

There was but little consolation to his fears in the reply of Mrs. May. Lucy was living; but there was an anguish in the expression—"hope for the best," and he said hurriedly:

"Oh take me to her at once—now," and he pressed his hand on his throbbing brow, and then sinking on his knees, while Mrs. May knelt beside him, he entreated God, in a voice choked with emotion, for strength to bear this trial, to kiss the rod of chastisement, to receive the bitter with the sweet; and prayed that the cup might pass from him, even as did his Master in the days of his incarnation and anguish. He arose, and with a calmer voice, said:

"I can see her now."

At this moment I joined them with Lucy's earnest request that Clarence should come to her at once. We entered the chamber just as Ellen had partially opened a blind, and the last rays of sunlight streamed faintly through into the room, and fell for a moment on the white cheek of Lucy, rendering its hue still more snowy. Alas! for Clarence. As his earnest eyes met those of his betrothed—her whom he had left in the very flush and perfection of youthful loveliness—now, how changed! His heart sank within him, and with a wild

sob of anguish he clasped her pale, thin fingers, and kissed her colorless lips, kneeling the while at the side of her couch.

"Clarence, my own Clarence," said the sweet girl, with an effort to rise, which she did, supported by his arm. *He* spoke not—he could not—dared not speak!

"Clarence, cheer up, my beloved;" but her fortitude failed, and all she could do was to bury her face in her lover's bosom, and weep. We did not attempt to check their grief; nay, we wept with them, and sorrow for awhile had its luxury of tears unrestrained.

Clarence at length broke the silence.

"Lucy, my own loved Lucy! God forgive me for my selfish grief;" and he added, fervently, lifting his tearful eyes to Heaven—"Father, give us grace to bear this trial aright," and turning to me, added, "Pray for us, Doctor—oh! pray that we may have strength to meet this hour like Christians."

When the voice of prayer ceased, all feelings were calmed, but I deemed it advisable to leave the dear patient to brief repose; and Ellen alone remaining, we retired to the parlor, where Clarence learned from us more of her illness and of her true condition, for I dared not delude him with false hopes.

"Doctor," said he, with visible anguish, "is there no hope?"

"Not of recovery, I fear, though she may linger some time with us, and be better than she is to-day."

"Then God's will be done," said the young man, while a holy confidence lightened up his face, now scarcely less pale than that of his betrothed Lucy.

Day after day the dear girl lingered, and many sweet hours of converse did Clarence and Lucy pass together; once even she was permitted to spend a few moments in the portico of the house, and as Clarence supported her, and saw a tint of health overspread her cheek, hope grew strong in his heart. But Alice doubted not that she should die speedily, and happily this conviction had reached her heart ere Clarence came, so that the agony of her grief in prospect of separation from

him, had yielded to the blissful anticipation of heaven, that glorious clime where she should, ere long, meet those from whom it was "more than death to part."

"Dearest Lucy," said Clarence, as they stood gazing on the summer flowers, "you are better, love. May not our heavenly Father yet spare you to me—to your mother—to cousin Ellen—to happiness?"

"Ah, Clarence, do not speak of this. It will only end in deeper bitterness. I must go—and, Clarence, you must not mourn when I exchange even this bright world for the Paradise of immortality."

Clarence could not answer. He pressed her hand and drew her closer to his throbbing heart, and she resumed, pointing to a bright cluster of amaranth—"See there, Clarence, is the emblem of the life and the joys to which I am hastening." * * * Three weeks had passed. It was again the evening of the Sabbath. I stood by the couch of Lucy May. Her mother and Ellen sat on either side, and Clarence Hamilton supported on a pillow in his arms the head of the fair girl. Disease had taken the citadel, and we awaited its surrender to Death.

The man of God, her pastor from childhood, now entered the room, and Lucy greeted him affectionately, and when he said, "Is it well with thee, my daughter—is it well with thy soul?" she answered in a clear and sweetly confiding tone of voice—

"It is well! Blessed Redeemer, thou art my only trust."

Clarence now bent his head close to the head of Lucy, and whispered in her ear, but so distinctly that we all heard:

"Lucy, since you may not be mine in life, oh! dearest, be mine in death; let me follow you to the grave as my wedded wife, and I shall have the blissful consolation of anticipating a reunion in heaven."

The eye of the dying girl lighted up with a quick and sudden joy, as she smilingly answered,

"It is well, Clarence—I would fain bear thy name before I die!" We were startled at this strange request and an-

swer, but no heart or lip ventured to oppose it. Lucy then said:

"Mother, dear mother, deny me not my last request; will you and Ellen dress me in my bridal robe? I will wear it to my tomb." Clarence also besought Mrs. May to grant this wish, and let him win a bride and mother; and she answered,

"As you and Lucy will, but it will be"—and her heart spoke—"it will be a mournful bridal."

Lucy now motioned us from the room, and we retired. Clarence was the first to speak.

"You will not blame me that I seek, even in the arms of death, to make her my wife. Oh, how much of bliss has been crowded into this one anticipation! and though it will be a 'sad bridal,' it will sweeten the cup of bitterness which is now pressed to my lips."

In a few minutes we re-entered that hallowed chamber. The light of day had faded, and a single lamp was burning on the stand. Lucy was arrayed in a muslin robe, which scarce unrivalled her cheek in whiteness, save where the deep hectic, now heightened by excitement, flushed it. Clarence seated himself by her, and she was raised to a sitting posture, and supported in his arms. She placed her wasted hand in his, and said, half playfully, half sadly, "'T is a worthless offering, Clarence."

He pressed it to his fevered lips, his face pale and flushed by turns. The minister arose and stood before them, and in few words and simple, united those two lovely beings in a tie which all felt must be broken ere another sun should rise. Yet was that tie registered and acknowledged in heaven.

As the holy man pronounced them "one flesh," and lifted up his hand and his voice in benediction, Lucy put her feeble arms around Clarence, and in a low voice murmured—

"My husband."

"My wife!" responded Clarence, and their lips met in a long and sweet embrace.

We gave them congratulations through quick tears, exchanged the sweet kiss of holy love and friendship, and left

the wedded pair to a brief realization of bliss, of which we cannot tell the reader aught.

That night before the last hour, the angel Azriel came as a messenger of peace to that bridal chamber, and though new fountains of earthly bliss had been opened in the heart of Lucy Hamilton, she repined not at the summons, but while heavenly joy sat on her features, and her lips murmured—peace—farewell, husband—mother—sister—all—her pure spirit took its flight, and her lifeless body lay in the ardent embrace of the woe-stricken, but humble Clarence, who still lingers in this weary world, doing his Master's work, and waiting his Master's will to be reunited to his angel bride in Heaven.

For the Magnolia.

LETTERS FROM EUROPE.—NO. V.

Institutions—British and Foreign Bible Society—The Royal Society—Newton's Principia—The Mall—Session Room—British Museum—Thomas Hartwell Horn—Curiosities—Elgin Marbles.

My dear M.,—We have had a beautiful day, and spent it entirely in visiting the religious learned institutions that abound here. You are familiar with their names; a few references to them will perhaps be interesting to you, but I can give you only references—a letter will not suffice for minute descriptions of places of such rare interest.

The first that we called at was the celebrated British and Foreign Bible Society. We were very politely conducted by one of its officers through its numerous apartments, most of which were filled with stock—the word of life in various languages. We passed through room after room, each crowded with printed sheets of the Scriptures. Here we found the

English language, there the Turkish; in one room the Arabic, in another the Syriac, &c., &c. The vast building is almost exclusively occupied with these printed sheets. The press-work is not done by the society, but at Oxford, or by some other of "the Queen's printers," to whom the printing of the Scriptures is confined, by act of Parliament. This restriction is designed to preserve the sacred text from typographical perversion; but I know not that our gloated liberty of the press in America has been attended with any serious injury to the Scriptures.

The assembly room of the managers is an elegant apartment—quite a little chapel; and the library is especially interesting, being a vast polyglot of the bible. Copies of the divine word, in almost every language, may be seen there, besides rare specimens of the earliest editions in Europe, and several most valuable manuscripts. It is the largest institution of Christian benevolence in the world, and is supposed by Dr. Adam Clarke, to be the pocalyptic angel "flying through the midst of heaven, having the everlasting gospel." No resort in this "world-metropolis" can present a scene of greater sublimity to the Christian, than this large pile of buildings with their vast apartments crowded with the records of eternal truth, in so many languages.

We passed from the halls of the Bible Society, to those of the "Royal Society," so noted in the annals of English science. The transition seemed natural, for the one sustains in the learned world, about the same relation that the other does in the religious. We were introduced to the assistant Secretary, who accompanied us through the rooms, explaining every thing of interest, and showing every possible proof of courtesy. We examined with much curiosity, its library and apparatus. Among the latter is Sir Isaac Newton's reflecting telescope; it was made by his own hands, and was the first ever made. It is small, and a little time-worn, but we gazed at it with intense interest. We found in the library, however, an object of still greater attraction; this was the original manuscript of Newton's Principia—a work that has

unveiled the face of Nature to mankind. I handled it with reverence, as next sacred to the word of God, for it was a revelation of Nature, as the holy Scriptures are of religion. It is of large folio size, and the copy from which the printer set up the type of the first edition. It was presented by Newton to the Society. The hand is plain, and there are but comparatively few erasures or other corrections. Another relic sacred in the eyes of the scientific visitor, is the veritable quadrant used by Flamstead, the first observer at Greenwich. Here is also the air pump of Boyle, the philosopher, the one by which he performed his experiments.

The library is an invaluable collection of scientific books; among them are many Oriental manuscripts, collected by Sir William Jones.

"There is but a step from the sublime to the ridiculous," said Napoleon. The English still cling to many of the antiquated forms of their fathers. We were, for instance, the other day in the lecture-room of the Royal College of Surgeons when that learned body entered in procession, their president and lecturer arrayed in solemn black silk gowns, and preceded by a fantastically apparelled herald bearing an immense *mace*—a gilded shaft headed by a crown—and all this imposing array was to introduce a lecturer on the fangs of reptiles. The grave sages of the Royal Society must also have their symbolic bauble—it is a heavy gilt staff, surmounted by a large crown. The wrought work is very fine for its age, but the interest of the affair is, that it is the veritable mace of the Parliament to which Cromwell said, "Take away that bauble."

The room for the sessions of the society is decorated with portraits of most of the eminent philosophers of Great Britain. They compose quite a portrait gallery. Among them are those of Newton, Flamstead, Walley, Lock, Boyle, Bacon, Sir H. Davy, Sir Joseph Banks, Herschell, &c. Our own countryman, Franklin, also hangs most worthily among them. In this room is kept the statute book of the society containing the autographic subscriptions of its members from the begin-

ning. Each successive sovereign commences a new list, and a page is highly illuminated for the royal signature. The first is that of Charles the II., the founder of the institution. It is not a little interesting to examine and compare these venerable autographs. The Royal Society's rooms are in the Summerset palace, where also are the apartments and fine collections of the Geological Society. The Astronomical Society also occupies a part of the same edifice. We examined the former; its cabinet is invaluable, though not large.

From Summerset House we drove to the British Museum. Here we met Rev. Mr. Horn, the well-known author of the "Introduction to the study of the Bible." We had enjoyed a previous acquaintance with him, and therefore were made welcome to his courteous attentions. He is engaged by the Government in preparing a catalogue of the Library. We were conducted by him through its most interesting apartments. Here we found the celebrated *Harleian* and *Cottonian* Libraries, reference to which you so often meet in critical works. The former contains no less than seven thousand manuscripts. The "King's Library," originally belonging to George III., but presented to the nation by George IV., forms a splendid portion of the collection. Mr. Horn showed us a number of curious old works. He is an inveterate bookworm, and revelled among these innumerable and musty volumes, especially those relating to sacred literature. Among these he showed us several antique specimens of the Scriptures. A copy of Luther's first edition of the Bible, containing his own and Melancthon's autographs, was showed us. It was the copy used by Luther himself. We saw, also, a copy of the first edition of Coverdale's translation.

The collection of curiosities and scientific specimens is infinite. The *Elgin marbles* form a great attraction. You know their history. Lord Elgin, you recollect, had them taken down from the Parthenon at Athens, and *sold* them to the British Government for one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Byron resents this sacrilegious spoliation, and makes Minerva curse the noble robber most heartily.

"First on the head of him who did the deed
My curse shall light, on him and all his seed
Without one spark of intellectual fire,
Be all the sons as senseless as the sire:
If one with wit the parent brood disgrace,
Believe him bastard of a brighter race,
Still with his hireling artists let him prate
And folly's praise repay for wisdom's hate,
Long of their patron's gusto let them tell,
Whose noblest *votive* gusto is to—sell!
To sell and make—may shame record the day!
The state receives of his pilfered prey!"

After all, I do not know but that the noble pilferer has some justification; these splendid remains are certainly safer, more useful, more appreciated and honored in the national temple of British science, than among the ruins of the acropolis, exposed to the elements, to spoliation from every sentimental vagrant from abroad, and a barbarous people at home. Many of them are seriously marred by time, but the fragments are nevertheless, admirable for their exquisite workmanship, exhibiting an artistic perfection scarcely surpassed by the Apollo Belvidere, or the Laocoon. The Egyptian collections here, are also most interesting. Among them is the celebrated "*Rosetta Stone*," which revealed to the world the significance of the Egyptian hieroglyphics, and opened all their vast monumental records to our research. It is inscribed with hieroglyphics, but among these were found words in Greek and Latin, recording the same names with the Egyptian characters. The former were substituted for the latter, and thus gave the alphabetical meaning of the hieroglyphics.

The natural history apartment is magnificent. The mineralogical collection is especially fine. We saw here, also, one of the original copies of the Magna Charta; it is quite illegible, having been injured by fire in one of the palaces.

When shall we have such monuments to science in our own beloved country? But let us not despair. Slow as our country is alleged to be in its patronage of science and the arts, it is a fact that it has done more for them than any other

nation in history, at an *equally early* period of its career. The croakers among ourselves give importance to trans-Atlantic slanders by admitting and affecting to mourn over their truth. We are but an infant people yet; what in all the names of the Muses, could be expected from a community but about seventy years old, who have had in that short period, to fight out their oppressors, organize their government, subdue their boundless forests, build their roads, canals and public edifices, found their churches, schools and colleges, and a thousand et ceteras? Yet of our public buildings, the Libraries already formed in our principal cities, the scientific collections at Washington, Boston, Cambridge, New York, New Haven and Philadelphia; the men of genius who have arisen among us—West, Stuart, Allston, Trumbull, Peele, Healey, in painting; Powers, Clavenger, Crawford, Hughs, Bracket, in sculpture; Franklin, Silliman, Hayes, Edwards, Channing, Professor Stuart, Noah Webster, in philosophy, geology and philology; Irving, Cooper, Bryant, Halleck, Longfellow, Whittier, Bancroft and Prescott, in fine literature; of these our young republic may speak with conscious pride, and challenge any land under heaven to show a parallel at so early a date, and under similar circumstances. Do not smile at the remark—I believe it is soberly tried; and if our land did not abound so much in two classes of characters, croakers on the one hand, and fustionists on the other, we should he disposed more to respect ourselves for the truly great men who have illustrated our brief beginning. Our boast is still larger in the more practical arts; a people who have given to the world the steamboat, the cotton gin, the quadrant, the magnetic telegraph, and is changing the face of the nations by them, has no reason to cringe at foreign talents. But where am I wandering to? A thousand blessings on my own country, then; and let us return to John Bull's great museum.

For the Magnolia.

SKETCHES OF WESLEY.—NO. V.

BY REV. D. WISE.

The formation and growth of Mr. Wesley's societies—Mr. Wesley begins field preaching—Visits Bath—Vast crowds attend his meetings—Opposition—Success—Societies formed—Their spread—The result—Mr. Wesley's popularity, after forty years' public labor.

As before his remarkable experience, Mr. Wesley had diligently preached a rigid righteousness, without placing faith in Christ at its root, so, he now with equal diligence, proclaimed the doctrine of justification by faith. He did this at first to certain small assemblies, known by the name of "The Societies," mostly connected with the Moravians, and in the Episcopal churches in the city of London. His stay in this city was caused by the trustees of the colony in Georgia, who needed his opinions and information. While detained in this manner from his much-loved and desired college retreat at Oxford, he was importuned to preach in various churches. He did so. Vast crowds attended his preaching. The unfashionable doctrine he proclaimed and the unwieldly masses of people that flocked to listen, soon caused all the churches to be closed against him. A struggle ensued in his mind. Should he be silent? His conscience forbade this. Should he preach out of doors? His ideas of order and decency revolted at such a bold, unpopular step. The contest, however, was short. Conscience prevailed. He preached in the open air at Moorfields, to thousands upon thousands. Great numbers were cut to the heart, and came to him weeping and inquiring, with the Phillipian jailer, what shall I do to be saved?

The celebrated Whitefield had previously began the same practice, and about this time he wrote to Mr. Wesley from Bristol, requesting him to visit that city, without delay. He cheerfully obeyed the summons, and the day after Mr. Whitefield left Bristol, Mr. Wesley says, "At four in the P. M., I submitted to become more vile, and proclaimed in the high-

ways the glad tidings of salvation, from a little eminence in a ground adjoining to the city, to about three thousand people." These labors he extended to Bath and adjacent towns; and shortly after, in company with Mr. Whitefield, he preached at Blackheath, to twelve or fourteen thousand people. Similar congregations hung upon his lips at Kennington Common, Moorfields, and many other places. Speaking of these unfashionable but deeply affected audiences, he says:

"I cannot say I have ever seen a more awful sight than when on Rose Green, or the top of Hannam Mount; some thousands of people were calmly joined together in solemn waiting upon God. While

> They stood, and under open air adored
> The God who made both air, earth, heaven and sky.

And whether they were listening to his word with attention, still as night, or were lifting up their voice in praise, as the sound of many waters, many a time have I been constrained to say in my heart, 'How dreadful is this place! This also is no other than the house of God. This is the gate of Heaven!'"

Finding this new and, to the fastidious, unpopular mode of labor, to be productive of great and useful results, Mr. Wesley pursued it with all the unconquerable energy of his character. When opposed, as he was from many high and respectable sources, he defended himself with calmness and vigor, and kept on steadily at the work. Every where souls were converted. To keep them in their new experience and faith, he selected the more devoted and strong-minded of his converts to instruct and encourage the rest. These he called leaders, and the persons assigned to their care, classes. A combination of several classes in one place, formed a society, and a further combination of these societies constituted a circuit. Thus as God gave him fruit from his labors, he wisely devised a system for its preservation. And so successful was this simple but profound system, that in twenty years after the first society was formed in London, one of them was flourishing in nearly every town of importance in England.

On every hand did the fruit of his apostolic zeal spring forth. Laborers were raised up in abundance to assist him, and that little class formed in 1739, has spread its branches over the whole world. Go where you will, you will find the Methodist class-member. Not only in the territories of civilization, but among the wild forest scenes of Africa, the jungles of India, the distant mountains and prairies of America, among the Indians of the frontier and of the desert.

The limits to which these sketches must of necessity be confined, forbid me to make any attempt at detail on the subject of Mr. Wesley's labors. Let it be sufficient to say, that amidst many persecutions, Mr. Wesley continued this work until his death; and until he had *lived down* most of the obloquy which attended his first departure from the order of the established Church. A brief quotation from Mr. Jackson, the biographer of his brother, will exhibit the change concerning him which was wrought in the public mind. Speaking of him toward the close of his life, he says:

"At this period the highest respect was paid him by almost all classes of people. The churches in London were closed against him in 1738, and now he had more applications to preach in those very churches, for the benefit of public charities, than he could possibly comply with. His visits to many places in the country, created a sort of general festival. The people crowded around him as he passed along the streets; the windows were filled with eager gazers, and the children waited to catch the good man's smile. When he first went into Cornwall, accompanied by John Nelson, he plucked the blackberries from the hedges to allay the cravings of hunger, and slept upon boards, having his saddle-bags for his pillow, till the bones cut through his skin. Now he was received in that country, especially, as an angel of God. Visiting Falmouth, August 1789, he says: 'The last time I was here, above forty years ago, I was taken prisoner by an immense mob gaping and roaring like lions. But how is the tide turned! High and low now lined the street, from one end to the other, out of stark love, gaping and staring as if the King were going by.'"

EDITOR'S TABLE.

Season-hints for Winter Evenings, &c.

"November's sky is chill and drear,
November's leaf is red and sere,"

sang the magician of the North, of the month which is coming upon us; and one of our own poets has beautifully bewailed its approach.

"The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds and naked boughs and meadows dry and sere."

The free and intimate communion with Nature which the past beautiful season has afforded us, is now over; we must turn to ourselves or to other sources for that serene enjoyment which she has yielded.

Mayhap we have listened to the teachings of the ant, the bee and the bird, and from the profusion of summer, have stored our minds with a supply for the long and to many, dreary season, which is approaching We may all meet it with some sweet associations of the past, and some bright hopes for the future. We may no longer obey the gentle mandate of the poet, who bids,

"If thou art worn and hard beset
With sorrows that thou would'st forget,
If thou would'st read a lesson that will keep
Thy heart from fainting and thy soul from sleep,
Go to the woods and hills!—no tears
Dim the sweet look that nature wears."

Next to the "ministering influences of nature," comes the pure and serene enjoyment afforded by converse with good books; and for this "feast of reason," no time seems more appropriate or congenial than the long evenings which come with

"Winter, relic of the inverted year."

And though the stern monarch is accused by the poet of holding "the sun a prisoner,

And hurrying him, impatient of his stay,
Down to the rosy west,"

he gives his majesty credit for

"Kindly still
Compensating his loss with added hours
Of social converse and instructive ease,
And gath'ring, at short notice, in one group
The family dispers'd, and fixing thought
Not less dispers'd by daylight and its cares.
I own thee king of intimate delights,
Fireside enjoyments, homeborn happiness,
And all the comforts that the lowly roof
Of undisturb'd retirement, and the hours
Of long, uninterrupted evening know."

There is a certain idea of secure possession, in regard to the winter evening hours which we seldom feel of any other time. This is so, even with

those who are considered people of leisure; and unnecessary interruption at this time seems more like intrusion than at any other. It is true, that since concerts and lectures have been growing so fashionable, (we would not be understood as speaking disparagingly of them) this feeling is not as appropriate as formerly; but when we do have an evening "to ourselves," as we call it, how much may be crowded into its quiet hours.

The lecture, the meeting, and the sewing-circle, may all be regularly attended, and yet the quiet evening hours need not lose all their value in the opportunities they afford for real enjoyment and improvement. We admit that the rigid mental discipline, which can take advantage of the stray fragments of time, and from them produce magnificent results, is most difficult to acquire and maintain. But that it may be done, Elihu Burritt is a triumphant proof, with his knowledge of fifty-two languages, all acquired in the short intervals from daily toil at the blacksmith's forge. If our own "weaker sex" would have examples worthy of imitation, from their own ranks, we know of no worthier ones at which to point, than to the operatives of our Lowell factories; we cannot say to what extent this is true of similar establishments in other places, because we have not had the same means of ascertaining, but we speak what we know, when we assert that a fair proportion of these females, though employed for a larger number of hours than our ordinary mechanics, find time and means for regular mental cultivation, by this strict improvement of the evening hours. Those of them who are deficient in elementary education, attend evening schools, and acquire a sufficiently competent knowledge of these branches, to fit themselves to become teachers, when ill health or other circumstances make a change of employment desirable or necessary. Others, who in the strict sense of the term may be called *well educated*, and these are not few, devote their limited leisure to music; and large numbers form themselves into classes for the purpose of taking lessons in the different modern languages. French is quite extensively pursued, and many of them are proficients in German. We are frequently compelled to smile, when we hear young ladies of leisure complaining of the little time they have for reading, or perhaps proffering this stale excuse for their neglect of a friend or a correspondent. "Take care of the minutes, and the hours will take care of themselves," is the old adage, and we scarcely know a more truthful or more valuable maxim. It contains the secret of all success.

Much, however, depends upon the use we make of the minutes thus snatched from neglect. We have seen time enough devoted to an elaborate piece of worsted work, to have made its fair performer mistress of a science or a language. We would not be understood as joining in the crusade against this favorite employment, for we believe that none of these matters of taste and elegance are beneath a woman's notice; but we would not have one cultivated at the expense of the other; we would have our lady friends as proficient in mending stockings as in shading roses, and as familiar with the important events of their country's history, as with the features of Hectar and Andromache on canvass.

We have chosen rather a circumlocutary route to reach the point at which we aimed in the outset, but mayhap we shall be none the less intelligible for our digressions. We wish in some manner (would that we had the "thoughts that breathe and words that burn" on this subject) to convince our fair readers how much may be accomplished by well-directed and persevering efforts. There is much that passes now-a-days as a taste for reading, which ill deserves the name. It might be termed with much more propriety, a taste for idleness. Many a heartless girl is excused by her industrious and hard-working mother, from her appropriate duties, on account of what the too easily deceived parent fondly imagines a taste for reading. A taste for any pursuit will lead us to improve ourselves in that pursuit; and the individual who possesses a taste for reading, will no more rest satisfied with the vapid and frivolous literature of the day, than a taste for painting will forever indulge itself in bright blue mountains and animals

which it is necessary to label in order to have them recognized. The mother, whose grown-up daughter lounges about with a pamby-mamby novel in her hand, in order to escape more active occupations, had much better, as well for the mental as the physical discipline, employ her in the kitchen or the wash-room; she will cultivate habits of industry and energy which may influence even her intellectual tastes.

But there are many who possess this earnest desire for improvement, whose efforts are not as successful as they might be, for the want of a well-digested plan to guide them. Reading may be made much more entertaining, as well as more profitable, by proper systematizing it. We know a lady who pursued a course of reading, during a year of sickness, which made the period a delightful one to remember, notwithstanding its languishing suffering. It was the reading of the English classical poets, commencing with the earliest which could be procured, such as Gomer and Chaucer, accompanied by Johnson's "lives of the poets," and that portion of British history relating to the periods in which they flourished. It was continued down to the brilliant galaxy of modern genius. Could a more Epicurean intellectual feast be imagined?

Another most interesting and valuable consecutive course of reading, would be Irving's Life of Columbus, with Prescott's History of Ferdinand and Isabella, followed by the History of the Conquest of Mexico, Bancroft's History of the United States, and Sparks's Life of Washington.

We might multiply instances and plans, which would only stop when all knowledge should be systematized and familiarized; but we must not inflict too much advice upon our readers at once. We would refer those interested upon this subject, to some most sensible and judicious remarks in Miss Beecher's excellent work entitled Domestic Economy. Some courses for reading are there marked out, which we should be glad to quote, had we the work at hand, for those who have not access to the volume.

Perhaps some of our readers may object that the books necessary for this manner of reading are not always to be procured. Those who can have access to a good library in any of our large towns or cities, will find this difficulty vanish upon inquiry; we think, at all events, in this, as in commerce, the supply will equal the demand, if not now, in a not far-off future. To our friends in the country who have not this privilege, we know of no better plan to recommend, than the formation of a Library Club, or something of the kind, by small individual subscriptions, purchase some of the books to commence with, and by a trifling tax, keep a fund in readiness for future supply. We remember some spirited young girls who once collected a small but valuable number of volumes in this manner, connected with the private day-school they attended. Half a dozen young ladies in a country village near Boston, a few years since, raised a sum of money by a fair for the establishment of a library. We don't remember the amount with which they commenced, but it was less than a hundred dollars. This was judiciously expended, and they have now a collection of nearly two thousand valuable books, which does as much honor to the village itself, as to the cultivated and energetic ladies who originated it.

We would not surfeit our readers in this number, but we really think the subject will excuse some earnestness and prolixity. If our remarks shall have awakened one truly fervent desire for mental improvement, or suggested to one inquirer after truth a glimpse of sunlight, we shall feel ourselves as much entitled to lay claim to the title of benefactor to the race, as the man who makes two blades of grass grow where but one grew before.

To Readers and Correspondents. We have been obliged to prepare our late numbers in great haste, for several reasons over which we had no control. We cannot promise any great improvement till the commencement of our next volume; but with the new year we hope for new plans, and new favors from new and old friends.

THE DEER HUNT.

As chief who hears his warder call,
"To arms! the foemen storm the wall"—
The antler'd monarch of the waste
Sprang from his heathery couch in haste.
But ere his fleet career he took,
The dew-drops from his flanks he shook;
Like crested leader proud and high,
Tossed his beamed frontlet to the sky;
A moment gazed adown the dale,
A moment snuffed the tainted gale,
A moment listened to the cry,
That thickened as the chase drew nigh;
Then as the headmost foes appeared
With one brave bound the copse he cleared.

Yelled on the view the opening pack,
Rock, glen and cavern paid them back;
To many a mingled sound at once
The awakened mountain gave response,
An hundred dogs bayed deep and strong,
Clattered an hundred steeds along,
Their peal the merry horns rung out,
An hundred voices joined the shout;
Far from the tumult fled the roe,
Close in her covert cowered the doe,
The falcon, from her cairn on high,
Cast on the rout a wondering eye,
Till far beyond her piercing ken
The hurricane had swept the glen.
Faint, and more faint, its failing din
Returned from cavern, cliff, and linn,
And silence settled, wide and still,
On the lone wood and mighty hill.

SCOTT.

THE UNKNOWN GRAVE.

The rays of the departing sun streamed through the air, and gilded the lofty summits of the mountains of Abarim. Far toward the east, the deep waters of the Jordan were rolling onward in their course; while below, the vast Moabite plain lay outstretched, in all its loveliness. A brook ran foaming down from the summit of the mountains, and, more quietly, hastened its way through the verdant fields, a tributary of the river so renowned in sacred history. Acacia trees clustered along its margin, eager to drink of the limpid tide; lilies confidingly reclined on its bosom, and a thousand blossoms bent gracefully over the shore, gazing on the forms mirrored beneath. A few villages were scattered here and there upon the extended surface, and solitary shepherds were watching their flocks with diligent care. As the sunbeams lingered on the highest peaks, reluctant to leave the pleasant scene, a wonderful procession entered the valley of Moab.

High in the air above it, hung a pillar of cloud, fleecy as those summer vapors which flit across the midday sky—its texture seemed piles of crystal light, woven by angelic fingers; for a ruder than the touch of *heavenly* spirits, would have stained its matchless purity. All fringed with glory from the celestial world, floated on that chariot of the angel, guardian over a wandering people. Under this strange guidance marched a host, like the sands of the sea-shore for number. Wearily the procession wound along the valley—its journeyings had been far, and now little ones clung to the mother's robes, in fatigue, while many an anxious eye was turned to the guide of their footsteps; for they might not rest till the bright cloud stopped in its course.

Four banners floated above the powerful tribes, who had known no city of abode during forty toilsome years. Following the same crystal pillar of cloud, their fathers came forth from a land of bondage, fed upon manna of heaven,

and slaked their thirst beside streams gushing in the wilderness. They had increased and waxed strong, and now the twelve tribes of the children of Israel, were soon to enter the land promised ages before, to "the father of the faithful."

The purple standard of the royal house of Judah, floated above the first division, and among its ranks moved the tabernacle of the God of Israel. A wide space lay between the journeying nation and the holy house toward which they worshipped; they had freely given their gold and their silver for its erection; a whole tribe was consecrated to its service, and it was wrapped in the glory of its Divine Architect. Next marched the camp of Reuben, beneath the shadow of a crimson banner, among whose folds sparkled gems that would have graced a diadem. A part of the priesthood here bore the sacred furniture of the sanctuary, with reverent air, as they remembered the awful power of the mighty Jehovah.

The sons of Joseph constituted the third division, and treasuring the blessing which Jacob had pronounced upon their ancestor, they had adopted the beautiful metaphor for their standard. A golden vine threw its tendrils in the air, glittering above their armies. "The hosts of the children of Dan" came last in the long train, that had journeyed for forty years among the burning sands ot the deserts; yet had not the shoes of one waxed old, nor had their garments failed. The skies had dropped down their food, and a cloud had guided their way; well might they adore before the eternal "I Am." Many an eye brightened, as the pillar of cloud tarried beneath the mountains of Abarim. The people knew they were once more on the borders of the promised land; they yearned after a home, with the eagerness of those who have experienced no rest. While the mellow tones of the silver trumpets arrested the multitude, and their chieftain uttered the invocation, "Return, O Lord, unto the many thousands of Israel," they encamped for the last time "on this side Jordan."

The light of day gradually melted away, and the miraculous cloud, which rested over the tabernacle, assumed its

nightly aspect. Coruscations of light darted from its recesses, wound themselves in fantastic forms along the pillar, and played about its margin, as a crown of diamonds sparkles in the sunbeams. It was not like the glare of torches, but a soft light, like that of the harvest moon, which streamed over the city of tents. For the last time the children of Israel pitched their tents in a land that was not their own; yet their hearts were oppressed; a tempest seemed impending, and each bosom felt a heavy foreboding.

The morning sun revealed a gorgeous spectacle—the last encampment of the wandering Israelites. The tabernacle, with its veils of blue and its ample courts, stood in their midst, and yet alone; the pillar of cloud hovered above, with its ever-changing glory; far off on every side, pitched the twelve tribes, under the standards of their respective camps. From each tent floated the ensign of its master's house, so that a thousand varying colors waved over the valley of Moab. The sound of the silver trumpets, echoing back from the heights of Abarim, summoned the nation from their tents. Hundreds of thousands quickly gathered before the door of the tabernacle, and utter silence reigned through the assembled multitude. At length the chieftain, who had led them on their miraculous way, the man who had stood between the rebellious subjects and their Eternal King, who had dared to peril his own salvation that he might win forgiveness for his nation, came forth and gazed on those, through whom he had sinned, and forfeited his right to enter the goodly land of promise.

A hundred and twenty years had passed over him, still he stood in unabated strength; his dark eyes seemed to penetrate the thoughts of every heart, and his noble brow was stamped with the impress of commune with Jehovah. His ancestors, like the ancestors of all that host, numberless as the sands, had been slaves in a distant land. In infancy, he had been placed, by his trembling parents, on the bounding waters of the Nile, and intrusted to the care of Providence, in an ark of bulrushes. The king's daughter had adopted

him for her son, and reared him amidst the luxuries of a profligate court; he was instructed in all the learning of the Egyptians, and the coronet of that fertile land might have rested on his brow. "He was mighty in word and in deed," but, shuddering at the oppression of the people of God, he resigned the wealth, and ease, and renown of Pharoah's house, to deliver the enslaved descendants of Jacob. They understood not his mission, and he was compelled to flee to the land of Midian. There, the man accustomed to the splendor, the confusion and the learning of a palace, tended the flocks of Jethro, the priest of Midian, for forty years. There commenced his series of interviews with an unseen world; there the Eternal pledged his word, "Certainly I will be with thee." And when again he appeared before his people, with the rod of God in his hand, he caused the powers of Egypt to tremble. Wonderful man! To whom was delegated authority over the tempests; whose voice the darkness obeyed; and at whose bidding, the Angel of Death smote down the fairest and the most cherished, in every abode throughout a mighty land. So he led forth his countrymen, and the waters parted before him; he guided them across the barren deserts and encamped them at the base of a lofty mountain, whose summits seemed to have been rent into a thousand fragments by the tempest's wrath. In that unbroken solitude, far amid the sands, a liberated race awaited the commands of their Divine protector.

The mountain was wrapped in a thick cloud, lightnings flashed from its top and chained along its rugged sides; thunders crashed among its deep clefts, rolling peal on peal. Above the roaring thunder, came the voice of a trumpet, long and loud; it seemed that the blast had shaken the whole world; it sent fear and trembling to the depths of the hearts of the isolated nation. An angel had descended and overshadowed by that thick cloud, proclaimed the coming of his Lord. Now the mountain shook to its centre, its granite bosom heaved convulsively, and tongues of flame streamed from its sides; huge columns of smoke rose, veiling the sun

and bearing up fiery billows, as if the devouring element had broken loose from its chains. The people retired in terror, standing far off; but Moses reverently approached, and stepping upon the quaking rocks, was lost to sight amidst the fire and smoke which shrouded Mt. Sinai. With a sublime courage he unshrinkingly stood between his brethren and their almighty Sovereign. Forty days and forty nights was Moses with the Lord, and did neither eat bread or drink water. When he returned to the camp, his countenance had caught a faint reflection of the glory he had seen displayed—the people feared to look upon him, till he had veiled the brightness of his face from their sight.

Again and again did the people rebel, and as often did Moses intercede that their sin might be pardoned—he even periled his soul for their sakes. "If not, blot me, I pray thee, out of the book which thou hast written." Thus, during forty memorable years, had their powerful leader conducted the children of Jacob toward the promised land of rest. He had borne the burden and heat of the day; he longed to repose beneath the sweet shades of the land flowing with milk and honey. But, *once*, the murmuring people had excited his anger; he had spoken unadvisedly with his lips, and God had declared, "Therefore ye shall not bring this congregation into the land which I had given them."

Now, beneath the mountains of Abarim, he stood before his flock to give his last commands. Sorrowfully, yet fondly, his noble eye ranged over the countless congregation—he remembered their waywardness, recalled all he had endured for their sakes, thought of the land forfeited through them, and yet, he blessed them in the name of the Lord. He recounted to them all the way by which they had been brought, all the wonderful works displayed before them, all the commands delivered by their Heavenly Master. He warned them by every fear of peril, by every judgment which could inspire fear—he besought them by every motive which could influence the heart of man—never to depart from the precepts of Jehovah. He denounced curses upon them, if they forsook

the right way, and promised richest blessings if they worshipped the Lord above. He called heaven and earth to record against them, that he had set before them life and death, blessing and cursing. This most extraordinary and wonderful appeal the world has ever known, closed with a song dictated by the King of Heaven.

Imploring them, "Set your hearts unto all the words which I testify among you this day; for it is not a vain thing for you, because it is your life," Moses blessed them, after their tribes and pronounced the benediction, "Happy art thou, O Israel; who is like unto thee, O people, saved by the Lord, the shield of thy help, and who is the sword of thy excellency!"

As he delivered his last blessing to his people, as he stood for the last time at the door of the tabernacle, and gazed on the cloud, which had hovered forty years over a rebellious nation, a deep emotion came over him; for a moment he bowed his head, in unison with the sorrowing assembly; then, stepping firmly from their ranks, he crossed the plains of Moab alone. Yet *not* alone, for the wandering people, having now reached the borders of the destined land, the pillar of cloud rose high in the air, and floated on before the holy man. Tearful eyes followed him, marching in fearful dignity to his tomb—not one friend accompanied his steps, as he slowly ascended Mount Nebo. His form was lost in the distance, but the cloud was visible and the people knelt, overcome with awe.

Moses stood with the Lord on the summit of Pisgah. Power was given him to behold the land of his affection in all its goodly extent. He saw it, and with a prophet's vision, looked far down the vista of time, till the holy city rose before him, with its glorious temple, its gardens and its palaces. For one instant the bright star of Bethlehem shone on him, and he involuntarily bent his knee before the babe in the manger. Then Mount Calvary, with its incomprehensible mysteries, swept across the field of vision; he shuddered and grew cold at the awful sight. Quickly he beheld Jeru-

salem destroyed, his cherished people scattered and hunted like beasts, through the earth. Once more he would have entreated the Lord for their forgiveness, had not a blessed spectacle burst upon his view. His countrymen were returning toward Canaan from every land under heaven—songs and rejoicings were in their mouths—the beloved Jerusalem stood on its hills in redoubled beauty, while the church of Jehovah, the Savior of mankind, stood open day and night, for all the tribes of the earth. "Holiness to the Lord," seemed inscribed in glittering characters upon the face of Nature. It was enough—he worshipped, and calmly folding his mantle around him, laid himself down, with his face toward the land of Judea, committing his soul to Him who gave it. In a light amber of flame the pillar of cloud shot up toward the zenith, and was lost to view in the celestial pathway.

A smile of bliss remained on the parted lips, when the guardian angel folded his wings beside the departed. He gazed tenderly on the mortal, who had won him from his heavenly home, and whose steps he had watched for a hundred and twenty years. A few more days of care, and the cold remains would have mouldered, the angel would be free to plume his flight on high. Tenderly he raised the body on his airy wings and bore it to a "valley of Moab, over against Bethpeor"—there he buried it, and rested beside the grave, an angelic watcher over the dead.

It was night, dark and tempestuous. The lightnings streamed ever and anon across the blackened sky; the wind howled fiercely along the valleys, and not a solitary star revealed itself. It was such a time as the spirits of darkness might select to prowl through our devoted earth. The guardian angel still kept his watch, with drooping wing, beside the tomb of Moses. His sensitive nature could quickly perceive the approach of evil, shrinking from its contamination, as he remembered the hosts hurled from their shining abodes in heaven, to writhe in agony through ceaseless eternity. Suddenly the air seemed blighted and scorched; the form of

celestial light spread his wings to shelter the consecrated spot from harm. Searching around with eagle glance, he discovered a dismal form, wretched and haggard, striding beneath the forest. Full well he knew the face, whose lineaments bore the impress of blasting pride, withering hatred and galling torment. He had seen that gigantic heighth, when clothed in resplendent majesty, confronting the King of Kings—he had borne part in the wars of Heaven, when the highest archangels fought with the haughty spirit, now come from the depths of his prison-house, to seek out the sepulchre of the departed Israelite. "O Lucifer, son of the morning, how art thou fallen!" mourned the youthful angel while darting through "the widening wastes of space," to call a mightier arm than *his*, to confront the power of the adversary. Swift as a thought he alighted in Paradise—he paused not to quaff the waters of life, or to pluck the fruits clustering by its banks. He stayed his flight when passing the multitude, who shouted "Alleluia, for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth," and his sweet voice joined the cry "Amen, Alleluia." The youthful angel sought the prince of the heavenly warriors, and timidly drawing near the great Michael, related his mission on earth, and told how Satan, broken loose from hell, had returned to earth, seeking the body of Moses. Michael dipped his radiant wings in the limpid flood, and bade the angel guide him to the valley of Moab. While they pursued their way they caught the song of Moses, "Great and marvellous are thy works, Lord God Almighty. Just and true are thy ways, thou king of saints; who shall not fear thee, O Lord, and glorify thy name? for thou art holy." Ineffable was the smile the departing angels exchanged, and swifter was their flight, as they heard the joyful accents. It was a doleful change from the balmy atmosphere of heaven to the dark tempest of earth, but the errand on which they had come, caused their souls to glow with ardor. Drawing near the sepulchre, they beheld the Arch-fiend bending over the hallowed grave—the turf was removed, and he was about to depart with his prey. A grim look of malicious delight sat

on his countenance, and the approach of the heavenly messengers was unobserved. Instinctively the guardian angel interposed between the giant foe and the body, so long his care. Satan sorrowfully eyed the beautiful spirit, and a derisive laugh hissed from his polluted mouth, as he raised his arm to thrust aside the celestial guardian—but it fell powerless when a familiar voice sternly said, "Lucifer, son of the morning, what doest *thou here?*"

The wretched outcast started to an attitude of defiance, exclaiming, "*Thou*, also, Michael, warrior slave of thy God, why hast *thou* come? darest thou confront me in my own realm? I tell thee, the power *here* is mine; retire, where thy master can aid thy feeble powers; fly, base worshipper of another's might." The miscreant felt sure of victory; his form towered above the lofty palm-trees, and his minions filled the air with their infernal cries. The elements appeared submissive to his will; a chaos of storm raged around the sepulchre; ancient trees were torn from the soil, like threads of gossamer; blackness of darkness succeeded the sulphurous glare of the lightnings; thunders seemed to break on their heads, blasphemies rode on every drop of the streams rushing to the ground. But the archangel was clad from the armory of Heaven, and his panoply brightened amidst the turmoil. He dared not utter a railing accusation, and serenely answering, "The Lord rebuke thee," drew his glittering sword.

"*Thou* art not unconscious the sceptre of earth is swayed by me—wouldst thou madly contend, alone, with the hosts of hell?"

The warrior angel replied, "'Holiness to the Lord' shall be inscribed even on this earth. Depart, or address thyself to battle."

Ere his strength had been wasted under the boiling surges of his abode, the Fiend had tried his skill with the prince of the heavenly armies. 'Twere worse than madness for the defeated exile to confront the being, around whom hung a celestial flood of splendor. He quailed beneath the gaze of

Michael; every fibre in his immortal nature writhed under the lashes of pride, while fearing at the presence of the servant of God. Scorching passions distorted his visage, as he sullenly receded before the now flaming sword—but the elements caught his satanic fury, foaming in impotent wrath above and around the angelic visitants. They carefully replaced the turf, and covering the sepulchre, watched till dawn of day. The storm had passed as the archangel winged his way to Heaven, again victorious over the foe of God; but the guardian spirit held his watch in the valley of Moab, till the mouldering ashes had mingled with the sods of the earth.

NELLER.

For the Magnolia.

THE PASTORAL TIMES.

BY MISS ANNE T. WILBUR.

YE were fair, ye visions of olden time,
When the beautiful earth was in its prime;
When the shepherd youths tended their fleecy flocks
Mid quiet vales, beneath sheltering rocks;
And angels came down to commune with men,
And heaven was opened to earthly ken.

Ye were bright, ye visions of olden time,
When shepherd youths soared to deeds sublime;
When the boy who was Israel's future king,
Laid the giant low with the shepherd's sling;
And mighty men fell in the fierce battle's wrath,
And maidens flung wreaths in the conqueror's path.

On Syria's plains in the tranquil night
Shepherds kept watch by the soft moonlight;
When the song of the angels swelled out on the air,
And the glory of heaven shone radiantly there;
And led by a starbeam, the shepherds adored
The babe in the manger, their Savior and Lord.

For the Magnolia.

LETTERS FROM EUROPE.—NO. VI.

[We were compelled to give but a part of the letter of our correspondent in the last Magnolia. The following is the conclusion of the sketch of a visit to the British Museum.]

Thomas Hartwell Horne—King William IV.—His Character towards the end of his Reign—Mrs. Jordan.

After wandering through the labyrinth of curiosities in the Museum, we sat down with Mr. Horne in a snug little recess, and had some interesting conversation. I mentioned the success of his "Introduction to the Study of the Bible" in America. His eyes sparkled at the allusion, and he spoke with great interest of our country. He is, in fact, more popular as an author among us, than in his own land. His work is considered by critics here (and I rather think by keen ones in America) a valuable compilation of authorities, but destitute of any considerable original merit, and perhaps needing the revision of a more cautious mind. It is an encyclopedia of biblical facts and criticisms, and, like all works made up chiefly of quotations and second-hand thoughts, lacks coherency, condensation, and, to some extent, accuracy. Some American author expresses surprise that Mr. Horne has not met with more promotion, and received literary honors in his own country—for he is, I believe, but a vicar, and has no double D. attached to his name, at least none received from English or Scotch institutions. I know of no other reason than the impression among the learned here respecting his literary character. It is not because "he has not risen in the usual manner," as has been said. Dr. Adam Clarke did not rise in the "usual manner," but he was a "Pashaw of many toils" among John Bull's learned ones.

Mr. Horne is considerably advanced in years; his head is gray, but his health is apparently good, and his small eyes singularly brilliant. He is what you would call a "nervous

man," full of quick motion, and incessant in conversation; you can with difficulty interpose a question. His memory is truly wonderful, and struck me as his greatest faculty. The minutest facts and dates and passages from authors were repeated by him, as if by instinct. His conversation, like his books, abounds in *quotations*, and his mind is evidently a vast compilation of impressions from books. He dresses in the old style with breeches and buckles, and is, for his intelligence and colloquial vivacity, one of the most interesting old men I have met in Europe.

An allusion to an object within sight, connected with the history of the last English King, William IV., led off the old gentleman with locomotive speed on that track. We expressed the rather startling idea, that the sailor King was resting comfortably in heaven, notwithstanding his known profligacies. The monarch, he thought, had lived a pious life the last few years of his reign, not merely in the forms of morality and religion, but in their spirit. One of onr company alluded to the affair of Mrs. Jordan. The good vicar endeavored to explain it. The King, he said, would have married her, for he sincerely loved her, but the laws of the realm prohibited the union of a member of the royal family with a subject. Yet he lived with her as a faithful husband, though he could not have the usual formalities of law to sanction the relation; he was sincere in his attachment to her; as a proof, his treatment of their children was cited. They were acknowledged, educated, endowed, titled and respectably married by the King. They were the objects of his affectionate regard during his life, and stood around his dying bed. Mr. Horne asserted that his treatment of Mrs. Jordan, after marrying his Queen, was honorable; that the usual reports on this point are fictitious; that he could not show any very public respect without a bad example, but he ever spoke of her with regard, and had, at his death, in the bonds of charity, the sculptor, a work representing her with a couple of their favorite children. He kept the Sabbath with strict propriety, abolishing all the Bacchanalian feasts which George IV. had

rendered customary at court on that day. Some time before his death, the Queen, with his approbation, had copies of Wilberforce's "Practical View," distributed among all the members of the court. He was liberal to religious purposes, &c., &c. These were Mr. Horne's grounds of hope for the soul of the sailor King. We were glad to hear them, however ambiguous they might be.

We drove from the Museum to National Gallery; but of this in my next. Yours, &c. J.

For the Magnolia.

SCANDAL.

On eagle wings immortal scandals fly,
While virtuous actions are but born to die.

BY MISS ANNE T. WILBUR.

In a small country village of New-England lived an industrious and sober set of people, so far removed from the city's busy hum, and so surrounded with Nature's serene loveliness and repose that a stranger would have thought that they must have become imbued with the meek and quiet spirit of the vales and woods around them, and be almost above the weaknesses and faults incident to humanity. Were not the noble hills, towering in lofty sublimity to the skies, ever luring their thoughts upward? Were not the peaceful and tranquil lakes, upon whose bosoms floated gently the little bark of the fisher wooing them always to linger along their shaded margins or sail over their rippling waters?—not to mention the golden sunrise and the rosy sunset. Was not the fount of intellectual knowledge flowing constantly in their midst, and might they not slake their thirst at its inexhaustible and invigorating waters? Nay, more, was not the white spire of the village

church ever pointing heavenward to show that the highest and noblest of all knowledge was there communicated to men by ambassadors from God? Were not these people then, as we might naturally suppose, a pure, united, unsophisticated race, communing with Nature, and drinking deeply of her spirit, loving their Creator and one another? Like our first parents amid the bowers of Paradise, they saw "all fruits which were fair to the eye, pleasant to the taste," and "to be desired to make one wise," hanging temptingly within their reach. But alas, in the shady grove and far among the tangled thickets lurked, as in Paradise, the old serpent. Fertile in invention, he gradually estranged them from the haunts of their childhood and from its innocent tastes. Assuming the garb of an angel of light, as Lucifer knoweth how when he would beguile men, he whispered in their ears that it was a waste of time to commune with Nature; he alienated their hearts from the friends of their youth by implanting base surmises and mutual distrust. One of his arts was to creep into a benevolent society, where under pretext of aiding the members in working for the poor, and furnishing means to enlighten the ignorant, his favorite projects could be more successfully carried on. To sow discord among friends, give circulation to all the floating gossip which, originating in low minds, passes from mouth to mouth, and from heart to heart, (for "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh,") spreading its poison through communities, is one of the forms of mischief in which the arch-enemy delights. He had his plausible arguments, and as in olden time, quoted Scripture. Affairs went on swimmingly. If work grew slack, conversation—if conversation it might be called—grew brisk. The private observations of each individual on her neighbors now found a convenient and ready market. The wardrobe of each member, as its contents appeared in the social circle, formed a useful and interesting subject of discussion in those private and family gatherings which followed.

In the course of time, however, the interest in benevolent objects began to flag; and as it was quite desirable that it

should be revived, a happy idea suggested itself to the collective wisdom of the society. This was that on the annual meeting, their venerable pastor should be requested to deliver a public address. He was waited upon by a committee, and readily accepted. All were on the tiptoe of expectation. The benevolence which had hitherto hid, as it were, its light under a bushel, was now to be made manifest to the world. The records of the society were about to be laid before the public. The day arrived—every heart beat high with anticipated triumph. The aged clergyman went through the preliminary exercises with becoming solemnity, and as he rose to announce his text, all eyes were turned upon him with thrilling interest. It was in these memorable words:

"He that uttereth a slander, is a fool."

Here he paused and looked around upon the assembly. Some evidently thought the man had taken leave of his senses. Others whispered their nearest neighbors that there was no such text in the Bible. Others, still, were shocked at such strong language from the pulpit. The undaunted clergyman proceeded to repeat his text, with additional emphasis on the last word.

"He that uttereth a slander, is a *fool*."—*Solomon*.

Solomon, as every body knows, has been for some years past, regarded as indisputable authority, so the fair dames were fain to swallow the nauseous pill, however reluctantly. Our informant, a skilful stenographer, thus reports the discourse.

Slander, my sisters, is perhaps in its strictest sense, the bearing of false witness against our neighbor—in its broader and more general acceptation, it includes all idle gossip, all unwarrantable prying into our neighbor's affairs, or repetition of trivial and foolish reports, which are beneath the dignity, and an abuse of the faculties of rational and intelligent beings. The All-wise Creator in giving the power of speech to his creatures, and teaching them to use language, did not design that the tongue should be employed as an instrument

of mischief, but for the improvement and happiness of mankind. In regard to the association before whom I have been requested to speak, I have a few remarks to make. To relieve the poor and needy, to send education and religious instruction to the destitute, are praiseworthy objects; but if they can be attained only at the sacrifice of the reputation and happiness of our nearest neighbors, had better be dispensed with. A private record of the proceedings of your society, kept by one of your own number, and handed me a short time since, may serve to explain my meaning.

"Jan. 11th. Met at Mrs. A.'s. Miss B. sewed up the sleeve of a shirt, during which performance she entertained her companions with the following intellectual and highly improving discourse. 'Did you see Miss C.'s bonnet last Sunday? How old-fashioned it was! and she told me it cost ten dollars. If I had to earn my own living, as she has, I should be ashamed to be seen with such a bonnet. Did you hear how mean and stingy lawyer Such-an-one is? and his wife is just like him. I heard she bought half a cent's worth of emptings.' Miss D. knit twice across the heel of a stocking, while making the following remarks: 'Mrs. E. wore a new dress to meeting last Sunday. I think she needed one enough, for I believe she hasn't had one these two years. It was only ninepenny calico, though. Rather than wear a ninepenny calico to meeting, I believe I would stay at home. How common white bonnets are getting! I wish I could wear mine out. How old Miss J. looks! I really believe she is fifty. By the way, I can tell you something about her—but you must not tell.' Here follows an anecdote which is privately whispered to each individual in the room, who is of course expected to keep it a profound secret, and who actually does so until she sees some one who was unfortunately absent from the meeting. At length, the rills of scandal, which have been hitherto coursing in separate channels, commingle and flow together,

"In one weak, washy, everlasting flood."

'My ear is pained, my heart is sick,' as 'at every breath a reputation dies.'"

The good old clergyman here laid down his manuscript and wiped his spectacles, during which time the matrons and maidens looked unutterable things. Every body thought he meant every body else. He soon resumed:

"A word to my youthful hearers. I see before me many whose countenances are radiant with health and happiness. Most lovely are ye in your youthful bloom, fair maidens. Naught but words of kindness should dwell on your lips, or thoughts of kindness in your hearts. But when I mingle in your social circles, and unobserved, listen to your discourse, I am constantly reminded of a fairy tale, doubtless familiar to you all. There were two sisters, who had each a gift bestowed upon them by a fairy; the one as a reward, the other as a punishment. In the former case, each word as it fell from the lip, was transformed into a precious jewel; from the mouth of the other issued toads, vipers, and every foul and unclean reptile. So methinks is it when from your lips words of idle gossip or causeless censure escape. Each word becomes a poisonous reptile, whose venom spreads far and wide; and no beauty is so dazzling that it can lead us to lose sight of that inward impurity of heart which thus manifests itself in the outward expression.

In conclusion, I would urge upon you, in a moral and religious point of view, to avoid this easily besetting sin. By the evils mingled with your benevolence you are prejudicing against it those whose warm hearts and kindly feelings might else be won to the entire love and service of their Creator. You are constantly breaking the golden rule. In sowing discord you are forfeiting the blessing promised to peacemakers. You are forgetting that judgment is threatened against those who judge others. Be truly benevolent, love your neighbors as yourselves, help the poor and needy, send the gospel to the heathen, and the God of love and peace will be with you."

Thus ended the venerable clergyman's discourse. A sol-

emn silence pervaded the assembly, and "they went out one by one." Was it beneficial? On this subject we cannot speak. We only know that the clergyman was soon pronounced superannuated, and a younger man supplied his place. The village church and the school-house have gone to decay; every thing which betokened a thriving and active people, has disappeared; strangers pass rapidly through the desolate streets, lest somebody should hail them with some of the thousand queries with which the inhabitants are fond of detaining passers-by. By constantly nourishing themselves with gossip, scandal has become necessary to their very existence. It is their meat and drink, and whatever incapacitates them for its enjoyment, at once deprives them of life. This is a lamentable state of things; but there is undoubtedly a tendency that way in many other villages not known to the writer. Happy they who need not bow their heads in shame with the consciousness that they too are becoming victims of that emissary of the old serpent, the demon Scandal.

For the Magnolia.

SKETCHES OF WESLEY.—NO. VI.

BY REV. D. WISE.

[Conclusion.]

Mr. Wesley's Death—His dying remarks—Feeling concerning his death—His funeral—His person—Dress—Manner in the pulpit—Writings—Charities—Manners—Concluding remarks.

Having lived to see 300 travelling, and 1,000 local preachers, with 80,000 persons gathered into his societies, this good and great man was summoned to pass that "bourne from which no traveller returns." His end was like his life, calm and cheerful. Three days prior to his death, he said, referring to a former illness, "My language then was

"I the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me."

"Is this the present language of your heart?" inquired a friend.

"Yes," he replied, firmly.

The friend then said:

"Bold I approach the Eternal throne
And claim the crown, through Christ, my own."

"It is enough. He our precious Immanuel has purchased, has promised all."

With affecting earnestness, Mr. W. replied; "*He is all! He is all!*"

The day before his death he sung a hymn and then called for pen and ink—but could not use it.

"Tell me what you would write;" said one who stood by.

"Nothing, but that God is with us!"

Soon after he sung again,

"I'll praise my maker while I've breath," &c.

When his friends prayed with him during the day, his earnest AMEN was remarkably touching. Toward the close of the day he bade them a tender farewell. After that when he could no longer make himself understood he gathered all his strength and cried, "The best of all is that God is with us!" then lifting his arm he cried again, "The best of all is that God is with us."

The next day, March 2d, was his last. His well-tried friend, Joseph Bradford, prayed with him. He said, "Farewell," and without a struggle or groan, as when an infant sleeps, his friends kneeling round his bed, this pastor of thousands, closed his eyes in death having lived nearly eighty-eight years.

His death caused deep feeling. The day prior to his interment his remains were placed in the Chapel near his dwelling. So dense were the crowds that flocked to gaze on his remains, that business was suspended in the City Board, and carriages could scarcely pass.

He was buried early in the morning, to avoid accident, from the vast concourse expected should it have been later in the day. When the clergyman, who officiated at the grave, pronounced the words "Forasmuch as it hath pleased Almighty God, to take to himself the soul of our dear *father* here departed," the people, who nearly filled the burial ground, burst into tears and loud weeping, and scarcely a dry eye was to be seen in the entire assembly.

SKETCH OF HIS PERSON AND CHARACTER.

Mr. Wesley's figure was remarkable—his stature was low, his person spare and thin—his step firm—his appearance, vigorous and muscular—his face was a very fine one. A clear smooth forehead—aquiline nose—bright and piercing eye—fresh complexion, indicative of the most perfect health. His demeanor was cheerful, yet grave, sprightly, yet tranquil.

In dress he was a pattern of neatness and simplicity, wearing a narrow plaited stock, a coat with plain upright collar, no buckles at his knees. This, with an air of general neatness, and a head as white as snow, gave him an apostolic and venerable appearance.

Of his learning we have already spoken. In the pulpit, his action was calm and natural, pleasing and expressive—his voice clear and manly—style perspicuous, neat, simple and forcible. His sermons were usually short, seldom exceeding more than half an hour. His subjects, judiciously chosen, always enlighted the head and warmed the heart.

His labors were excessive. For fifty years he travelled 4,500 miles annually, preached three or four times a day. For sixty years he rose at four, retired at ten, and was constantly employed. He was a great reader and a voluminous writer. His notes on the New Testament—his sermons—his treaties—translations, &c., &c., for their high character and quantity have been a wonder to his friends.

Mr. Wesley was the most charitable man in England. His liberality had no limit but an empty pocket. He gave away his entire income, after barely supplying his own neces-

sities. When his salary was one hundred and fifty dollars, he gave away ten dollars; when three hundred dollars, he gave one hundred and fifty dollars; when it was four hundred and fifty dollars, he gave three hundred dollars; when it was six hundred dollars, he gave away four hundred and sixty dollars. Thus he did to the end of his life, and though, had he desired, he might have amassed thousands, he died worth less than fifty dollars, beside his books and personal property. Money, with him, was only an instrument of usefulness.

In social life, Mr. W. was extremely agreeable; his temper was remarkably placable—not naturally, but by religious discipline. He bore persecutions and insults, without visible anger, and no man ever possessed more of the spirit of forgiveness.

Such was the man known as the founder of Methodism. Though dead, he yet speaks—he lives a double life. In his life time, he was a father to thousands. Since his death, his memory has found a shrine in the hearts of millions, and long after such names as Alexander, Cæsar and Napoleon shall cease to have admirers, John Wesley will be loved and honored by the good among mankind.

For the Magnolia.

LEAVES FROM THE NOTE BOOK OF A GOVERNESS,

OR PICTURES OF THE PAST.

BY LAURA LOVELL.

NO. IV.

I AM now about to give an account of my journey to Woodvale, and my adventures on the way, which ought perhaps to have preceded the other "leaves;" but the materials were

not in my possession when those were written; besides it is more agreeable to look back upon a somewhat tedious journey when we have arrived safely at a quiet and pleasant resting place; and my readers may imagine themselves now domesticated at Woodvale. I shall quote from letters written soon after my arrival, the impressions being of course more vivid, and the recollections more distinct than they would now be if taken from memory's tablet alone. They will be desultory, but I have promised sketches only, not perfect pictures of southern life. My journey took place in the depth of winter, and I will commence the account from my arrival at Washington.

"Washington is a very unfinished place. Its streets are wide, and the buildings much scattered. It is celebrated as the city of magnificent distances. We visited the National Institute, and saw there, among other things, the clothes worn by Gen. Washington, his camp equipage, the original Declaration of Independence, treaties with different nations, a string of pearls and a gold snuff-box studded with diamonds, given by the Emperor Alexander of Russia to one of our consuls. The public officers are not allowed to keep the presents they receive. The latter articles were stolen a few years since, and now there are bells connected with them which would ring in every part of the building if the precious gifts were touched. There are also all kinds of animals and birds stuffed, mummies, the heads of two New-Zealand chiefs, tattooed, horrible-looking objects. There were specimens of American manufactures, from carpets made in Lowell to maple sugar made in Vermont; all kinds of ware, and specimens of rare fruit. We also went into a room where we saw models of every thing which has been patented; little pianos, sofas, bedsteads, railroad cars, stages, stoves, &c. Afterwards we visited the capitol. There is a garden before it, and a flight of steps leads up to a terrace surrounding the building. From this there is a fine view of Washington. We went up a long flight of stairs into the rotunda, a circular room in the centre of the capitol. It is surrounded with large

historical pictures. One represents the embarkation of the Pilgrims; one the baptism of Pocaliontas; and two others, battles. There are two vacant compartments, but the pictures intended to fill them are now being painted. We then went into the Senate Chamber. It is small, and filled with handsome desks and chairs for the Senators. Two little boys were constantly running about with papers from one to another. These were pages, and I dare say felt as though they were intrusted with the affairs of the nation. We then visited the Hall of Representatives, which is similar to the other but much larger. One of the members was declaiming violently on the Abolition question. It was John Quincy Adams. Afterwards we went into the Supreme Court-room. I was much pleased with an anecdote told me by Capt. T. At the time of the duel between Graves and Cilley, the Senate and House put on badges of mourning, and when they were ready to attend the funeral, sent word to the Supreme Court that they were waiting for them. The latter sent back a message that they could not attend the funeral of a murderer. As the highest authority in the land, they set a noble example in discountenancing the barbarous practice of duelling. We went into the east garden of the capitol, to see the statue of Washington. It was intended for the centre of the rotunda, but the light is not good for it there, so a building has been constructed for this purpose. It strikes one very unpleasantly to see the form of the father of his country stowed away in an outhouse. It is a colossal statue; and I thought if there were less of the body and more of the spirit of Washington in the neighborhood of the seat of government, the country would be the gainer.

The next morning I left Washington in a vehicle called by courtesy, a stage. It was open in front, old, ragged and rickety. We started before light, and were therefore obliged to set out without fire or breakfast, cold and hungry. The roads were horrible, and it was at imminent peril of our lives that we passed over them. We left at six, and reached our place for breakfasting, about fifteen miles from Washington, at

twelve. There, although half-starved, I could eat nothing on the table. The coffee was muddy, the warm cakes heavy, the corn bread sour, and the meat tough. Here we took a new driver, formerly a sailor, who was on board the Missouri when it was burnt. He was a true son of the ocean, and cared very little how many times we upset, provided the mail reached its destination in season, allowing for several calls to take a glass at every tavern and store. My only fellow-passenger was a youth just let loose from a store in Baltimore. He smoked all the time, drank whenever the driver did, was constantly spitting all over the stage, and singing, "It will never do to gib it up so, Mr. Brown,"—the first time I ever heard that delightful effusion of Ethiopian wit and melody. I look upon our safe arrival at Port Tobacco, considering the condition of the roads and of the driver, as little less than a miracle. We passed through the *city* of Troy, containing only *one house*. On reaching Port Tobacco I found a miserable looking collection of houses, dark and dingy, little superior to a Hottentot kraal. The hotel was, however, rather pretty and tasteful, having a piazza running along in front, and a little yard before it. Here I was obliged to remain, as owing to the state of the roads, the stage could go no farther, and the driver carried the mail on horseback. My prospects were any thing but inviting. I was assured by mine host, to whom I had a letter of introduction, that as soon as Mr. M., the gentleman to whose care I had been consigned, heard of my arrival, he would certainly send his own carriage for me. On the faith of these promises, I lived a week, and here received my first impressions of slavery and Southern life. At night and morning a fire was lighted in my chamber, by a slave deputed to wait upon me, who stood patiently while I performed the duties of my toilet without any of her assistance. Although quite cold, the dress of the females seemed to consist only of one thickness, and their tall, lank forms looked meagre enough in such a garb. Mr. S., the keeper of the hotel, was a fat, rosy-faced, good-natured man, whose bar being well-stocked with liquor for the benefit of custom-

ers, occasionally offered its tribute to his taste. Mrs. S. was a bright little woman with black eyes and hair, and two little girls completed the family—with the exception of a sort of housekeeper, a white woman, also fat and good-natured, who answered to the name of "Miss Lilah." One day I had the curiosity to ask what her name really was. She replied that it was that of Samson's wife. I was somewhat amused at her version of the matter, and her deep acquaintance with biblical literature. Our table was loaded with delicacies which would have tempted an anchorite, or even a Grahamite. For breakfast we had buckwheat cakes, warm bread, cold turkey and cold ham, hominy and coffee. At dinner, roast turkey, boiled ham, roast mutton, corned beef, and every variety of condiments, together with the sequel of delicious puddings, &c. Here then, enjoying the hospitality of Mrs. S. and "Miss Lilah," I leave my reader, trusting he or she will manifest a patience equal to my own, under the same circumstances. I ought to mention, perhaps, that, as a slight snow fell while I was there, we took a sleigh-ride to view the city—drove between two rows of low and dingy-looking buildings, turned a corner, proceeded a few rods farther to a large tree, around which we wheeled, and having passed between two more rows of houses, describing in all our circumnavigation, very nearly the form of a triangle, we were safely landed in front of our residence, having surveyed the length and breadth of the city and had a fair specimen of a Southern sleigh-ride.

Having waited a week at Port Tobacco, and fearing that I should find no other conveyance, as I had learned that the roads were impassable for a carriage, I hired a wagon to take me twelve miles, to Newport, where I was told I should be able to procure a better conveyance. The wagon was merely a box on wheels, without springs. My trunk and box of books were placed in it for seats; I occupied the trunk and the driver the box. We had proceeded about half a mile, during which I found the travelling very rough and cold, when we saw coming toward us a handsome barouche, with

two white horses and a black driver. My driver immediately said he presumed that was the carriage which passed through Newport the day before, on its way to Port T. When we met, the coachman stopped and inquired if there was a lady at Port T. who was going to the house of Mr. M. I was glad to be able to inform him that I was the individual, upon which he turned the carriage, and I prepared to exchange vehicles. Meanwhile the driver opened the door, and forth stepped a gentleman who said, "Allow me to introduce myself; my name is M." I had received too good an impression respecting that name, to be otherwise than gratified at seeing another member of the family. A son of Mr. M., whom I shall call Arthur, who was about completing his law studies in New-England, had procured me the situation, written letters of introduction to all his friends on the route, who could be of service, and requested his father to meet me, and after allowing me to rest from my journey in his own family, see me safely conducted to my place of destination. The gentleman I now met, seemed quite young. It was a very cold morning, and he had been riding with the wind in his face, so that he was thoroughly chilled, and I regretted my departure from Port T., since it deprived him of an opportunity to rest and warm himself, before starting anew on a journey of twenty-seven miles. The cold rendered us both rather silent and little disposed to be communicative. I however, learned from him that Mr. M., his uncle, had received my letter only the day before the carriage was sent. I had felt a little distrust, after waiting so long, of which I had leisure to repent, while riding at my ease in the luxurious barouche, very different indeed from the stage in which I had traveled the first thirty miles of my journey from Washington. The road, though a county road, resembled a path through pastures; each plantation being not fenced, but separated from the next one by a gate, so that every few minutes the driver was obliged to descend to open a gate, leaving the reins in the hand of Mr. M. We reached the house of Mr. Richard M., about dark. This mansion was situated on an eminence,

and had a piazza running around the first and second stories, a neat yard surrounded by a white fence, with a circular gravelled carriage road before the house. We found Mr. M. himself on the piazza, ready to welcome us. He received me with much cordiality, escorted me into the house, and we entered a large sitting-room, lighted up and cheered by a bright wood fire, where I was introduced to Mrs. M., two daughters, and two cousins of the family, the Misses Eleanora and Martha Gordon. Mr. M. is a fine-looking man, and appears little older than Arthur. His daughters are intelligent and pretty young ladies, and have been highly educated at a Catholic seminary. With the Misses Gordon I was also much pleased. Eleanora, the youngest, is to be married to Arthur, when he has finished his studies. She is a very sweet and amiable girl—a rigid Catholic, although her sister is an Episcopalian; both, however, seem equally conscientious, and are, I should judge, truly pious. After tea we went into the parlor, which was a large room, very elegantly furnished with Brussels carpet, rose-wood German piano, a very elegant sofa, two tabourets, and other ornaments wrought by the Misses M., and a marble pier-table, on which lay several beautifully bound books, French and English. The houses here are differently constructed from ours, being intended principally for warm weather. The rooms are larger, but destitute in most cases, of paint or paper. At night and in the morning the servants make fires in all the sleeping-rooms. Mr. M. has three farms, containing seven or eight hundred acres, and owns sixty slaves. One of these farms, formerly the residence of Mrs. Gordon, in whose family I am governess, is worth about ten thousand, and was bought for Arthur. With his beautiful bride and pleasant home in prospect, I do not wonder at his impatience to complete his studies. I remainded at Locust Hill, the name of Mr. M.'s residence, one day only, as I was impatient to reach my journey's end. We therefore started on Friday morning in the barouche, accompanied by the Misses Gordon, Mr. M. driving. The distance from his house to this is twelve miles. About a quarter

of a mile from this, we enter a gate and pass through some pine woods, until we emerge in front of the house. Mrs. Gordon, whose husband was a cousin of the young ladies accompanying us to visit her, is a very lovely and youthful widow. Her family consists of three daughters, several servants, and a housekeeper. There are also temporarily resident with her four children of a brother and sister recently deceased, the eldest of whom is at present absent on a visit. My school consists only of the children in this family. We occupy a little room in a building in the yard, formerly used as an office. Miss Lee has a little black slave called Georgiana, who amuses me more than any thing else. She sleeps in our room every night, on some spreads which she brings in at night and carries out in the morning. Her business is to take care of our fire, wait upon us, dress little Henrietta, &c. I promised last evening to string some beads for her this noon, so I suppose I must leave off writing and go in.

Evening. I am sitting in my room before a bright fire, with Georgiana on the floor beside me. A Mr. B., an old bachelor, who calls here two or three times a week, stays all day and sometimes all night, is below. He is a very nice old bachelor, and seems very fond of the family. As he has been in the habit of visiting them frequently for many years, it is impossible to tell whether he has any particular attraction at present. We, however, rally Mrs. G. on the subject; but he has known her from her infancy, and perhaps only feels a paternal interest in her welfare."

In my next, I shall introduce my reader to a still more intimate acquaintance with the pleasant scenes and warm hearts of Woodvale.

THE FAIRY'S BURIAL.

Where shall our sister rest?
Where shall we bury her?
To the grave's silent breast
Soon must we hurry her!
Gone is the beauty now
From her cold bosom!
Down drops her livid brow,
Like a wan blossom!

Not to those white lips cling
Smiles or caresses!
Dull is the rainbow wing,
Dim the bright tresses!
Death now hath claimed his spoil,—
Fling the pall over her!
Lap we earth's lightest soil,
Wherewith to cover her!

Where, down in yonder vale,
Lilies are growing,
Mourners the pure and pale
Sweet tears bestowing!
Morning and evening dews
Will they shed o'er her;
Each night their task renews,
How to deplore her!

Here let the fern grass grow,
With its green drooping!
Let the narcissus blow,
O'er the wave stooping!
Let the brook wander by,
Mournfully singing!
Let the wind murmur nigh,
Sad echoes bringing!

And, when the moonbeams shower,
Tender and holy,
Light on the haunted hour
Which is ours solely,
Then will we seek the spot
Where thou art sleeping,
Holding thee unforgot,
With our long weeping!

EDITOR'S TABLE.

SCANDAL—SEWING-CIRCLE, &c. We do not wish to be understood as endorsing all the sentiments of our correspondent who writes upon these subjects, in the present number. On the contrary, we would enter our protest against the severity of its insinuations in relation to the "peculiar institution," so well known among us as "sewing-circles." We know it has been quite fashionable of late to decry these societies. We have heard old bachelors morosely term them "scandal circles," and "gossip meetings;" and now and then, we have heard of even a married man, who has advised his wife not to attend them, because other people's affairs were rather too freely discussed. We do not deny but these evils may exist, though we must confess they never obtruded themselves upon our notice, among the numerous ones we have attended, in various places. From our own experience in them, we have been led to think them quite as harmless as the club-rooms and caucuses frequented by many of the lords of creation; and we seriously question whether as much malicious, gratuitous slander is propagated at these gatherings of the ladies, as will be heard in any political meeting preceding a Presidential election, or as may be read in half a column of any political newspaper, in reference to the public or private life of any candidate for political office.

Still, it is a poor way to excuse our own faults by showing the excess of other people's, and it is certainly high time to correct our sins when they are reproved by Satan. But we are very unwilling to admit these accusations; we repeat, our own experience has made us unbelievers. We sometimes hear it hinted by gentlemen, who even frequent these meetings, that the tongues go faster than the needles—that more characters have been destroyed, than garments made, and we fear that all these invidious remarks must have some foundation, though we would fain hope there is much exaggeration about them. As an offset to these surmises, we would state some things which we know to be facts.

We once belonged to one of these societies, in the town of Lynn, which was organized expressly for the purpose of erecting a parsonage. The ladies hired the money, purchased a pleasant lot of land, and commenced the building immediately, which was finished in a few months. The interest was regularly discharged, and in two or three years, the church was in possession of a neat dwelling, with considerable furniture, which had been paid for entirely by the avails of the work performed in the society. It is still in active operation, and we believe the funds are now appropriated to the relief of the poor and suffering. The success of this "circle," gave rise to several other organizations of the same character, in the place, which we presume have been equally efficient.

Our name was recorded on the book of another of these societies, in a neighboring town. The members were few, and far from wealthy, yet we well remember the delight with which the treasurer went her quarterly

rounds, with a part of the funds, which was appropriated to four poor, aged females, who were regular pensioners upon its charity. We do not recollect the exact sum thus bestowed, but it was large enough to light up their care-worn faces with grateful smiles, and relieved their hearts of many a gnawing anxiety, in the last years of life.

We had also the pleasure of becoming a member of one of these circles, in the city of Lowell, during the past winter. We do not recollect a single meeting at which less than a hundred persons were present. The number sometimes far exceeded this; but we never remember hearing a single fashion discussed; we are sure that no disparaging remarks were ever made of any one's dress or appearance; we doubt if an engagement was even *guessed* at, and we are certain that as far as the range of our own auricular organs extended, the characters of the members and inhabitants were left in undisturbed repose. The conversation, always unrestrained, was frequently in the highest degree entertaining and instructive.

Another of these benevolent gatherings with which we have been connected, was organized by a few ladies of position and influence, in a beautiful village near Boston. Though small, and composed chiefly of persons who would call themselves in *humble life*, its monthly meetings are frequently honored by some of the finest minds with which we are acquainted. We have listened delightfully to conversation from lips upon which Boston audiences have hung entranced, and carried home sentiments which we trust will never be forgotten. Such influences could not be without their effect upon those earnest and inquiring minds. We cannot give the debt and credit accounts of this society, though we are sure that were we able to do, they would be highly *creditable* to the members.

But of another, now existing on the shores of Cape Cod, we can speak more accurately. We are strongly tempted to give proper names, but we would not shock the delicacy of its benevolent and noble-hearted members, by dragging them into a notoriety which they never coveted. The list of membership never exceeded twenty; the average attendance is about ten; and yet this spirited ten have had from seventy-five to a hundred dollars at their disposal, as the result of one year's industry. The gentlemen who sit in the neat little church, carpeted and curtained, and beautified by their exertions, are very quiet about "sewing-circles" in general.

The people who find the most fault with these gatherings, are the very ones who should frequent and try to improve them. If pleasant and profitable subjects are skilfully introduced, scandal will "hide its diminished head." After all, the individual who is annoyed with gossip, is mostly answerable for it himself. It is very easy to be a *poor listener* upon any subject which is uninteresting, without any rudeness, and at the first doubtful pause a new topic may be adroitly started, and pursued to the exclusion of all questionable ones.

Perhaps our remarks may strike our readers as somewhat one-sided. In some future number we may take the negative of the question; but we must have facts, "stubborn facts," not mere hints and suspicions, and surmisings, to ground an argument upon.

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